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OCTOBER, 1899—JUNE, 1900.

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The  
Smith College  
Monthly

October - 1899.

Conducted by the Senior Class.

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THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY is published at Northampton, Massachusetts, on the 15th of each month, during the year from October to June, inclusive. Terms, \$1.50 a year, in advance. Single numbers, 20 cents. Contributions may be left at 3 Gymnasium Hall. Subscriptions may be sent to L. M. Paxton, 23 Round Hill, Northampton.

Entered at the Post Office at Northampton, Massachusetts, as second class matter.

GAZETTE PRINTING COMPANY, NORTHAMPTON, MASS.



THE  
SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

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*Vol. VII.*

*OCTOBER, 1899.*

*No. 1.*

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*IVY ORATION*

At the other end of my school-days, at the end where I was beginning, I remember that there was always an elusive, unlearnable mass of material in our text-books, which seemed to be absolutely without sense or significance and yet in some mysterious way to hold the key to the situation. This mass was labelled definitions and we regarded definitions with much dislike as "those stupid things you have to begin things with." And now this morning, from force of habit, perhaps, I am going to begin with one of those "stupid things," trusting that what follows will at least be not less interesting than some things that followed the other definitions.

My definition, first, is of the word "art" as I intend to use it in its broader sense. Art is the result of our attempt to fill up the gap between the world without us and the world within us. If we do not attempt to fill up this gap, it is because we are too stupid or because we have lost hope. The result of our attempt may be useful or fine or black art. Our grade as artists is determined according to the means, the tools we use and the spirit in which we use them.

We go to famous galleries to see the great things men have worked with stone and paint, and to a World's Fair to see their

triumphs of mechanical ingenuity, and out to the opera to hear what a few black notes on paper combined with human energy of a sort can achieve. While around us every day are the finest works of art of which man is capable and we recognize them as such scarcely at all. There is an art in relation to which all other arts are simply the dependencies, expressions, side-lights—in other words, the tools; an art which can never be a lost art though men may set it one side, and by preoccupation with their other little arts, forget its nobility. It is an art which is triumphantly universal and possible. I mean the art of life. Living itself is the supreme expression of all art. You may use brushes and oil, or you may use needles and thread, or hammer and trowel, or a stiletto, or vocal chords, and you may think that what results is all of art, and all that you can produce. But it is not so. The most important art product, the ultimate one for every human being is his own life. Since this is so, a man should make his life his paramount artistic object, though the average man in his absorbing interest in the wheels and loom, too often forgets to notice what cloth they weave, and ceases to regard *life* pure and simple as an “object” at all. But it is an object and the highest.

Its greatness, if you will pardon a cant phrase, lies in its universality. Some few of us can really paint, or write, or invent. A minority of us can really appreciate the real painting and writing. But the art product of a man's life—and that his own—is not limited to the few initiated. We can all achieve it,—the stupid peasant woman with the scars of her husband's lash on her back can be just as truly an artist as Michael Angelo or Shakespeare. Not as great an artist, she cannot be as great, for her tools, however fine the spirit in which she uses them, are meaner things. And to bar out the kind of tools is to bar out culture and genius and whatever gives an uplift to life. But if the peasant woman uses what tools she has, to somehow close up the gap between the outer world and the inner, to tune her life to some sort of harmony, she is just as truly artist as the greatest of us. Moreover while mean tools do not demean the spirit, the spirit if mean can utterly wreck the finest tools. There was Napoleon and there was Jeanne d'Arc. I know a quiet woman with no gifts whose life comes nothing short of an inspiring masterpiece; and another whose brilliant talents make only a queer little amateurish sketch.

Having explained somewhat the idea of men as artists of life, I am going now to apply the test to a sort of composite individual with whom we are all familiar, for the purpose of seeing what grade as artist he takes. There are some seventy millions of us who combine to make this individual, consciously or unconsciously,—at all events inevitably, and we are responsible for him. He is evolved by a certain mathematical process and is known as the *Average American*.

The age in which we live is preëminently the age of the average man. The country in which we live is his favorite home. Our life and institutions are peculiarly fitted for him, as his rise in numbers and power among us would go to prove. Our arts, fine and useful, are arts for the average man. He has become the prototype of our civilization, its first fruits.

By average man I mean that great order which lies somewhere between the Genius and the Grub. He has always been in existence, but until the last century was rather nearer the grub end of the series. Formerly he was a partly vicious, quite illiterate person whose function in life was chiefly to be content with what he had and to do as he was bid. He was overruled on every side, by monks, by scholars, by kings. To-day he rules. He grew through the centuries, fed on gunpowder and printing, and then that heroic falsehood, "All men are born free and equal," gave him a spiritual status. Finally to-day he exists—the focus of our national life, on the one hand a miracle of progress, for the mass of mankind; on the other, a usurper of the high places of the genius, who alone can show mankind where to progress.

I said "To-day the average man rules." Let us see what tools he uses and how he rules. In the first place, literally. The average man votes, and his vote counts just as much as the genius's and no more than the grub's. Since not enough geniuses choose to go further into politics than this,—possibly because of their non-existence,—the burden of governing falls on the shoulders of the average man and we get an average government. If there is a question of the standard of our currency, the matter is referred to a body of average men, instead of to the ablest financiers in the country,—on the favorite American principle that "my opinion is as good as yours." If it is a question of officering and managing our army in time of war, by all means let the average man hold place with the

genius or even be put over him, on that other principle that the average American with his good education and quick adaptability, can absorb any amount of details and training in as short a time as it takes to destroy a fleet. Sometimes the average man finds the burden of governing too great for him, and he is willing to drop the rôle of free and independent voter, and go back to his old state of doing as he is bid under that combination of most of the worst qualities of both genius and grub, the political boss. It would be unfair, however, not to say that the government of the average man is fairly good. So fair indeed that he has even at times been seen in the presidential chair.

It is in the mercantile world, however, that the average man reigns supreme. His gifts have developed chiefly along that line. And the art to the cultivation of which he has bent his energies and most of his enthusiasm, the art which he has consequently developed to a remarkable degree is the art of making money. Why is this? The desire of the average man is above all to be comfortable. We all desire it, with the doubtful exception of self-made martyrs. But the average man desires it above anything else. He is willing to be good, he likes to be educated, but he must be comfortable. He wants the good things of this world. And he gets them to a degree of which his forefathers never even dreamed. As a rule he wants to share his comfort. And his wife and children are the most coddled in the world. More, he shares it with others less lucky, especially with the unlucky grubs. And a splendid humanitarian movement is the result.

Now the average man is preëminently practical and common-sense, and he sees that the most practical short-cut to comfort is to have much money. Therefore he devotes himself to the art of making it with characteristic vigor, and his life is one long domination of the Useful over the Fine, of Machinery over Culture. The Stock Exchange is attended with quite as much enthusiasm as was the School of Athens, and a rise in wheat creates as great a furore as the rise of a new poet. The trail of the mercantile is over him, and the remark of a certain visitor that it was as if one long counter extended down our side of the Atlantic seaboard, comes perilously near the truth. Everything must be on a business basis and have a market value, services and goods, and favors and characters and talents. For value given there must be value received.



The business-like balance of give and take invades social life and destroys half the graciousness of living. Mercantilism invades education. And for so much money paid out in taxes or school-bills, the schools and colleges must turn out boys and girls who are competent wage-earners. Salary and not more light becomes the ultimate goal. This attitude is well enough for the technical and business schools, but when it enters the college and university, it is time to cry halt. Mercantilism invades the fine arts and turns them into professions. Men are forced to regard their art as a means of making a living. And making a living means playing down to popular taste. The employer in the foreground always spoils the picture.

Mercantilism has a still more serious charge to answer. It has infected the average man with a most pernicious disease. Not the hackneyed "greed of gold;" it is not money but what money buys, that the average man wants. This is another disease, one that is quite as dangerous, namely Americanitis. Its nature is only too well-known,—an everlasting state of hurry. "Nor night nor day, no rest." The hurry varies according to geographical location. In New York one walks twice as fast as in Boston, and in Chicago twice as fast as in New York. What will be achieved in our Farthest West gives food for some serious thought. Time must be economized in the interest of business, for time is money. Therefore let us run every machine at the top notch of high pressure, and let us have long distance telephones and labor-saving implements, and short stories and lightning expresses and reviews, and reviews of reviews, if we must. There is a frantic struggle to be "up-to-date." The date used to change about once a year, but now it is a new date every week. This has brought about a production which looks farther and farther into the future, and affects fashions and Christmas numbers of magazines and the grain a man sows. Since the future is a somewhat uncertain quantity, there results a waste of money and energy, which would be absurd if it were not so tragic. Gambling with the future means competition, competition which in business ends in cutting some one's throat, or in a monopoly. Now it is conceivable that fierce competition might at times be a noble or even elevating thing for a race of beings. Competition in honesty, in chivalry, in being artists of life, but the hot struggle for things material, never!

This is hardly an æsthetic atmosphere for the average man to

live in. Rather it is an atmosphere full of shocks. An atmosphere which encourages glaring advertisements in fair countryside and factories fringing our loveliest rivers, and houses of an architecture whose chief merit is that it is of wood and cannot last.

Americanitis destroys the atmosphere of gracious leisure, which is the first element of real culture. The only real leisure class that we have in America is made up of the women, and the number of this sole one seems destined to be indefinitely curtailed.

When the average man does allow himself leisure, it is a leisure not of thinking but of being amused, or of having thinking done for him. Therefore the theatres dish up things carefully to tickle his palate. Art is popularized and levelled down to his taste and comprehension. In fact the average man estimates art by its price or regards it as something useful to put on the mantel and hang on the walls. He does not go to church as much as he did and when he does go, he demands shorter sermons. The newspapers are a substitute for the Daily Food for Daily Needs of his grandfathers, and the books which he reads in largest quantities are not on the whole of the kind one binds in leather. No. At the end of the year one willingly consigns them to swell libraries for prisons or for homes of the indigent and infirm.

Since the same amusements do not continue to amuse for any long stretch of time—few things are so pitiful as a thread-bare joke—most of the things produced for this leisure of amusement are distinctly ephemeral in character. And when finer arts are twisted simply into pastimes they, too, become worthless like spent sky rockets. So much of what is done can be classed under that apt phrase “books of the day,”—which to-day is and to-morrow returns to its original smoke and ashes.

Another obvious reason for the ephemeral character of our painting and writing and composing and acting to-day, is not only because these things are done for the average man, but because they are generally done by him. And this always raises that great question as to whether art for the average man means the extinction of the genius, and the invasion and final conquest of his field by the average man, or whether the genius will simply sleep to wake later. The genius is at present certainly submerged and non-apparent. It is not lack of perspective alone which makes us say, “There are no giants in these days.”

I cannot believe however that the average man can kill the genius. He cannot permanently reduce mankind to a dead level. However high the average man may rise, he will never rise to more than high mediocrity. He will never be able in the system of things to substitute himself for the genius. His present phase is simply another illustration of the old, old rule, "a little learning." When the average man gets his "little more" of learning and its humility, he will swing around to his proper place and give room again to genius. Most of us are optimists enough to believe that this is only a transition period from the Average Man nil, through the Average Man tyrannus, to the Average Man discipulus.

Such is the average man. I have tried to give the tools he works with and the spirit he uses them in and to show that both are so much better than ever before that the average man runs the fatal danger of mistaking them for the ideal. His life as a work of art is not of fine enough grade to be allowed to dominate, to be pointed at as the measure and epitome of our powers. He has created problems which he is not strong enough to solve and raised questions which he is not wise enough to answer. If he continue to dominate, the genius may rebel against his mediocrity, or if not the genius, the grub assuredly will, and will give us a life without ideals, which is anarchy.

Let the average man, then, look to it that he does not forfeit the birthright of this strong young nation of ours, to create of its life a greater master-piece than the ages have yet seen.

HARRIET CHALMERS BLISS.

### IVY SONG

The time has come which love could not delay,  
And we must go, whose hearts would bid us stay  
    Within these shelt'ring walls.  
Here have we sought for living ways of power  
Thro' well-beloved years; but in this hour  
    The unknown future calls.

We may not linger, but with our regret  
Is mingled thought of gladness promised yet.  
    And as a living sign  
Of hopes that stir us, mem'ries that impel,  
Here in the joy and sorrow of farewell  
    We plant our ivy vine.

We leave thee here, fair vine, but not alone ;  
Like ivies planted earlier than our own,  
    Take root and bravely grow.  
Be thou the token of our love that clings  
To all the dear innumerable things  
    That we have come to know.

For it is June with us, and other ways  
Must claim our footsteps ; but in later days,  
    Where'er we may have been,  
The old glad life shall call us back again  
And we shall see, woven of sun and rain,  
    Thy time-enduring green.

GRACE WALCOTT HAZARD.

### *THE DECLINE OF OLD JAPANESE CUSTOMS*

One great difference between the countries of the Occident and those of the Orient is the devotion to form and ceremony which is so conspicuous in the latter. Far as it may seem to have wandered from its original purpose during the centuries, ceremony in the East is primarily religious. Take, for instance, some of the ancient Japanese court customs. They appear to have no element of religion in them. One must consider, however, that the emperor, being the direct descendant of the gods, is sacred to the Japanese mind ; and that, therefore, ceremonies connected with him must be founded on a religious basis. Nevertheless, many such ceremonies have no longer, even to Japanese, any religious significance, and, therefore, are easily being discarded and are fast vanishing before the advance of European customs.

A decline in the observance of some of the more essentially religious customs is also becoming possible now that the educated Japanese are changing their ideas about the emperor, although, by no means, their loyal attitude, for nothing can cool the patriotism of a Japanese heart. The Japanese, with minds exceptionally alert and receptive, are trying to compete with European nations. Consequently, they are adopting foreign usages, while, as a natural result, the old ways are falling into disuse. And so, to speak of a very trivial change, the emperor and empress to-day never appear at court functions except clad,



one in military uniform, the other in Parisian fashion. This is all very well as far as the emperor is concerned, for when thus dressed in European style, he appears much more like the peer of western crowned heads, than he used in the flowing sleeves and skirts of the old style; but for the attractiveness of the empress, it is a sad law that obliges her to discard the modest and graceful costume of her ancestors for the stiff western gown with its low cut neck and scanty arm covering, so immodest and shocking to Japanese ladies. In spite of disadvantages, however, the present empress has one privilege never even dreamed of by her predecessors—that of dining at the table with her royal husband.

When the idea of a parliament was borrowed from England, it brought with it more that was English than would at first be supposed. A law was passed that all Members of Parliament should dress in European costume during the sessions. It was almost pathetic to see elderly men who had known and loved Old Japan, don, in place of their loose robes, the stiff, close-fitting costume of British Members of Parliament, and assemble, awkward and uncomfortable, to legislate for New Japan. An amusing story is told of one old nobleman who had the fault of being too conservative—a fault which caused a smile on the faces of many of Japan's younger statesmen, when the old patriot walked into Parliament one morning, his hair shaved in front and combed up to a club-shaped wad on top (his usual style), and the hated new-fashioned coat buttoned over his loyal heart!

Although many foreign customs have made their way for good into the Japanese court, it has not been without a struggle on the part of some who could not bear to see abolished the ancestral ceremonies, which originated so far back that they seem to have sprung into existence with Japan itself. The Empress Dowager was one of Old Japan's most loyal devotees. At her death she requested that her funeral might be conducted in all particulars in the ancient style. Accordingly, the ceremony was set for a month after the decease. For the first fifteen days the national flags were surmounted by long black streamers, and for the remaining interval by short ones.

The month of mourning was made as dreary as possible for the law-abiding citizens of the middle and upper classes. No theatrical representations were given, and many players were

reduced to the verge of starvation. Throughout the empire, no musical sound fell upon the ear but the sighing of the winds, the moaning of the waters, the low, soft voices of the birds. But there was one class to whom the death of the empress came as a new thrill of life. Criminals were released in great numbers. Perhaps this was a way of giving the good and loyal members of the community a means of diversion, for it was soon found that no one's property was safe. Instead of sitting up late at night to attend some theatre, the householder need only keep late hours at home, and diversion might come to him. However much the freed criminals may have enjoyed their liberty while it lasted, with few did it last long, for, caught again committing their lawless deeds, they were returned to the jailer's care. In contrast to either of these classes stands, however, a third which received unalloyed benefit from the empire's bereavement, namely, the poverty-stricken. The Japanese are kind toward their poor. Times of public joy, or sometimes, as in this case, of national sorrow, are made the occasion of the expenditure of thousands of *en* in philanthropic ways. Many were the families that felt the burden of poverty lightened and that were drawn into stronger affection for their royal head.

When the time of mourning had expired, the remains of the Dowager were carried in thirty coffins, one within the other, from the palace in Tokyo to the Southern Capital, Kyoto, where a magnificent procession was formed. Of all the officers resplendent in gold lace and braid, one rode ahead of the coffin, conspicuous for the honor granted to him—that of addressing the royal remains whenever the procession came to a famous temple or bridge, and stating the name of the place. When the grave had been reached, in accordance with the ancient law that no person should come near the sacred ashes of a member of the royal family, men dressed in caps which covered their heads and protruded in front like crows' beaks, lowered the body, so that it might be said that no human being had approached nearer than was lawful to what was once the Empress of Japan. That any future empress will be buried with the same rites can be strongly doubted in view of the tendency of the present generation to adopt European customs.

Reverence for superiors is a quality fostered so long by the feudal system, that it will for centuries remain a characteristic

of the Japanese, even admitting that contact with western nations will tend to diminish it. It is strongly felt for those of high ecclesiastical standing as well as for those of social rank, as is illustrated in the death of the Lord High Abbot. He was in the great Hongwanji temple at Kyoto performing an act of worship when attacked by a stroke of apoplexy. None of his attendants were of sufficient rank to touch his person or assist him in any way, and it was three-quarters of an hour before one could be found of great enough distinction to care for the unfortunately high dignitary. As might be expected of a personage so above common aid, the Lord High Abbot died. The reverence shown toward his remains cannot be surpassed even by that shown to an emperor. The water in which his body was washed, was sold in tiny flasks containing a few drops each, to pious pilgrims who came to the temple. When a religion which encourages such blind piety on the part of its victims, has given way before the religion of the West, one may expect to see the backbone of ceremony broken.

It will be a long time, however, before many rites which have become disconnected with religion, disappear. There is a ceremony in tea-serving, for instance, which presumably has no religious significance at the present time. It is part of a Japanese girl's education to learn to serve the "ceremonial tea," a form which is said to take months, if not years, to master. May Japan long guard such beautiful and characteristic ceremonies. Their acquisition is worthy a share of the Japanese girl's time, for they inculcate the habits of self-control and of accuracy in the most trivial details, while lending a certain polish in Japanese society. Nevertheless, as the Japanese girl acquires more and more of the western learning and finds less and less time for the formerly all-important studies, the old ceremonies must finally go, like Old Japan, simply from an inability to live in the new atmosphere.

Inconvenient customs, too, belonging to the olden times when government was not so complicated as now, will take their place with the disappearing social rites. One ancient law, for instance, which stipulates that all members of the imperial family must die in the capital, is becoming inconvenient. Most unfortunately, the late Prince Arisugawa, who became prominent in the Japanese-Chinese war, died in Suma, some two days' journey from Tokyo. His attendants immediately prepared to carry

the body to the Prince's home in the capital. They painted it, that it might appear as life-like as possible, and made the railroad journey, pretending that the Prince was ailing and needed special assistance. After the body had reached the capital, it was announced that Prince Arisugawa had been failing, and, shortly after his arrival in Tokyo, had died. As a matter of fact, however, the *Suma* papers had already remarked upon the death of the brave officer in their city. The inconsistency of such reports does not disturb the Japanese mind. This nation has a most admirable habit of postponing deaths, births, or any anniversary whatever until a convenient season. Such a habit is the natural result of a devotion to ceremony; but when the true relation between form and spirit is revealed to the nation in the light of Christianity, may one not expect to see the Japanese a people who, while still inspired with a reverence for what is truly noble and grand—the result of their training these thousands of years under religious form—yet blend with their eastern characteristic of reverence, the freedom of the West?

SARAH LYDIA DEFOREST.

### NIGHT

After the glow of the sunset  
When earth is waiting and still,  
When the soft cool hand of the evening  
Lies resting on meadow and hill,  
When before the great white throne  
The tired angels are kneeling,  
Then through the purple shadows  
The night comes stealing—stealing.

Over the meadows he hurries  
Past furrows turned by the plow,  
Over the snow-wreathed mountains,  
A star shining bright on his brow,  
With eyes full of wonder he lingers,  
Eyes that are near to revealing  
The infinite song on the lips  
That his stern, white finger is sealing.



Then mothers sing to their children,  
Smiling up into the eyes  
Of the strong, kind, tender night,  
As the little one sleeping lies.  
Then men come home to their hearth-stones  
Where mother and children are waiting,  
Away from the glare of the day  
With its thoughtless striving and hating.

All is forgotten, forgiven  
In the holy calm of the night,  
And men talk low of their deepest love  
In the flickering firelight.  
And then as the shadows deepen  
The soft, low voices cease,  
And sleep leaves a kiss on each forehead,  
A tender kiss of peace.

After the glow of the sunset,  
When earth is waiting and still,  
When the soft, cool hand of the evening  
Lies resting on meadow and hill,  
When before the great, white throne  
The tired angels are kneeling,  
Then through the purple shadows  
The night comes stealing—stealing.

HELEN ISABEL WALBRIDGE.

## THE MERCENARIES

The junior partner of the firm of Potter and Potter, Attorneys at Law, leaned back in his chair and absently tapped his desk with his fingers, while the man who sat opposite him watched his face expectantly. At last he raised his eyes.

“On the whole, Perkins,” he said, “I think that I shall accept your offer. I will see what arrangements I can make with my friends and let you know by telegram. The first of August, you said?”

“The first of August. And I hope you will come, Mr. Potter. Good morning.” And the man rose and took his leave, realizing that the sooner an unexpectedly successful interview is brought to a close, the better.

Young Potter, still tapping his desk, reflected on the prepos-

terous agreement upon which he had entered. Perkins, once an employee of the firm, now the prosperous proprietor of a large summer hotel, had with some embarrassment and hesitation unfolded a plan which in a few words amounted to this: Potter, and as many of his friends (the number not to exceed six) as he might be able to collect, were offered gratis first-class accommodations at the Hilltop House for the first three weeks of August, board for horses (number not to exceed three) included, on the simple condition of devoting themselves to the diversion of a party of nineteen ladies who had engaged rooms for those weeks. Obviously the suggestion was absurd; it was indelicate. As a business proposition it was not to be thought of. But as a lark—well, that was a different matter, and it was a survey of this phase of the affair that had led Herbert Potter to give his assent. As it was, he might still have refused but for two reasons: the first, that he knew the Hilltop House to be in a delightful part of the country, with the best advantages for many of his favorite out-door pastimes; and the second, that invitations for a house-party which he was to have attended, and which Miss Natalie Sheldon was also to have attended, had been recalled, so that his summer vacation, for which he had hoped much, was left quite barren of interest, and one way of passing it would be as acceptable as another.

At all events, since he had agreed to the compact, Herbert determined to carry it through with dash and brilliancy; and so the afternoon of the first day of August found him with three congenial spirits on the piazza of the Hilltop House, awaiting the arrival of the bus which was to bring the party of nineteen ladies from the four o'clock train. The friends whom he had persuaded to come were Clifton Hazard, a young man with much literary self-confidence, who could write good stories, but persisted, in spite of advice and criticism, in spending his time on verses that were only fair; George Roberts, a recently-fledged physician with no practice; and Harold Thayer, who was a few years younger than the others, and was a handsome boy with a susceptible heart, a passion for golf, and a liking for any exploit of an unusual kind.

The four young men were discussing the arrangement of their forces with a view to producing a striking impression upon the arrivals. Young Thayer was in favor of keeping out of sight until dinner-time, and then appearing, as he expressed it, in a

lovely galaxy, and giving the girls a joyful surprise. Dr. Roberts thought that a solid phalanx on the piazza would do. But Clifton Hazard scorned their suggestions, and firmly insisted upon a vista effect.

"You must drive out in your trap, Bert," he said. "Robbie and I will pose conspicuously on the piazza with cigarettes, and Harold, who has enough beauty for spectacular purposes, must run whistling down-stairs with his caddie-bag on his shoulder when he hears women's voices in the office. It will be extremely effective."

The others agreed to this plan, and as it was already after four o'clock, Herbert ordered his trap to be sent around at once, and in a few moments was spinning down the drive through the beautiful grounds of the Hilltop House, and took the shady road to the station. The others sat on the piazza and waited.

In a short time they saw the 'bus through the trees, and as it turned into the grounds, Harold Thayer dashed up to his room, to await there the right moment for his picturesque descent.

The other two became absorbed in a letter that Dr. Roberts took from his pocket. As the 'bus rounded the drive and drew up before the house, the young doctor raised his head, and Clifton Hazard heard a suppressed but forcible exclamation. He also looked up. The nineteen ladies were climbing down fussily from the 'bus. One was young.

She had jumped down lightly, and stood waiting in a resigned attitude with her back to the young men. Her figure was pretty, and the poise of her head. In a moment she turned, and they saw that her face was pretty too, but its expression was bored and tired and a little impatient. She glanced along the piazza at the line of mothers with their children, and occasional elderly men. Her glance passed rapidly over Hazard and Roberts, but there was a new glimmer of hope in her eyes as she mounted the steps by the side of one of the older women. They all passed into the office, and the two young men looked at each other in consternation.

"What a mob of old harpies!" ejaculated Clifton Hazard.

"The girl was pretty," suggested Dr. Roberts sadly.

"One out of nineteen! And we can't throw up the contract now. Good Lord! Three weeks of dancing attendance on that dragon in spectacles! Here comes Harold. I'd like to see his face."

A clear whistle floated through the door-way, stopped suddenly, and was renewed, but with a different tone, mechanical and cheerless. In a moment young Thayer came out on the piazza. He sank down on the railing beside his friends.

"Wait till Bert gets back," he said savagely. "He got us into this."

There was a sound of many voices—"cackle," Thayer termed it—as the new arrivals were taken up-stairs to their rooms.

"There is a girl. Did you see her?" ventured Roberts again.

"Oh, there is one girl, is there?" replied Thayer, in a tone of biting irony. "That is very nice, I am sure. No, I didn't see her. Well, I know what I am going to do. I am going to get out of this." And he strode away in the direction of the links.

The other two looked at each other in silence, rose with one consent, and walked down the drive. At the road they met Herbert in his trap. He greeted them with a radiant smile, undisturbed by their imprecations.

"Haven't you seen them?" demanded Clifton Hazard.

"Yes. Quite a warm lot, aren't they?" replied Herbert cheerfully.

"Oh, he's all right. He means to monopolize the girl," growled Roberts.

"Oh, I don't know. But she's a mighty nice girl," said Herbert.

"What! Do you know her?"

"Do I know her, Robbie? That is Natalie Sheldon."

"Natalie Sheldon!"

"Your friend Miss Sheldon! Come along, Cliff. I see our finish. Let's take a walk."

Herbert offered to drive them back to the house, but they declined with asperity.

During their walk they made a plan that soothed their feelings. Bert should be made to suffer as he deserved. He should be tormented by seeing Miss Sheldon systematically monopolized by his three friends. They knew that Harold Thayer would acquiesce readily in their scheme. And indeed Harold, grimly following his ball around the links in the hot sunshine, was planning a similar campaign of his own. All three were encouraged by the bored expression on Miss Sheldon's face. Evidently her meeting with Herbert had caused her no very lively joy. It did not occur to any one of them that she had failed



to recognize Herbert as he passed in his trap. Otherwise they gave but little consideration to Miss Sheldon's personality, and this, as she was primarily concerned and moreover a somewhat forceful young lady, was a mistake.

On returning to the hotel, the two conspirators took Thayer into their confidence. Herbert, who had been passing a pleasant hour with Miss Sheldon in the very midst of the harpies, did not join them until almost dinner-time. He found them to all appearances in a more agreeable frame of mind than he had expected. He promised to present them after dinner to Miss Sheldon and the rest of the party.

"We must do our duty by Perkins, you know," he reminded them.

"Of course. It's a pretty tough job, but we're in for it and must carry it through," assented Dr. Roberts, with dangerous alacrity. Clifton Hazard shot a warning glance at him, and growled out his opinion that it was time to go to dinner.

On the piazza after dinner Herbert presented his friends. The worst harpy of the lot, in Thayer's opinion, proved to be Miss Sheldon's aunt, Mrs. Crosby. But he had observed Miss Sheldon in the dining-room, and had decided that the part which he was to play would not be irksome. He seated himself beside her on the railing and began talking golf. He found to his delight that she was much interested in the game, although according to her own account, she was a very poor player.

"I should like to show you the links if you care to walk down," he said. "It is not far, and a beautiful place at sunset."

"Thank you, I should love to go," replied Miss Sheldon, "but Mr. Potter is going to show me the lake."

"And by the way," broke in Herbert, who sat beside Mrs. Crosby, "we had better go at once, I think, Miss Sheldon, before the glow dies off the water."

So Herbert bore off Miss Sheldon, followed by savage glances from three pairs of eyes.

"You don't know," the girl began as they went down the steps, "how glad I am to find some one here whom I know." Here Herbert interpolated the only appropriate remark. "And I know you are wondering," she went on, "how I happen to be in such queer company. Well, we are the Omar Khayyám Club."

"The Omar Khayyám Club," repeated Herbert in astonishment.

"Yes. You know I spend three months with my aunt every other year. This is my year, and this is what I have gotten into." She laughed merrily, but soon sobered.

"It is no joke. It is really awful. I have been made an honorary member. They read the *Rubáiyát* every day. They worship it. Some of them think it is deliciously heterodox and dangerous. Aunt Harriet, now, thinks it is transcendent art, which obviates the question of morals."

"And what do you think about it?" asked Herbert laughing.

"Oh, I loved it once, but that was a long, long time ago. It is in my ears now, day in and day out. Aunt Harriet calls me every morning with, "Wake, for the sun that scattered into flight—" and the rest; you know. I hate it as I used to hate the jangle of the rising-bell at school. Aunt Harriet is president. Imagine my sufferings! Let me forget them while I can. What a beautiful sky! And what a lovely country! I am not altogether sorry," she said, "that the club decided to take an outing."

Later in the evening, when the harpies and Miss Sheldon had gone up to bed, the four young men sat on the piazza smoking.

"She is all you painted her last year, Bert," said Dr. Roberts.

"She is a very charming girl." This from the hypercritical Hazard, who made an affectation of never giving unqualified praise, was astounding.

As for Thayer, he raved about her. But he always raved, so this was not significant.

"Perkins should be much pleased with my behavior," said Roberts. "I have made an impression upon Mrs. Crosby. She confided in me. She is the president of the Omar—"

"I know," interrupted Potter. "Miss Sheldon confided it to me."

Thayer suggested that it was time to go to bed, and they went in.

The next morning Thayer took Miss Sheldon to play golf. Roberts pursued his policy of ingratiating the aunt, by settling her comfortably in a shady spot on the lawn and reading the *Rubáiyát* to her twice through. Herbert and Hazard organized a driving-party and took six of the harpies.

Hazard, through no particular effort of his own, was already in high favor with the ladies. Herbert had told them that he was a poet, and this lent him a romantic interest. He realized

this, and passed a fairly enjoyable morning, preserving a fascinating silence for the most part, and now and then offering some common-place remark with a melancholy smile that gave it glamour.

The conspirators held a council just before lunch, and compared notes to see what progress had been made.

"I am on solid ground with most of the fossils, I think," said Hazard, with a modest air.

"The aunt adores me, I know," said Roberts. "I read to her all the morning. I wish you could have heard us. She knows the thing by heart and murmurs it along as I read. I thought I should go crazy. Then we stopped to discuss every other line. Omar must have turned in his grave. I certainly have earned my turn with Miss Sheldon."

After lunch he asked her to walk to the glen with him, but she had already promised to go for a row on the lake with Herbert. The afternoon, however, was a time of respite from the harpies, for they all took naps.

In the evening they sat on the piazza again. Thayer, after some persuasion, brought down his banjo and sang little songs in a very good baritone. Hazard, in rather a glum mood, sat a little apart and looked at the moon. He was piqued that of all the Omar Khayyám Club, Miss Sheldon alone seemed to take but little interest in him.

This day was very fairly representative of many that followed. Now one of the three schemers secured Miss Sheldon for an hour, and now another, while the rest labored and suffered manfully among the fossils. Dr. Roberts perhaps worked most arduously in this direction, being a firm believer in the importance of having friends at court. He discovered that the club was divided into two factions, the Fitzgerald and the Le Gallienne, and in confidence, with shocking duplicity, he sympathized with each. Herbert embarrassed him by calling him Macchiavelli, until Mrs. Crosby asked the reason. Herbert alone of the four friends was in the best of spirits. In the face of all plotting and manœuvring he succeeded in obtaining his full share of Miss Sheldon's society.

Thayer took Miss Sheldon to play golf again, and when Herbert ascertained that they had played only three holes and spent the rest of the morning under the trees, he realized that matters were growing serious with Harold. Soft of heart as he

was, it was not every attractive girl who could lure him from his score at the third hole.

Roberts was in a perpetual state of bad humor. This fact was eloquent. It had not occurred since his second year at college, when, through no merit of his own, he had narrowly escaped an engagement—a deliverance from which he had lived to be thankful.

Clifton Hazard was going through an experience quite new to him and by no means pleasant—contact with a very charming girl who persisted in remaining utterly indifferent to him. To say the least, his vanity was hurt.

He was sitting on the piazza one afternoon with Miss Sheldon and Thayer, when the girl asked him to write something for her. He took a bit of paper from his pocket and set to work at once, while Miss Sheldon chatted with Thayer. Hazard always wrote rapidly although not carelessly, and he never rewrote what he had done. To-day he seemed to command more than his usual fluency, and in a few moments had completed some verses which he gave to Miss Sheldon with an eloquent look. She admired the form, laughed frankly at the sentiment, and handed the paper to Thayer. Hazard flushed with vexation, and a few moments later he went up to his room. There he found Herbert, who was writing a letter.

“Your friend Miss Sheldon,” said Hazard, “may be uncommonly pretty, but she is absolutely without artistic sensibility.”

“What’s the matter?” asked Herbert, laughing.

Hazard refused to tell him, but he had the story later from Thayer.

The next morning Miss Sheldon, obeying that eternal feminine impulse which is to be neither blamed nor commended without accurate knowledge of its motive, treated Hazard a little more sweetly than usual, even to the point of completely overcoming his annoyance. He felt a strange degree of pleasure in learning that she was to visit next winter in Washington, where he also was to be; and it was with a sense of opening a campaign that he asked her to go for a row with him that afternoon.

“Oh, thank you, but I have promised to walk with Mr. Potter. I am very sorry that I can’t go with you.”

Hazard prayed that it might rain, but the sky remained heartlessly clear, and at three o’clock Herbert sat waiting on



the piazza, idly wondering where all the harpies were. He was thinking how much better the piazza looked without them, when Miss Sheldon appeared. He sprang up and went to meet her.

"Have you heard of the catastrophe?" she asked as they started.

"No. What do you mean?"

"The Omar Khayyám Club is dissolved."

"Incredible! How did it happen?"

"Why, the trouble has been smouldering for some time—Fitzgerald and Le Gallienne, you know—and at last the crash has come. I have been longing for it. Think of the release for me! I doubt if Aunt Harriet will ever quote a word of it again. She thought it meant a union of soul that nothing could sever—and she was the first to resign from the club. They are all packing now. They can't stay under the same roof." She sobered suddenly. "I am sorry to go so soon."

"What! You are not going yet? Why, it is only two weeks."

"Yes. Aunt Harriet and I go to-morrow morning."

"I am very sorry," said Herbert, in a tone of unmistakable sincerity.

"So am I," replied Miss Sheldon rather lightly.

They wandered down by the links, where they saw Thayer and his caddie in the distance, and to the hill beyond. On the farther side there was a little cluster of trees, and under these they sat down. A beautiful sweep of country lay before them, bright and still in the afternoon sun.

"Did you bring the Bunner poems?" asked Miss Sheldon, breaking a silence that was becoming long.

"Yes. Would you like to finish them?" Herbert drew the little volume from his pocket. The thought of reading Bunner's light lyrics jarred upon his mood, but he submissively opened the book, and slowly turned the pages, looking for a favorite.

The girl, looking off across the sunny fields, hummed an air from a new opera. She glanced at Herbert, and saw that he was watching her with a smile that had a touch of seriousness in it.

"I was thinking of some appropriate lines from your beloved Omar," he explained.

"From you, too? I am doomed, I see. Well, what are they?"

"A book of verses underneath the bough  
 \*        \*        \*        \*        and thou  
 Beside me singing in the wilderness—  
 Oh, wilderness were paradise enow,"

quoted Herbert.

Miss Sheldon laughed, but she blushed as she had not blushed over Hazard's verses.

"But the jug of wine and the loaf of bread?" she said. "Is your cigarette a sufficient substitute?"

"That," said Herbert, "is not the essential item."

They came back late for dinner, very late. At another time Mrs. Crosby would have looked severely upon such a breach of the proprieties, but in that hour of wrath and disruption it was a trifle that passed almost unnoticed.

Herbert went from the table straight to Perkins's private room.

"I hear that Mrs. Crosby's party leave to-morrow, Perkins," he said, "so you will not care to have us stay any longer. If you will make out my bill, I wish to pay it."

"Pay your bill? Why, that wasn't in the contract, Mr. Potter."

"Neither were other things that have been thrown in incidentally," said Herbert. "I prefer to pay my bill, Perkins."

"Well, if you want to—I haven't any objection, I'm sure. And the other young gentlemen—do they feel the same way?"

Herbert laughed.

"The less said to them about it the better," he replied.

"Haven't they enjoyed it as much as you have?" asked Perkins.

"Oh," said Herbert, "they have had a good enough time. But—well, no, Perkins, they haven't enjoyed it so much as I."

ETHEL WALLACE HAWKINS.

## CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

### A PHANTASY

The revel o'er, the bacchant sun  
Sank, burning with the flush of one  
Inebriate, casting from him far  
His flagon—Lo, a falling star !

### LIFE'S FULFILLMENT

The deepening sky, and then, a single star ;  
A wilderness of promise, then a flower ;  
World's silence everywhere, and then, thy voice ;  
In each, Eternity, and this one hour.

LAUREL LOUISA FLETCHER.

“ I dunno but I may ez well confess that Nelson's speritual state hez bin a sore thorn in the flesh to me, but I guess that even if I be his wife I never wuz elected to be **Mrs. Spark's** the instrument of his salvation. The ways of **Experiment** the Lord are inscrutable, ez every good Christian knows, an' it's allers seemed to me ez if he sort of meant to give me a hint to leave things in his hands that time I tried to have the prayers of our Methodist brethren offered up for Nelson Sparks. I never told the first soul about that, for it mortified me dreadful for a long time, but now I hope I hev subdued my sperit enough to see that it wuz all for the best.

“ You see, from the day I wuz first married to him, I had lotted on leading Nelson into the right path, an' I used to have daily strivings with him, but they never did no good. Wall, jest the time I wuz feelin' es low sperited ez ever I could over him, Moses Fletcher went an' got converted. Of course I wuz rejoiced to hev him made one of us, but I must say I wuz some surprised, fer I knew Moses an' I knew how Mrs. Fletcher had

pretty nigh give up ever gitting him inside a church, so I went to her an' arst her how it happened. She told me how nothin' she could say 'ud budge him 'till she wrote an' arst Parson Noyes to pray for him in meetin' and that did it.

"Wall, after that I couldn't rest 'till I'd tried the same with Nelson. You know I used to practice millinery a little when I wuz first married,—not that there wuz any call for me to, but I allers hev hed a hankerin' after tasty things, an' it did make me feel uplifted when I'd git a hat all fixed up with roses an' buttercups an' nasturtiums an' sich and made it look jist like one of the beds in Deacon Allen's garden. It wuz the first of May when I decided to request the prayers of the brethren for Nelson, and I wuz agoin' to send for three dozen new hat frames from a real stylish firm in Boston. I had jest set down to write the order when I thought how we ought to attend to speritual before temporal things, and how wicked it wuz for me to be orderin' hats when my husband's soul wuz maybe goin' straight to perdition. So first thing I took a piece of paper an' wrote, 'Pray for Nelson to-night,' an' then I did up my order for hats and sent 'em both off.

"That night I went to meetin' expectin' to have the prayers of the congregation lifted up for my dear husband, but I suppose I wuz too much sot up in my own conceit. Anyhow, after we had sung some very movin' hymns, Parson Noyes got up with a piece of paper in his hand. 'Now,' sez I, 'he is goin' to ask them to remember Nelson,' but 'stead of that he jest looked at the paper once or twice ez if it puzzled him an' then said kinder quick, 'Let us pray.' My, I wuz struck all of er heap, an' I guess I didn't pay much attention to the prayer, 'though it must have been a movin' one, fer I remember seein' Parson Noyes' shoulders shake, an' he wuz a calm man too. Well, after meetin' he came up to me an' said, 'You must have made a mistake, Mrs. Sparks, when you sent me this.' I took the paper he gave me, an' it wuz *my order for hats*! Land, I most went through the floor!

"Well, I decided that if I wuz so worldly minded ez to make a mistake like that, I'd better look after my own soul 'stead of Nelson's, an' I've been doin' that ever since. I never could help wondering though if them folks in Boston ever remembered to pray for him."

PERSIS EASTMAN ROWELL.



The cheap reproduction in photograph, of the celebrated pictures in the world of art, may have been of inestimable value as an educator, but I doubt whether even

**Principles of Art** that value has been counterbalanced by  
**New Approach** the harm done to those pictures from another point of view. That "familiarity breeds contempt" is as true in this case, as it ever was in any other. The same principle is involved here as in Mark Twain's statement to the effect that you can stand hearing a thing repeated a few thousand times, but after that it becomes monotonous. Destructive as this unfortunate blessing has been to our own personal affection for favorite pictures, it yet presents a most interesting field of study. Mr. Van Dyke need never have resorted to Greece for illustrations of his "Principles of Art," if he had only been familiar with a few of our college rooms. Unhappily, a few would have sufficed him.

Take, for example, the heading of his first chapter, "Art Imitative, Decorative and Symbolic." The average freshman room offers abundant proof that this is the first stage of art-love. It is hard to say which of the three adjectives is most applicable to the motive of the artist. "Imitative" is perhaps the truest: Psyche at Nature's Mirror, Bodenhausen Madonna, St. Cecilia, Nydia, Queen Louise, were the imitations but recently; just now Hosea, Lazarus, Baby Stuart and the Countess Potocka have caught the popular favor. The epidemic is so contagious, that were it not for a few other surroundings, sufficiently distinctive, one would find it difficult to determine whether one were in one's own room or some one else's. By way of Decorative Art, and also Imitative, we find fish-nets draped gracefully around two or three sides of the room, bristling with photographs inserted at every conceivable angle, some of them dizzily approaching inversion. A variation of this is the hideous photograph rack, with a heterogeneous collection of family, friends, and foes, and you feel like going home to put away forever from your sight the photographs of your friends. Symbolic art has many forms of expression, ranging from posters of every description, class and college banners, sheaves of wheat, rags of gaudy bunting, horse-shoes and dance programs, to signs inviting you to "Tie Your Horses Here" (the gas-jet), or warning you that there is either fifty cents admission or no admittance (to the closet), and that there is "\$10 Fine for Being Bored."

The freshman arrives here very much impressed with the idea that she is a college girl, and imbued with a frantic desire to make her room look like the pictures of college rooms which she has seen in that incomparable publication "*The Ladies' Home Journal*." She immediately sets to work to make hers a "typical college room" and succeeds admirably.

By the time she is a sophomore, she has passed this stage, and come more into the classical and symmetrical period. Now the statues appear, Venus de Milo, Apollo Belvidere, Hermes and various little plaster bas-reliefs of almost anything. She indulges in photographs of foreign sights and celebrities, possibly because she has spent the summer abroad and has a natural interest in such things. She has discarded the thinly populated hanging book-case of two or three shelves, and substituted a business-like looking construction that stands solidly and independently on the floor. In this she places her fast increasing supply of college books, with many she has brought from home, and begins to collect a set of something, usually of Shakespeare. She pulls down the fish-net and the wire rack of personal photographs, and most of the senseless trophies, the associations connected with which she has probably long since forgotten. The room assumes a scholarly aspect, becomes a little less like every other room in college, and now resembles a study rather more than a museum of antiquities.

This paves the way comfortably for the next stage: Art Emotional, Intellectual and Individual, which includes both junior and senior years. The most common of the imitative pictures have been taken home and left to delight the younger sister, who is now bulging with the primitive first-stage ambition. All of the trophies have disappeared, except the class banner, which has the emotional value of proclaiming her loyalty; only a few select photographs show their familiar faces; the pictures are as unusual as the girl can manage to have them. She delights in discovering a rare but exquisite madonna, and feels tempted to get a copyright on it, to ensure her sole enjoyment of it for the rest of her college course. She has outgrown the freshman need of being made to feel at home, by meeting an all-too-familiar face or scene wherever she goes. She establishes two or three oriental rugs in her small domain, rejoicing with devout thankfulness that no two are ever made alike, and she is therefore safe in her proprietorship. She picks up from

studios and out-of-the-way places, little trinkets and curious bits of bric-a-brac, carving or brass. She brings up her great-grandmother's candlesticks, and one or two pieces of old blue china. By the end of senior year, her room is as individual as her own character, and instead of feeling like a twin, or worse still, like one in a thousand, she has a restful, self-respecting consciousness of personality that is very pleasing. She can take a calmer view of the incubator art method, too; and instead of wishing that Baby Stuart had never been born, or had died before his portrait was painted, she can look at his small face with real pleasure, when she meets it in her occasional calls; still, however, being glad that she is not constrained to have one for herself.

If not the highest stage of development from an artistic standpoint, this last or individual period is at least the most attractive from a purely personal point of view. Even though it degenerates from very pronounced types into freakishness—which would be deplorable in real art—such expression is considered all the more desirable in a college room, since it betokens strength and originality of character.

REBECCA ROBINS MACK.

"Ah look!" said the fruit-seller, gleefully nudging his wife. The fruit-seller's baby, tired of crooning to herself on the glaring curbstone, had defiantly

**The Fruit-Seller's Baby** grasped the tail of a gray cat which with gentle persistence was dragging her step by step down the stairs of the umbrella-mender's basement.

"Si, mi baby!" nodded the fruit-seller to an amused passer-by. "Nice-a lilla gerl!"

Then he began to polish energetically a pile of red apples.

The baby at the bottom of the steps let go of the cat's tail and peered inquiringly into the dark doorway. There in the dim light bending over an old parasol and humming to himself a jolly German tune, sat the umbrella-mender. He watched her quietly as she toddled about examining with an air of importance the bottomless chair, three-legged table and rows of dilapidated umbrellas; then ran both his hands through his bushy white hair and looked so funnily at her through the

spectacles perched on the end of his nose, that she danced delightedly on her little bow-legs and wrinkled her face into many smiles.

"So?" said the umbrella-mender in his deep voice as he poked her gently with the umbrella handle. "You come to see me? How come you leaf de sunlight for yust von little time? You like de sun in de city, hey? You curl up yust like little cat an' sleep on de hot sidevalk? You don' care 'bout pretty flowers to hol' in your little brown han's an' much green grass an' von big blue sky? You t'ink horse-car bells an' de shootin' by trains up dere yust as goot as birds an' grasshoppers for singin', hey?"

The baby assented gravely from her seat on the bottom step and then screwing her face into another smile rolled herself into a little sleepy bundle.

"Yes," said the umbrella-mender sighing, "ven you go to sleep, nobody has to rock you in a little vooden cradle."

That was one afternoon before the sunlight had begun to shine red on the tall buildings across the street. A good while later, the umbrella-mender took his evening stroll in the square. He sat for a time on one of the benches where he could watch the children play. He loved the children, the umbrella-mender did. He liked especially to see the babies roll about in the grass and pull at the golden heads of dandelions. He always had a pocket full of sweet things to coax them near him; this time he had a fancy cake, all pink and brown icing, for the fruit-seller's baby, and he chuckled to think how she would tumble about on the walk to pick it up where he dropped it.

This evening, however, although he waited till the light faded from behind the high chimneys in the west, and more and more people jostled each other on the walks, he did not once see, in the white flicker of the electric lamps, the fruit-seller's brown face and shaggy head, or the gay purple shawl of the fruit-seller's wife. When he went home, quite late, he found her sitting by the fruit-stand with the baby wrapped up in the shawl, while from a distance, the fruit-seller chatting with the newsman and the keeper of the candy-shop, sent frequent anxious glances in her direction.

"Baby sick?" asked the umbrella-mender. But the fruit-seller's wife looked indifferently out into the street.

"Ah, you funny little voman, you knows vat I say, if you



can't understand von English vord, but you t'ink you hide all your feelings inside your lips. Don' your eyes talk all de time, hey?" said the umbrella-mender as he went down the stairs.

The next day when he went for his noon mug of beer he looked inside of the box by the fruit-stand, where the baby lay on an old quilt.

"Vera seeck!" said the fruit-seller anxiously.

"Yes," said the umbrella-mender peeping at the little hot, coughing baby.

When he came back he said to the fruit-seller, "I know von place for sick babies. I know! Make her vell, make her all right!"

"Meka alla right?" beamed the fruit-seller. "Mi lilla gerl?"

"Yes, all right. Tell your wife come. We go now."

The fruit-seller spoke to his wife, who obediently, though doubtfully, wrapped the purple shawl about the baby, while the umbrella-mender locked his door and the fruit-seller shut up the stand.

The three walked silently, the umbrella-mender a little ahead, through the sunny streets with their smell of scorched asphalt, to a great noisy avenue, where the fruit-seller's wife followed the two men into a cable car and sank timidly into a corner. It was a long ride. People stared at her and jostled against her as the car swung around curves and made its stops with many jerkings and clangings. She held the baby close and looked in a dazed way out of the window. It was all new and strange to her.

When they left the car, the umbrella-mender still led the way to the basement entrance of a stone house. Inside they stood by the door and waited.

"Seeck lilla gerl," said the fruit-seller pityingly, lifting one corner of the shawl. "Meka alla right."

But the fruit-seller's wife was troubled. There was another mother there with another pale, thin little baby. A man with fierce searching eyes was handling it roughly and saying strange words, and some one was writing in a book.

Then the umbrella-mender took the baby and handed it to the doctor, who felt of its little body with his strong, firm fingers and hammered its little chest with curious mallets and said many fierce, commanding words, which were written down in the book. When the baby gasped and moaned a little under

the doctor's touch, the fruit-seller's wife looked angrily out of her great eyes and the fruit-seller's face only lightened after a reassuring "All right!" from the umbrella-mender.

"Dis baby," he added to the doctor, "she get vell soon? She get all vell?"

"Oh yes, we'll make her all right," said the doctor. "Thursday is visiting day. Come and see her Thursday."

"Von veek," explained the umbrella-mender to the fruit-seller as the receiving nurse took the baby, and he touched the arm of the little Italian woman and beckoned.

"No," she said stubbornly; she had become more and more frightened. In spite of all the doctor's strange questions that she and the fruit-seller struggled so hard to answer, the baby looked as sick as ever. The strange spell had had no effect so far. She did not want to leave her little girl to the care of those untender eyes. She stood still and coldly held out her hands.

"Yes, leave baby here," said the umbrella-mender firmly. "Make all right."

"Meka alla right," repeated the fruit-seller commandingly. "You come." So they went home.

That week as usual the fruit-seller and his wife spent the hot nights on the sidewalk with their friends, the candy man and the newsman and the cobbler and their families. The umbrella-mender wondered what they talked about in their strange tongue. In the early morning they opened the fruit-stand, arranged the fruit as attractively as possible and sat all day waiting for customers. Whenever the umbrella-mender passed, the fruit-seller greeted him with a smile and a cheery "Make alla right!" Then the umbrella-mender looked at the fruit-seller's wife and said, "Oh, your eyes talk. You vant your baby."

He, too, missed the baby. He was glad, when, one morning, as he sat stitching and whistling an accompaniment to the tune of a street piano—the very one to which, picking up her outlandish little dress, she had often tried to keep time with her little bow-legs—the fruit-seller shouted down the basement stairs, "Goo' bye, I get mi lilla alla-right gerl." His wife had on the purple shawl and her eyes looked happy.

There were so many people to see the doctor that they had to wait a long time, the fruit-seller muttering to himself, "Alla

right, alla right," and her eyes growing brighter and brighter till their turn in the line came.

"Mi lilla gerl," said the fruit-seller advancing.

The doctor's assistant looked over her book and then looked at the nurse. Something made the fruit-seller's wife shut her lips tight.

"Come," said the nurse.

They followed wonderingly through rooms of little, white cribs.

"Here," said the nurse.

The fruit-seller's baby lay with a smile on her little thin face.

"Nice," murmured the fruit-seller looking at the white sheet, but when he saw his wife standing stiffly with folded arms and flashing eyes, he dropped down by the side of the crib and sobbed like a child. With the tears running down his brown cheeks, he made clumsily the sign of the cross and pointed up. He had seen the priest do that once over a little dead child. The nurse nodded pityingly and gave him a lily to put in the tiny thin fingers.

The two walked home. Someway they did not think to stop a car. The fruit-seller's head was bent over and every once in a while he wiped away a tear with his grimy coat sleeve. His wife stared straight ahead with hard, vacant eyes. When they reached home, she pulled out the box the baby had slept in, and sat down on it, the sun shining on her glistening black hair and set face.

But the fruit-seller stopped to glance darkly down the umbrella-mender's basement.

"Alla right!" he cried. "You hear! Mi baby, she dead, mi lilla gerl!"

The umbrella-mender paused in his work to take off his glasses and wipe away a tear with his forefinger, as he sighed.

"Von little brown babe in Himmel and von mit blue eyes, hey? No, I does not get cross mit you ven you don' understand how I do my best. You tink I does not know how you feel, but I am much friends mit you. Your vife she sit and hug that little ol' shawl close to von very sad heart and I, de tears come ven I haf to tink of von little green grave left much time ago in de ol' Vaterland."

GERTRUDE EMMA KNOX.

"IF I WERE A FRESHMAN AGAIN"

Said a young Sophomore of Smith College  
 To a Freshman whose brow was perplexed,  
 "You cannot imagine the knowledge  
 Gained here from one year to the next.  
 You are troubled, I see, about courses.  
 Can I help you? Come into my den.  
 I would surely elect Mathematics,  
 If I were a Freshman again."

Soon hastily entered a Junior,  
 "Excuse me, you're busy, I see.  
 Miss Jones,—I'm delighted to meet you,  
 You are one of the class nineteen three?  
 I must hurry to work, for to-morrow  
 My room-mate's invited two men.  
 Take a science, they're great, I'd elect one  
 If I were a Freshman again."

Said a Senior, the Sophomore's room-mate,  
 On a paper on Ethics intent,  
 "There is music or art, French or German,  
 But of course it depends on one's bent.  
 I took Latin and Greek when a Freshman,  
 A fact I regret now and then,  
 I'd take all my electives in English,  
 If I were a Freshman again."

ETHEL GATES.

I am a modest, unassuming little pug dog. Yet I may say without undue vanity that I bear all the marks of our old and illustrious family. It is universally

**The Part I Played** known that while we are never handsome, we are at least always distinguished looking. My short stumpy nose, my lustrous brown eyes, and, alas, my inclination to stoutness, are the insignia of my aristocratic lineage. I may add that I possess a certain amount of insight and perception which, unostentatious as it is, has never been recognized.

However, all this is neither here nor there. I will proceed to tell my story which may perhaps show at least that I am not lacking in sense.

My history begins about a year ago when, one afternoon in



May, I, led ignominiously by a chain, trotted along by the side of a strange young man. After passing through several streets, we came to a pretty white house surrounded by large shade trees. On the broad piazza sat a beautiful young girl, who rose and came down the steps to meet us. Tall and willowy, with golden brown curls, and a sweet and gentle expression, she won my heart immediately. Only my sense of dignity restrained me from leaping upon her and tearing around in perfect ecstasy. As it was, I simply wagged my tail decorously, and looked at her with quiet respect. Presently I was overjoyed to hear the young man say, "Well, keep him as a hostage then, will you, Margaret?"

The girl seemed really pleased with me. She patted my head and spoke to me politely in the way I like. She called me Jack. A very good name, I thought.

I lay down contentedly and watched the two from a polite distance. They talked eagerly and from the glances that they exchanged, and from a word that I caught now and then, I made up my mind about that young pair pretty quickly. It afterwards proved that my usual good, sound judgment did not fail me in this case.

I will pass over the first three months I spent with my beloved Miss Margaret, who became dearer to me each day. Many were the walks I took with her and that fellow. They would stroll along shady paths while I followed at a respectful distance, absorbed in my own reflection; or else bounded on ahead, now chasing a bird over the meadow, now squelching some plebian hound who dared address me.

At other times they would sit on the piazza—I lying near, comfortably dozing, and waking only to scare away a vagrant cat, or snap at flies. So we three spent a happy, lazy summer together.

Towards the end of July the heat became almost unbearable. Always of a delicate constitution, I could not endure it, and my health failed rapidly. One day several dogs in the town came down with hydrophobia. My mistress became very much alarmed. That very afternoon I found myself in a baggage-car with a good-natured baggageman. At the end of the journey I was met by a farmer who helped me into a rickety old cart. I sat, proud and silent, by his side, and sniffed in the fresh breezes, as we drew nearer and nearer the ocean.

At last we stopped at a farm house near the beach. I alighted and trotted sedately around the place, which for an indefinite length of time was to be my home.

I will not try to tell about my visit here ; about my struggles to assert and maintain my supremacy over the family ; about the long hours when I wandered about like a cat in a strange garret, if I might use so mean a comparison, lonely and home-sick.

In spite of all this, under the influence of the health-giving ocean breezes and the country life, my health returned. My nose regained its former moist coolness. My old energy came back, and I was able once more to trot around with the best of dogs, and chase the fiercest cats without feeling the slightest fatigue.

One Monday, towards the last of September, I found myself on the train once more, and that night I was back again in that dear old white house amidst the trees, and once more in the company of my dear, sweet, little mistress. Of course my pleasure was unbounded, and I gave it unrestrained expression. At first I was too full of happiness myself to notice any change in Miss Margaret. But after I had let that nuisance of a cat know her place, and had trotted around the premises and thoroughly inspected everything, and then had returned to my mistress, I saw that something was up. She was sitting there on the porch, to my astonishment, alone. She was a pathetic figure as she sat there, gazing up at the stars, her elbows resting on the piazza rail, and her chin in her hands. I sat down close to her on the skirt of her gown and whined gently as I reflected how badly things must have gone when I was not around to keep everything straight. And how unfortunate for all, my absence had been. The next week brought new developments. I found that she would not eat, that she was absent-minded and sad. Worst of all she would completely ignore me for hours at a time.

One day I dropped into the library for a quiet nap and found her on the window-seat, her head buried in pillows, weeping bitterly. That settled it. I would take this matter in my own paws. I started out with determination, in spite of the sudden heat and my consequent weariness.

I went at a fast trot directly down the avenue, passed with upturned nose all my enemies and acquaintances, turned down the main street and did not stop once until I had reached that

man's office. I would in some way, either by strategy or by open persuasion, force that fellow to make up with my little mistress.

He was lolling in his chair as I entered, and chatting with some of his friends.

I went in, licked his hand which was hanging at his side and wagged my tail violently. What wouldn't I have given for the power of human speech! He jumped guiltily when he saw me and I took this as a good sign.

"Well, Jackie, old boy, how do you do?" he remarked pleasantly. I frisked around the room, leaped up in a chair and down again, quite frantic with my longing to speak. Of course he did not understand. I didn't suppose he would.

Well, I stayed by that man all that day. I did not once let him out of my sight. When he went to lunch, I tagged right after him. When he went home in the afternoon, I stuck close to his heels. He tried to lose me by taking a spin on his wheel. This was the worst trial of all for me. I hate to tear after a bicycle and get hot, tired and dusty. It is horrible for one's heart, and what is worse, it is not dignified. He went like the wind, I assure you. When he got home, I was a quarter of a mile behind.

He thought he had escaped me, I suppose, and was mad enough when I came puffing up on the piazza, so weak I could scarcely stand, my tongue lolling out, and my eyes starting out of my head.

It wasn't a very nice word he said, and is not fit to be repeated here. I lay down, panted, and stared at him. He sat there, smoked and looked at me.

"O say, I can't," he said finally. "Don't you see, Jackie, there's another fellow?" I looked up and winked one eye slowly. Suddenly he threw his cigar away, jumped up, and was down the path in two strides. "Come on then, I'll take you back anyway. Have to—that's all."

Well I had fairly to skip to keep up with his long strides. We never stopped till we reached the house. There she was on the piazza. How she jumped when she looked up and saw us coming! And how she blushed pinker and pinker as he went right up to her and said something in a low tone, and—but just then I strolled to the other end of the piazza, sat down with my back to them, and looked attentively at a squirrel, who was frisking about in a tree near by.

ANNE HARRIET COE.

## EDITORIAL

It has been asserted until one is loth to repeat the assertion, that the so-called class spirit in a woman's college is merely a mild form of sentimentality ; that to speak of it as a factor in our lives is sheer nonsense, because it is too negative in character to exert an influence beneficial or otherwise. In spite of its frequent iteration, the statement remains simply definite and not convincing. There are those of us who still believe in a class spirit which is something more than mere sentimentality and which produces results of practical value.

In making such a claim, we do not deny that there is often a great deal of nonsense in our talk about the "great and glorious" class of which we happen to be members. Such expressions are those of habit rather than of feeling. Nor do we deny that certain manifestations of class spirit belong to the realm of sentiment. Much as we may enjoy waving class banners madly at basket-ball games, and singing class songs until we are hoarse, we are nevertheless unable to point out the practical utility of these performances. One must look below this surface of sentiment to observe the true scope and value of class spirit.

In the first place, there is the effect upon our individual development. Our life at college is, in one sense, life in a crowd. In another sense it is strangely isolated. We are forced to be self-reliant, independent, to a degree which few of us have experienced before. We run the risk of becoming a trifle too self-absorbed, a trifle too introspective. There is no more wholesome corrective for such a tendency than intelligent interest and honest pride in the composite personality of one's class. We perceive ourselves not isolated, but related, a part of the personality. The demands of the newly recognized situation bring dormant faculties into play and we find ourselves stronger for their use.



The personality of the class is felt in various directions. Every institution in college, from the Association for Christian Work on through the list, is stronger when it contains members who work under the stimulus of a keen class pride. Again, there are certain customs which a class alone can change or set aside; others which only a class can initiate. Consider the Sophomore-Senior Entertainment; under the present conditions, it is a custom outgrown, and simply waiting for a class with spirit and energy sufficient to change its form. As an instance of a newly initiated custom, there is the Junior Party. The origination of this function was due to the feeling of a certain class that getting acquainted with one's self was quite worth while, and they therefore proceeded to overcome the difficulties of numbers by giving an entertainment to themselves. Let us not be thought to fall into the vein of "epitaffy" when we acknowledge the inheritance of this pleasant custom as part of our debt of gratitude to the class of ninety-nine.

Genuine class spirit demands of us thoughtful and intelligent care in electing officers and choosing committees; it sends us to meetings when inclination pulls the other way. But the results more than compensate us for small sacrifices. Better far that we go to a foolish extreme of class interest and class pride than that we be lacking in it. Excess of enthusiasm never yet proved fatal, but of lack of enthusiasm—one cannot speak so surely.

The Editors of the MONTHLY announce the resignation of Katharine Brigham and Helen Dorothy Richards from the editorial board on account of ill health. Emily Pauline Locke will carry on the work of the Alumnæ Department, and Annie Perry Hincks that of the About College Department.

## **EDITOR'S TABLE**

Among the stories of our college magazines, and especially among those of last June's issue, certain faults repeat themselves with a frequency which compels one to believe that they are, to a certain extent, characteristic of undergraduate literature, and which makes it seem desirable to take some specific notice of them here.

First may be mentioned what is perhaps the most fundamental of these faults—the striking prevalence of the episodic and sketchy over more sustained forms of fiction. The episode and the sketch should have, of course, their place in the college magazine, and a large place; but the extent to which they are permitted to usurp the place of the genuine short story is surely matter for criticism. A definite plot, the development of a theme requiring consecutive treatment in the working up of a train of events or a series of situations is comparatively rare. Where it is attempted a perhaps not unnatural shrinking from the difficulties of the task too frequently leads the writer to adopt a subterfuge truly pathetic in its inadequacy—the use of asterisks or of spacing between the members of an otherwise disconnected series of episodes. The advantages of this method, from the writer's standpoint, are obvious; avoidance of the necessity for transition, saving of labor and of space. Yet here surely is a place for the application of the principle that a story worth telling at all is worth telling well; and it will hardly be denied that a tale so frequently and abruptly interrupted as are many of those under consideration must be utterly lacking, however good its individual parts, in the vitality and continuity essential to a good short story.

Another fault hardly so common as those mentioned, yet even more deplorable where found, is weakness of characterization. Why is it that we meet with so few real flesh and blood people in the pages of our college magazines? It may be answered

that Experience is the great and only teacher and that we undergraduates have for the most part taken but a brief course under her. Still, that is no reason why, neglecting the knowledge which we have gained, we should seek to supply its place by artifice, as we too frequently do. For the great trouble is not that the college story-writer seeks to over-step the bounds of his own experience, making futile efforts to catch the spirit of romance or to deal with problems of the modern world with which he has never come in touch; but that, in treating of scenes and people perfectly within his range, he entirely fails to bring out what is vital and truly characteristic in them, seeking instead to produce what he fondly hopes will be a "telling effect."

Among the most common of these forced effects is that of artificial surprise. In order to give his reader a "thrill," a distinct though only momentary start of amazement, the writer seems ready to resort to almost any trick—to dwell at absurdly disproportionate length on introduction or setting, thus inducing us to look in any but the right direction for developments; or even directly to falsify announced characteristics of his puppets.

Finally, when he has by such means produced the desired effect, the fear of weakening it frequently drives him to yet another mistake—that of an over-abrupt conclusion. This is a fault perhaps as common as any, and certainly difficult to avoid; a companion fault, equally serious, to that of an over-developed introduction.

## ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

A well known stage manager in speaking of a certain college girl going upon the professional stage, said that she undoubtedly would make a great success; "But," he added, with a derogatory look, **The Winter's Tale** "it will be through sheer intelligence and not emotion."

This remark enlarged would fit the players at Smith. Year after year, the Play has come and gone, and it has been a success. Perhaps it has been through "sheer intelligence." While intellectual enthusiasm, sweetness and light, and youthful vigor have been the bold makeshifts for real dramatic temperament and the well trained equipment of the professional stage, still these are not inadequate substitutes. One recalls that America's most talented and artistic actress, Mrs. Fiske, gains her effects by mental rather than by emotional mediums.

Sarah Bernhardt remarked in her recent attempt to play Hamlet, that no man could ever understand the inner nature of Hamlet. This is some of that delightfully feminine insolence that we are getting now-a-days. Perhaps it does take a woman to understand a man. But it does not take a woman to play a man's rôle; although it is always an interesting experiment, especially in the rôle of the young lover.

So it is to the heart interest, the love theme in the *Winter's Tale*, the play of last June, that one turns to first,—the *Perdita* and *Florizel* parts. *Perdita* had all the necessary elements of a *Perdita*, charm of demeanor, freshness of physical life and winsome looks. Her love ran in the springtime level; it ascended to no emotional heights nor fell to any despair; a part, withal, that was easier than any of the others to counterfeit with one's own personality, provided one had the properly arrayed personality. *Florizel* had two cues. One was to love *Perdita* dearly, and the other to be a manly, comely youth put through a series of trying incidents. Now in college play-land it is legitimate and even desirable to play the heavy villain or the clown. But *Florizel*, as well as the long line of lovers that stretch through past Junes, played a handicapped rôle. For the volatile college humor usually explodes at the passionate climax. Consequently, there is a high tariff on love. This *Florizel*, while not amazingly masculine, was certainly good to look upon, and succeeded in giving a good love varnish; and what is more, gave his lines in a pleasing flexible voice.

*Autolycus* and the Clown slip down in memory well linked together, though they certainly were a curiously mated pair,—*Autolycus*, a rogue raised to the second power, and the Clown just a plain, simple lout. *Autolycus* was a well



branded rogue. He was no Maverick. His profession peeped out at every corner: in his walk, which had a deliciously funny, slippery effect: in the wide thrust of his fingers: and he looked at the world with the tail of his eyes. The conception of the part was excellent. It needed brightening up a bit and variety of tones. The laugh lacked unction, and the whole conception lacked that abandoned joy which comes to all good rogues.

As for the Clown, in gesture, expression of hands and feet, he did not belie his title. He also had the keynote of a clownish rôle—the laugh-producing, whimsical personality. He was not a sublimated Clown, for he lacked imagination, but he atoned by simplicity of treatment.

The dramatic creation of the play was the representation of Leontes. His personality surged beyond the boundary of the foot-lights and penetrated the farthest parts of the theatre. His love for Hermione was strongly portrayed: his anguish had the length and breadth and blackness of despair. His lines to Mamillius, "Go, play, boy, play," were terrible as they were touching. From this point, the ground swell of his passion grew in volume till it broke into the final denunciation of Hermione in the court room. Intensity of feeling came out in the sonorous voice and in the virile attitudes.

The acting of the Hermione hardly matched that of Leontes. Tender, loving, gracious in the earlier scenes, dignified in the trial scene, yet it lacked fire and glow. It was as though her nature were forecasting in some dim, inarticulate fashion the statue scene. That scene was beautifully done, both in the spectacular effect and in the moderation of the acting.

The play of the "Winter's Tale" was worth while in every way: for the sake of the representation and for the fact that it forged another link in the Shakesperean chain. In bestowing praise upon college performances, one must consider the special charms and values, and not try to pit the girlish band of players against the well seasoned veterans of a stock company, as many of the ardent admirers delight in doing.

When all is said and done, and the shapes and colors of the play have slipped into shadow land, there remain perhaps a thrilling intonation of Leontes, a waggish leer of the Clown, a smile of Hermione. But the brightest vision is that of Perdita and Florizel swinging joyously through the shepherd dance, and, trailing across the stage, the merry band of followers.

H. M. '97.

At the meeting of the Alumnæ Association last June, I heard the questions asked more than once, "Where are all the younger alumnæ? Why don't they come to the meetings?" And as one looked around the hall it was very evident that wherever the younger alumnæ were, they were not at the meeting. Of each of the last two or three graduate classes there was a smaller number present than of almost any one of the other classes, and consequently a very much smaller percentage, for the classes almost invariably increase from year to year. Then, too, as the reunions occur oftener during the first few years after graduation, the later graduates should surely be represented by much larger numbers than the earlier ones.

But it is not so much against the alumnæ of even one or two years' standing that the complaint is made, nor was the occurrence referred to as an un-

usual one, last June. It happens every year. When the "newly joined aspirants to the clan" are asked to come to the *alumnæ* meeting, the reply is usually, "Oh, we don't want to go to the meeting: it's so stupid. We'll wait and go to the *alumnæ* tea and hear the announcements made." Now of course it is very natural to wish to avoid stupid affairs and to choose the pleasanter, more interesting event of the two. But as a matter of fact, those who do go to the meeting and who interest themselves in the questions that arise there, certainly do not find it stupid. And, as many of the older *alumnæ* have said, the younger ones would themselves add greatly to the meetings if they would come and bring their fresher interests, their newer knowledge of what the college really needs, and of what the undergraduates feel and wish.

Those who have been away from the college for several years, their only palpable connection with it being the yearly *alumnæ* association fee or occasional calls for subscriptions to "funds," can have no very definite conception of its immediate wants or of the present issues in which it is concerned. But with those who have but recently left it, and especially with the graduating class of the year, these wants are well known and urgent and these issues vital. It is to them the older *alumnæ* turn for information and advice, and the need of their presence in the *alumnæ* meetings is very strongly felt.

Surely if help is to come to the college in any way it should come, first of all, through her *alumnæ*, and the *alumnæ*, to be able to help her in the right way, must have an intimate acquaintance with her needs. And try as they may, they cannot gain it in a better, surer way than by the direct voice of those who have but just now been making these needs their own.

So, if the younger graduates would put aside the idea that *alumnæ* meetings are very uninteresting affairs and that they themselves are not at all needed to carry on the work of the association, they would find themselves very cordially welcomed at these meetings as a necessary factor in that body, and the older *alumnæ* would work more freely and largely, for their aid.

LUCY LEFFINGWELL CABLE '98.

The attention of the *alumnæ* is called once more to the purposes and needs of the *Alumnæ* Department. Since the existence of the *MONTHLY* has from the beginning been dependent upon the support of the *alumnæ*, the Editors have always endeavored to make the *MONTHLY* as a whole, appeal to *alumnæ* as well as to the students. As the interest of the *alumnæ* centers naturally in the department devoted exclusively to their interests, it has become a matter of special endeavor to make that department a strong one. In their efforts to accomplish this, however, the Editors are hampered by the fact that while most of the material must be solicited, their range of solicitation is limited to secretaries of classes, secretaries of local branches of the *Alumnæ* Associations, and whatever individual *alumnæ* they may happen to know. They cannot but feel that owing to these circumstances they fail to reach and to represent all of the *alumnæ* interests. During the ensuing year, the Editors will continue to make every effort within their power to strengthen and enlarge the *Alumnæ* Department: for this reason they will be peculiarly grateful for all articles and items which may come to them unsolicited. Suggest-

tions in regard either to possible articles or the general subject of the alum-næ interests as represented in the MONTHLY, will receive their careful consideration. All communications should be sent to Emily P. Locke, Wallace House. Contributions should be in by the third of the month in order to appear in that month's issue.

The college pins may be obtained by applying to Madeleine Z. Doty, Wallace House.

'79. Five members of the class,—half the class now living—were present at their twentieth reunion in June; Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Bush, Mrs. Cone, Miss Whiton and Miss Cushing.

'83. Mrs. Frona Brooks Brooks moves this fall to Lincoln, Neb., where her husband has recently accepted a position in the State University.

Louise Woodward was married in Norwich, Conn., September 16, to Mr. Charles Houston Haskell of that city.

Charlotte R. Willard has come back to this country for needed rest after her missionary work in Marsovan, Asiatic Turkey.

'86. Leona May Peirce received the degree of Ph. D. from Yale University last June.

'88. May Louise Nichols has been appointed an instructor of Greek at Vassar. A course in Modern Greek will be offered under her direction.

'89. Mabel Fletcher has completed the course for a trained nurse.

'90. Mrs. Edith Elmer Wood has returned from Hong Kong and is now in Washington.

'91. Bertha A. Keyes is teaching at the Franklin School, Buffalo, N. Y.

Blanche W. Bowman was married September 12, to Mr. Edward G. Watkins of Gardner, Mass.

'92. Eliza R. Swift was married at Eau Claire, Wis., September 27, to Dr. Arthur Lambert Chute of Boston.

Florence E. May was married at Maywood, Lee, Mass., August 8, to Mr. William F. Rice of the Springfield High School.

Emily B. Lathrop was married September 14, to Rev. Raymond Calkins of Pittsfield, Mass.

Elizabeth C. Fisher is studying art in Paris.

'93. Florence Jackson is instructor in Chemistry at Wellesley.

Jennie Howe was married June 7, to Mr. William E. Shoemaker.

Mary Elizabeth Newton was married September 16, to Mr. Harry A. Cushing.

'94. Alice C. Atwood was married June 7, to Mr. George C. Coit.

Charlotte Fairbanks is studying at the Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia.

Mary B. Fuller is teaching at Miss Gilman's School in Boston.

- '95. Lydia W. Kendall was married in June, to Mr. Frederick Foster of Waverley, Mass.  
 Elsie D. Lewis is to spend the winter in Italy.  
 Elsie P. Bourland has sailed for Europe to spend the winter.
- '96. Katherine Van Hovenberg was married June 15, to Mr. Harold Winthrop Brown at Eau Claire, Wis.  
 Alice M. Hutchings took her A. M. degree at Cornell University in June.  
 Georgia W. Pope returns to Rome the last of October.  
 Harriet P. Learned is teaching at Brownell Hall, Omaha, Neb.  
 Elizabeth F. Read took her A. M. degree at Columbia University in June.
- '97. Grace E. Matthews has been appointed dean at Colby College.  
 Elizabeth G. Redfern is teaching Zoölogy, Physiology and Botany at the American College for Girls in Constantinople.  
 Franc Hale was married June 21, to Mr. Ernest de W. Wales.  
 Agnes Hunt has received a Yale fellowship.  
 Ada L. Comstock has received an A. M. in Education and English at Columbia.  
 Carrie Mitchell received an A. M. at Columbia, and is teaching in Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
- '98. Florence Judd Anderson has announced her engagement to Mr. Fred M. Gilbert, Yale '98, of Brooklyn.  
 The engagement of Helen Cornell to Mr. Howard Dean French of Chicago, has been announced.  
 Georgia D. Coyle is teaching in a public school in New York.
- '99. All permanent changes of address should be sent to Abby L. Allen, Walnut Street, Newton Highlands, Mass.  
 Harriet Bliss is spending the winter in New York City. Her address is 61 West 86th Street.  
 Gertrude Churchill spent most of the summer at the Summer School of Plymouth, N. H., and is now teaching Science and Drawing in the Graded Schools of New Britain, Conn.  
 Bertha Cranston announced, at Commencement time, her engagement to Mr. Edward Philips of Wilmington, Del.  
 Harriet Coburn is teaching in the High School at Lowell, Mass.  
 Susan Ganong is teaching Science in the Halifax Ladies' College, Halifax, Nova Scotia.  
 Elizabeth Goodwin is studying for an A. M. at Brown.  
 Grace Hazard took a course this summer at the Harvard Summer School. She is now teaching in a private family at South Woodstock, Conn.  
 Ruth Huntington is doing advanced work in Zoölogy at Smith, assisting in the Zoölogical Laboratory, and doing scientific drawing for the College.



- '99. Margherita Isola is taking an advanced course in Zoölogy at Harvard.
- Mary Willard Keyes is teaching in the primary department of Miss Markham's School at Cambridge, Mass.
- Marjorie King has announced her engagement to Mr. W. Stewart Gilman of Sioux City, Iowa. Mr. Gilman is a graduate of Yale in the class of '99.
- Harriet Martin has charge of the English Department in the High School at Spencer, Mass.
- Margaret May was married July 3, to Mr. Andrew Henshaw Ward, Jr. Mr. and Mrs. Ward spent the summer in Europe and are now keeping house on Canton Avenue, Milton, Mass.
- Margaret Putnam is teaching in the Grammar School at Medway, Mass.
- Edith Rand has a fellowship in Zoölogy at Smith, and is taking a course in Botany, and assisting in the laboratory.
- Nettie Ripley is in Europe with Emily Stanton, and will not return before spring.
- Margaret Silsbee is teaching Chemistry and Physics in the Kirkland School, 38-40 Scott Street, Chicago.
- Lucy Tufts has announced her engagement to Mr. Frank Preston Bascom of Toronto, Canada.
- Mabelle Ufford is teaching English Literature in the Boardman Manual High School, New Haven, Conn.
- Virginia Frame is doing literary work in New York.
- Mary Dean Adams returns from Europe in October.
- Clara Austin is teaching in Winchendon, Mass.
- Louise Ballou and Carolyn Adler, who have been spending the summer in Europe, return in October.
- Elizabeth Bedell expects to study music in New York.
- Margene Blair is studying at the Normal College at Albany, N. Y.
- Edith Bates expects to tutor in Northampton.
- Carolyn Boynton is teaching Mathematics in the Allen Normal School at Thomasville, Ga.
- Mary Chamberlin is taking courses in Marietta College, Marietta, O.
- Mary Childs intends to study music in Boston.
- Christine Cook is spending the fall in New York, where she is tutoring. Her address is 153 East 52d Street.
- Miriam Drury is studying at Miss Wheelock's Kindergarten Training School in Boston. Her address is 284 Dartmouth Street.
- Fanny Eastman is teaching in the public schools of Dudley, Mass. Her address is P. O. Box 996, Webster, Mass.
- Clarace Eaton returns from Europe in October.
- Mary Fairbank is teaching in Mrs. Pratt's Private School, Utica, N. Y.
- Eva Forté is official French tutor at Smith.

Gertrude Goldsmith is taking a special course in Science and Psychology at the State Normal School of Salem, Mass.

Mary Goodnow expects to study German and Music in Boston.

Edith Hall is teaching in Woodstock Academy, Woodstock, Conn.

Flora Hall is teaching in New Britain, Conn.

Rex Keller will study this winter in the Library School at Albany, N. Y. She has been spending the summer in Europe.

Dorothea Kotzschmar expects to give private lessons in German, in Portland, Me.

Angie Leonard is teaching French and English Literature in the High School at Windsor, Conn.

Kate Lincoln is teaching Physics and Chemistry in the High School at Beverly, Mass.

Alice Lyman is studying at the Albany Library School.

Ella Merrill is teaching Mathematics in the High School, and Vocal Music in the Normal and Training Schools at Plymouth, N. H. She has been studying at the Summer School in the same place.

Alice Moore is teaching English and French in the Lewis High School, Southington, Conn.

Madge Palmer is studying Greek and Latin at Columbia University.

Frances Parry is teaching English and English Literature in Hollidaysburg Seminary, Hollidaysburg, Pa.

Frances Rice is teaching in the public schools of Berlin, Mass.

Janet Roberts sailed for Europe September 30.

#### BIRTHS

- '90. Mrs. Joel E. Goldthwait (Jessie S. Rand), a daughter born in August.  
'92. Mrs. W. G. Anthony (Ruth G. Cushman), a daughter born in September.  
Mrs. W. S. Buffum (Wilhelmina Walbridge), a daughter, Anne Walbridge Buffum, born July 3.  
'97. Mrs. Wright (Margaret G. Cox), a son, Walter, born in July.

#### DEATHS

Marion Johnson ('98), died June 22.

Mrs. Bertha Chase Lancaster ('86), died at Colorado Springs, September 17.

## ABOUT COLLEGE

Nominally, at least, we have come to college for intellectual culture. The outside world persistently believes that that is our main object in being there; and though we like to talk grandly of a

**Outside the Class Room** many-sided development and harp on the advantages of athletics and social intercourse, in our franker moments we are ready to admit that our college work ought to occupy a good-sized share of our time and interest. Probably most of us would add that it does, but the expression of that interest has sometimes seemed to me a little strange.

Outside of the lecture room, I have observed three different attitudes toward our work. First, there is the attitude of the girl who successfully detaches herself from her college work. Her interest begins and ends in class. When that is over, she closes her note-book with a sigh of relief and shuts between its covers every thought connected with the lecture or discussion just finished. She may be a conscientious student, scholarly in her methods and attentive in recitation, but it does not occur to her to relate her newly gained knowledge to outside experience. It remains a mass of dead material, untouched by any vivid interest and unconnected with her everyday life. Then there is the attitude of the girl who looks at every recitation from a personal point of view. She could never be accused of lack of interest outside the class room. Her conversation bristles with references to her adventures there, and she rejoices in giving you full accounts of all her sensations before, during, and after reciting, which may be valuable as psychological data but are hardly interesting in themselves. If she is desponding, she is full of stories of dismal fizzles and tragic flunks, with suggestions of possible warnings and low-grades, and she never walks through College Hall without casting furtive glances at the faculty bulletin board. If she is conceited, she has a list of anecdotes of another sort, daring bluffs and small triumphs, but all equally remote from any active interest in the subject matter of the recitation.

The third attitude, which seems to me the ideal one, is a skilful combination of the other two. There are some fortunate ones who succeed in shutting their personal failures and successes between the covers of their note-books and who yet carry from the class room a vigorous and wholesome interest in what has passed there. They have caught the spirit of enjoying and learned the art of relating. They do not scorn to return occasionally to the questions of the class room and they have been heard to discuss them with as much enthusiasm as they show over basket-ball and the society elections.

We frequently hear the assertion that our closed-note-book friend has adopted the wisest policy after all ; that to dwell on such subjects adds to the strain of college life and tends to narrow our interests. But I very much doubt the truth of this argument. In the first place, the wear and tear connected with college work is largely due to an over-emphasis of the personal element. When the worry over that is eliminated, I think that frank discussion will hardly prove much of a strain to our nerves. As to its value, we have only to remember the kindergarten principle that we learn best what we enjoy most. This outside discussion, with fuller spontaneity than is possible in the class room, this associating of our work with our other interests lends to our study a new freshness. We develop a keener zest for it, a positive sense of pleasure. We make our knowledge a vivid and enjoyable part of ourselves and in so doing attain the first requisite of a liberal culture.

HELEN DOROTHY RICHARDS 1900.

All thoughtful people to-day acknowledge that regular physical exercise is necessary to create and maintain health. College women appreciate the value of exercise perhaps more than any other class of women.

**Exercise-Cards** Many of our students take it as a matter of course, and the number of those who find some sort of exercise not only a joy but a necessity is steadily increasing. Nevertheless, it is astonishing to hear of the number who, in spite of the fact that they believe in its importance and value, take almost no exercise. Unfortunately these are often the very conscientious, hard-working students with delicate physiques who need the exercise most.

This fact became so noticeable that a requirement of physical exercise from the students of the two upper classes was seriously contemplated. Although there are a number of strong arguments in favor of such a requirement, there is also an important one against it; namely, that play in the broad sense, to bring about the best results must be entirely voluntary. And so the following experiment is to be attempted this year.

A card, arranged to record not only the hours spent in exercise but the kind of exercise taken, is furnished each student of the junior and senior classes to be filled and returned monthly. The keeping of this record is entirely voluntary, but each student must see the necessity for keeping it most scrupulously. It is hoped that these cards will serve as an impetus to the college as a whole, to form the habit of taking exercise regularly. Moreover, they will furnish interesting statistics as to the amount of exercise taken by Smith College students and also as to the sports most popular.

SENDA BERENSON.

"Constitution of the Council of Smith College,—Article IV : The object of the Council shall be to represent the students in their common interests, and to serve as a medium of communication between the

The Council classes, or between faculty and students, to influence the students in the direction of definitely organized public sentiment for the regulation of their social life, and in general to aid in establishing a better understanding between faculty and students upon subjects of mutual interest."



This then is the purpose of the Council, and in carrying out this purpose they ask the coöperation of their fellow-students, for it is only with their support that they can satisfactorily perform their duties.

Furthermore, if there are any suggestions or questions on their proceedings during the year, they earnestly request that such be put directly to them, when they will be glad to explain reasons and endeavor to bring about an understanding. It is the desire and aim of the Council to come as much in touch as possible with the student-body, and thus be able to represent them in the truest sense of the word.

BERTHA WENDELL GROESBECK 1900.

There is, perhaps, nothing more baffling to the uninitiated than the five letters so often heard quoted at the opening of the college,—S. C. A. C. W.

They are a constant puzzle to the freshman, who connects them always with the white badges which have been the means of leading her out of many a difficulty in those first ignorant days.

The Smith College Association for Christian Work has been founded on the broadest possible basis and includes among its members every girl in college. It stands for the philanthropic as well as the religious work of the college, for surely, philanthropy is but an expression of our Christianity.

The association comprises, under its organization, six different branches: The Missionary Society, the Christian Union, the College Settlements Association, the Needlework Guild, the Home Culture Club and the Students' Exchange. Each of these has its separate organization, under the management of its individual officers and membership is open to all.

The Missionary Society has been in existence longer than any of the others, and gives its aid to both home and foreign missions, supporting also a medical missionary in China. The Christian Union has charge of conducting the Bible classes, prayer-meetings, and all the essentially religious work of the college. The College Settlements Association speaks for itself, and since Smith College was the founder of the first college settlement, there is always an acknowledged interest in keeping up their work. The Needlework Guild is the means of helping many needy families in the great cities and elsewhere, by the articles of clothing which the students contribute every year. The Home Culture Club work, under the direction of the Home Culture Club of Northampton, interests students to give their help in the classes which are conducted by this club.

These are the principal lines of work, along which the Smith College Association for Christian Work is conducted. It is the aim of the association to stand for all that is best and truest in college life, and for the realization of that aim, it asks the earnest coöperation of every girl who belongs to Smith College, irrespective of distinction of any kind. With the entire absence of dividing lines, which sometimes thrust themselves so forcibly upon us in other places, our opportunities for thorough, effectual work are greater than we realize; and, above all, our opportunities for keeping the spirit of our college noble and inspiring as it always has been.

GRACE LOUISE RUSSELL 1900.

An important department of the Smith College Association for Christian Work is the Students' Exchange. This branch of the work is carried on for the mutual benefit of girls who desire work that may

**Students' Exchange** help them in their college expenses and those who have work to be done. Odd jobs in sewing, painting of dinner cards and the polishing of silver are some examples of the work done last year. Office hours are held at twenty-six Washburn House from eleven to twelve every Saturday, and applications may be made at that time. This department has been successful in the past and it is hoped that, during the coming year, it may be even more useful.

NELLIE FOSDICK 1901.

The new regulations in regard to the golf links have caused considerable discussion at college. The number of players has been limited to one hundred and fifty; the annual dues have been raised from a dollar and a half to five dollars. This may seem, at first thought, both undemocratic and unnecessary. If, however, the dues of other golf-clubs are examined, it will be found that, in most cases, they far exceed five dollars. As for the limitation in number, the crowded condition of the links on any afternoon will convince one that such a course is absolutely necessary. These rules have not been made without thought and are considered the best solution of the difficulties presented.

Owing to the difficulty of obtaining building material this year and the consequent delay, Seelye Hall will not be ready for use until next term. However, to wait three months longer seems no great hardship, now that the unsightly rubbish about the building is removed and the lawn is graded.

The campus has been greatly improved by the new system of walks. The new walk south of Seelye Hall appreciably shortens the distance from the houses on the back campus to College Hall, while the walk behind the Art Gallery leading from the Wallace and the Dewey House to College Hall is much more direct than the old one. The new arrangement of walks leaves a more unbroken stretch of green in front of the Wallace, the Hatfield and the Washburn, and also between Seelye Hall and Chemistry Hall.

On the first Saturday evening of the term the Smith College Association for Christian Work held their annual reception for the first class in the Alumnæ Gymnasium.

Elm Street, as well as the campus, has met with many changes during the summer. The doctor's house and the old Stoddard House have disappeared. Farther up the street the Methodist Parsonage and the house formerly belonging to Mr. Kingsley have been bought by the college and are now dormitories, called the Wesley and the Haven Houses. The two houses hold the same number as the Stoddard did formerly and have the advantage of larger accommodations and direct connection with the campus.

The Analysis Class for this year will trace the development of modern music from the older schools.

# CLASS ELECTIONS

## SENIOR CLASS

President, Cornelia Brownell Gould  
 Vice-President, Julia Carolyn Weston  
 Secretary, Alida King Leese  
 Treasurer, Laura Abbie Shedd  
 Councilors :  
     Cornelia Brownell Gould  
     Bertha Wendell Groesbeck  
     Annie Perry Hincks  
     Elizabeth Porter Meier

## JUNIOR CLASS

President, Julia Agnes Bolster  
 Vice-President, Ethel Prescott Stetson  
 Secretary, Martha Melissa Howey  
 Treasurer, Annie Holbrook Duncan  
 Historian, Marguerite Cutler Page  
 Councilors :  
     Julia Agnes Bolster  
     Laura Woolsey Lord  
     Anne Louise Sanborn

## SECOND CLASS

President, Eloise Mabury  
 Vice-President, Mary Reed Howe  
 Secretary, Jeanie Gertrude Jouett  
 Treasurer, Harriet Sara Emmons  
 Historian, Helen Isabel Walbridge  
 Councilors .  
     Eloise Mabury  
     Emma Heywood Otis

## FIRST CLASS

President, Helen Treat Howell  
 Vice-President, Clara Louise Bradford  
 Secretary, Lucy Patten Winton  
 Treasurer, Clara Douglass Hilger  
 Councilor :  
     Helen Treat Howell

## COUNCIL

President, Bertha Wendell Groesbeck  
 1900.  
 Secretary, Anne Louise Sanborn 1901  
 Treasurer, Emma Heywood Otis 1902

# SOCIETY ELECTIONS

## ALPHA SOCIETY

President, Winifred Claxton Leeming  
 1900  
 Vice-President, Mary Bell Lewis 1901  
 Recording Secretary, Ethel Barstow  
     Howard 1901  
 Corresponding Secretary, Anne Louise  
     Sanborn 1901  
 Treasurer, Charlotte Burgess De Forest  
 1901  
 Editor, Florence Whitin 1900  
 Chairman of the Executive Committee,  
     Elizabeth Porter Meier 1900

## BIOLOGICAL SOCIETY

President, Elizabeth Fay Whitney 1900  
 Vice-President, Charlotte Lowry Marsh  
 1900  
 Secretary, Edna Hayne Fawcett 1901  
 Treasurer, Helen Shoemaker 1901  
 Chairman of the Executive Committee,  
     Faith Robinson Leavens 1900

## GREEK CLUB

Chairman of the Executive Committee,  
     Meta Ellis Bentley 1900  
 Secretary and Treasurer, Mary Louise  
     Deane 1900

## PHI KAPPA PSI SOCIETY

President, Katharine Brigham 1900  
 Vice-President, Janet Somerville Sheldon  
 1901  
 Secretary, Grace Viele 1901  
 Treasurer, Ethel Marguerite de Long 1901  
 Editor, Marion Wolcott Winkler 1900  
 Chairman of the Executive Committee,  
     Frances Henrietta Lynch 1900

## PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

President, Virginia Walker Mellen 1900  
 Vice-President, Helen Constance  
     Kerruish 1900  
 Secretary, Keturah Sherman Beers 1900  
 Treasurer, Clara Louise Kneeland 1900

## COLLOQUIUM

Secretary, Carolyn Lauter 1900  
 Treasurer, Marion Alice Perkins 1900

## S. C. A. C. W.

President, Florence Allen Whitney 1900  
 Vice-President, Grace Louise Russell 1900  
 Recording Secretary, Alice Taggart 1901  
 Corresponding Secretary, Hannah Gould  
     Johnson 1901  
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Leader, Edith Wellington Emerson 1900  
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 1900

## MANDOLIN CLUB

Leader, Ruth Marian Huntington '99  
 Manager, Mary Louise Caldwell 1901

## CALENDAR

- Sept. 21, Opening of College.  
       23, Reception of the Christian Association.  
       30, Alpha Society.  
 Oct.  5, Biological Society.  
       7, Phi Kappa Psi Society.  
      10, Colloquium.  
      11, Sophomore Reception.  
      12, Mountain Day.  
      19, Biological Society.  
      21, Alpha Society.  
      24, Colloquium.  
      28, Phi Kappa Psi Society.  
 Nov.  2, Biological Society.  
       6, Philosophical Society. Open Meeting.  
       8, Piano Recital. Mme. Julie Réve King.  
      11, Alpha Society.  
      14, Colloquium.  
      16, Biological Society.



The  
Smith College  
Monthly

*This is the wrong  
volume. It should  
be for Nov. 1899. See  
unbound number.*

November = 1898.

Conducted by the Senior Class.

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THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY is published at Northampton, Massachusetts, on the 15th of each month, during the year from October to June, inclusive. Terms, \$1.50 a year, in advance. Single numbers, 20 cents. Contributions may be left at 3 Gymnasium Hall. Subscriptions may be sent to Mabelle Morris Ufford, Tenney House, Northampton.

Entered at the Post Office at Northampton, Massachusetts, as second class matter.

GAZETTE PRINTING COMPANY, NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

# THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

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CLARACE GOLDNER EATON, LOUISE BARBER,  
MABELLE MORRIS UFFORD.

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*Vol. VI.*

*NOVEMBER, 1898.*

*No. 2.*

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## *GRADUATE STUDY*

One of the most noticeable facts in the recent progress of American education is the rapid multiplication of facilities for graduate study. Fifty years ago American bachelors of arts wishing to follow intellectual pursuits except those of the three learned professions and literature were forced to Europe for their training. On their return these men imparted to their colleges something of the scholarly habit and spirit acquired under foreign conditions, until at length by vigorous imitation and adaptation of European—more specifically German—methods a distinctively American type of university has developed. Instead of the few and notable students who formerly sought higher degrees in Europe there are now scores who make the scholastic pilgrimage, while hundreds obtain similar results in the less complex conditions of their own country. Practically every college offers advanced degrees, even if it have no courses leading thereto; and annually legislatures are employed in reconstructing colleges into universities by a change of charter, unfortunately not always accompanied by a change of character. The time-honored Commencement congratulation on the “felicitous completion of your education” has given place to the less courtly question, “Where are you going next?” and one proves

inadequate to the situation who fails to ask recent graduates what they are studying.

Manifestly there are diverse reasons for this increasing interest in graduate work. Roughly they may be divided into two classes, the desire for knowledge and the desire for something to do. Owing to peculiar social and economic conditions, the latter reason applies more to women than to men. Our educational system develops in both the same longing for activity, the same habit of working under direction, the same social, even communal, instinct; but society does not offer to both the same means for satisfying the expectations thus aroused. The gravest charge that can possibly be brought against American colleges for women is the large number of discontented alumnae of from three months to three years standing. The responsibility, however, must be shared with society at large, the homes, and the individual alumnae. But when the most generous division has been effected there is left to the colleges a sufficient amount to assure them that their problems are not all solved and neither have they already attained.

It was not an exclusively English type of girlhood that Du Maurier immortalized with the statement: "Papa's blind and mamma's an invalid, and it's so stupid at home that I am going into hospital training. One must have something to do, you know." In these, or even in less obvious and exigent circumstances, the simplest form in which this "something" can come is in the continuance of the work already pursued. The momentum acquired by four years of college life is not easily overcome, and unless one is sufficiently learned in physics to understand something of the principles of the transmission of energy one may easily suppose that motion in a straight line is the best or even the only method of progress. Consequently we find the universities supplying this demand for something to do with courses of study slightly expanded beyond those offered in the colleges, broad, general, interesting, "information" courses, extremely pleasant and profitable. In many of the older institutions these are the courses leading to the degree of A.M., and are given by the undergraduate faculty. Most seniors who care at all for their work wish that they might be seniors twice, once to do the work necessary to satisfy the requirements of "groups" and other systems, the studies made possible by schedule and committee work, and once to select at will among the distracting



number of desirable electives. To such students graduate work of this class offers inducements for an indefinite prolongation of senior year with new surroundings, agreeable society, ample leisure, and no Commencement rush at the end.

There is another kind of graduate work developed to meet another demand. This belongs to the universities alone; it is specialized, minute, individual, in the German sense of the word, scholarly. No general desire for the continuance of activity already become a pleasant habit, no longing for the repetition of sorely missed social conditions should tempt one to begin this work. Nothing but consecration to an ideal of knowledge at once broad and deep, comprehensive and detailed, is adequate preparation for this kind of study; and in addition one must have strength and patience to pursue unflinchingly a path that is always difficult, often monotonous, sometimes uncertain, and at the end solitary. Unlike the college, the university offers work not as an incident of life, but as life; not work mitigated by scores of diversions but work unmitigated, relentless in its demands on time and strength.

The scholar's life, by its very conditions, must be solitary; and this the student early discovers. The community of intellectual interest essential to a college is necessarily lacking in a university. The students are obviously absorbed in their own problems, and generally feel and often manifest the frankest indifference to the problems of others. Class work, in which college students gain a large part of the benefit derived from any course, is considered a crutch to be thrown away as soon as one can use one's intellectual feet; lectures become infrequent in advanced courses: seminars demand individual study and personal investigation; students pass from under direct tutelage, and are guided by general principles and indirect suggestions, working toward the ideal of knowing about some one subject "all that every one knows and more than any one knows."

As the university work is solitary, so is its life in comparison with that of the college. This is true not only because of the exacting demands on time, but also because the majority of students are beyond that stage of youth in which new surroundings necessitate new friendships. Intimacy is more serious and consequently less frequent at twenty-five than at eighteen; and generally one has acquired sufficient awe of one's own individuality to restrain one from hurling it at those with whom acci-

dent has brought one into association. Moreover, the communal life under the maternal roof of the college has no parallel, and the students live scattered about a town in which they form an entirely insignificant factor.

Perhaps the most novel condition afforded by the university to the recent college graduate is the judgment by absolute rather than by relative standards. To have one's mind estimated without regard to its immaturity, to have one's work measured by actual value rather than by the average undergraduate ability, to have one's most laborious products lacerated and dissected and laid bare in a seminar, strangely suggestive of a clinic, and to see the mangled remains carelessly tossed aside as containing no germ of real worth, to listen to absolutely impersonal statements of one's power, to appreciate criticism however adverse, to be content with one's own approbation, to expect no sympathies and condolences for one's failures, to recognize the real worth of that which seems to others mere drudgery, to discover for one's self one's corner in the field of knowledge, to resign hopes of great discoveries and brilliant elucidations, to settle quietly to the task of studying umlauts or arranging statistics or counting heart-beats that the road to ultimate knowledge may be a little smoother, even to learn as the days go by that one is preparing a road over which one's own feet will never pass,—in these requirements lie some of the severest tests of the scholar's devotion.

It is an open question whether the ordinary or even the extraordinary student is ready for study of this kind immediately on leaving college. If she is sure of herself, if her subject has taken possession of her, if her imagination grasps and does not shrink from the demands of this life, she may safely enter it. If she succeeds, her reward will be one that few will understand and most will esteem lightly; but for her the best will be attained. If, however, a student is uncertain either of her interest or of her endurance, she will do well to wait until she knows better herself and her life. And if, as will often happen, she finds that other interests have more strenuous claims, that for her the best lies elsewhere, then she has cause for gratitude that she has not burdened the world with another inadequate and unproductive scholar.

ELIZABETH DEERING HANSCOM.

## WHITHER ?

The waves go on across the world,  
From out the East lit with dim stars  
Into the pallid West, where dreams  
Throng thick behind the star-light bars.

The bars of light like pillars slim  
Hold up the stars above the sea ;  
I wonder why the stars are dim ?  
I am so tired of mystery.

'Tis strange to watch the marching sea  
Haunted by death forevermore,—  
Just now I saw one rapturous wave  
Perish in light upon the shore.

Yet does the pilgrimage go on,  
From out the East lit with dim stars  
Into the pallid West, where dreams  
Throng thick behind the star-light bars.

The eager sea oblivious  
Of aught but life, holds on its way:  
But is it journeying toward light,  
Dark Angel—hid in robes of Day ?

The white West stretches out its arms.  
Such radiance might hide anything.  
The holy curtain I would rend—  
The gates of knowledge open fling !

O bars of star-light, draw you back,  
And let the dreams come out to me !  
Perchance they are interpreters.  
I am so tired of mystery.

GRACE WALCOTT HAZARD.

## A WAR-TIME STORY

The reporter leaned over the dying man, his notebook and pencil ready. He was making a collection of battlefield stories for his paper,—the people were interested in that kind of thing just then. All about him were the horrible signs of recent conflict; far off sounded straggling shots. The reporter knelt down and raised the man's head a little.

"I s'pose I'm dying," said the man.

The reporter's brain was full of war stories: of last farewells to mothers and sweethearts and friends.

"I wouldn't say that, my man. Where are you hurt?" he asked.

"Somewhere here in my off side," the man gasped.

The reporter took a little flask from his pocket and put it to the other's lips. It seemed to revive him.

"Yes, I guess I'm done for," he repeated.

For answer the reporter gently pushed back the man's clothing. The reporter had not a hard heart, only calloused enough to help him in his work. At first sight the wound did not seem so serious; only the one little dark spot in the left side, below the heart. But one glance at the man's face told the reporter the truth. Already it wore the drawn waxen look which is the unmistakable shadow of death. The reporter had seen it all too often since he had been a follower of the army. It must be an internal hemorrhage, he thought.

It was mid afternoon and the tropical sun shone full and hot. The reporter leaned over the man so as to shade his upturned face.

"I am afraid it's a bad go, my man; here, take some more of this. You're not bleeding much now."

The man drank again eagerly. He seemed about twenty-six years old. He was not a prepossessing sight. His hair lay matted and wet around his face, which was white under the tan; his mouth was loose and tremulous, his two upper front teeth were broken off and he breathed through the space they had left with a little whistling sound.



"Well, I ain't got much to leave," he murmured.

The reporter listened intently. This might make his leading death scene.

"No, I ain't,—seein' I've got to take my nateral cussedness with me."

"Perhaps there is a message—something—you'd like to send to someone," said the reporter. It seemed useless to hold out hope to a man with that look on his face.

"No." The man spoke slowly and with difficulty. "There ain't a soul on the earth." He looked up into the reporter's face, hesitated, then went on. "My dad died before I was born, and my mother died when I was born. I was brought up—on a town farm—in a city—in Illinois. I—I don't know of anyone who'd want to know whether I kicked the bucket or not."

The burning sun beat mercilessly down on the two, yet the reporter took off his light coat and rolling it up slipped it under the other man's head.

"I worked for my keep as soon as I was knee high to a grasshopper," the man went on, "always fightin' to live, seems though, an' now I'm dyin'—fightin'!" The trembling mouth had tightened. "I ain't great for dwellin' on the state of my feelin's though, for I ain't never had any to speak of. Barrin' a dog I owned when I was minin' out in Colorado, I ain't fussed much over anything."

The man glanced down at his long helpless legs, and a whimsical smile broke over his face. "I wouldn't be much use in a retreat now, would I?" he asked.

It was the first time he had smiled and it changed his whole face. It lighted it, made one understand the wrinkles about his mouth. That smile moved something deep down in the reporter's heart that had lain dormant for a long time, and he brushed back the hair from the man's forehead with a touch as tender as a woman's.

"I remember—six years back—one day that's good to think of now. I was out—in Colorado then. Got held up by a snow-drift. Kinder cool an' nice to have in yer mind now, when you're burnin' up—an' no hopes it'll be any cooler for yer—in yer next diggin's."

The man paused a little, then went on with a little laugh. "That there dog I mentioned—a while back—undertook to get me help that day—he was life preserver *an'* friend. Them two don't often jine claims, do they?"

The reporter looked keenly down to see if he could find any trace of the bitterness of tragedy in the man's face, but it was serenely calm. There was a long silence. For once the reporter did not think of a question to ask.

"The ambulance people will be along pretty soon," said the reporter finally, "I'll see that they find you before then."

"You're mighty good, stranger." The man looked up with deprecating blue eyes. "I noticed some water a piece back as we were comin' up. I—I'd like a drink o' water—if it isn't too fur,—I don't know as I should—." Before he could finish the reporter had reached for the man's empty canteen.

"If you'd turn me—on my sound side—the sun—couldn't be—so sassy."

The reporter carefully moved him over on his right side, then started off for the water; he knew where it was.

"I'll be back soon," he called back. It was valuable time he was spending with this one man. He could not have explained why he was so drawn to him.

The man on the ground waited until there was no longer any chance of the reporter's being in sight; then he slowly and painfully put his hand into the inside pocket of his coat, drew out a small dark tintype and looked earnestly into the round young face of the girl who smiled back at him.

The likeness was of a kind known as the "colored tintype," and the girl's cheeks were done in a cherry red, her eyes a china blue and her hair a bleached yellow.

"The picter ain't a bit purtier than you be, honey," the man murmured. He put it softly to his lips. "I'm kissin' you, little girl. Message to send yer! Well I guess not! Don't s'pose old Dave is fit for such as you to cry about.—The onliest reason I left yer was because I wasn't goin' to spile yer chances.—I knew the day you give me the picter—that I'd better clear out,—not that I see you loved me—but I didn't know what tomfoolery yer might take into yer little head. The boss wa'n't none too good for you." The man laid his cold drawn face against the little tin square, then laboriously dug a little place in the earth beside him with the fingers of his left hand.

"I'm goin' to bury you, dearie—I ain't goin' to let no one have this—no one," he gasped.

"Good-bye, little girl, good-bye." He pushed the tintype hard into the ground and it slipped down out of sight easily. The

man brushed the earth back over the place and completely hid the newly covered spot. Then he carefully wiped off his hand.

"That man's a white man, but—he ain't goin' to see that," he said wearily.

The reporter came back with the water and stooped over the man. He stood up again in a second and set down the canteen.

"I was afraid he wouldn't hold out," he said, "I'll save this water." He knelt down again and closed the wide blue eyes and fastened the man's coat about him.

"There wasn't much of a story in him, but after all, I'm glad I stood by him," he added.

FLORENCE WELLER HITCHCOCK.

## COOPER'S PLACE IN AMERICAN LITERATURE

At the side of Irving, sharing with him the honors as creator of a school of American literature, stands James Fenimore Cooper; a figure conspicuous not only for literary attainment, but for a career marked with sudden and violent changes, embracing periods of greatest popularity and greatest disrepute; a man now the object of the warmest praise and again the butt of the severest criticism. It is less than fifty years since Cooper died, and yet his personality and his influence have been so dimmed and lessened by intervening time that it is a little difficult for us to realize how strong was this personality and how widespread its influence. Cooper is in a certain sense "a tale that is told." His stories no longer hold the commanding place in fiction once given them. To a great extent they are relegated to the domain of boy literature—not an inglorious domain, certainly, but one in which we must have a care to do him justice.

Cooper's literary career was not foretold by a pointing finger of predestination, but began in a manner almost accidental. Before he was thirty he showed no literary inclinations whatsoever; his education was fragmentary, and his brief career at college was, like Stevenson's, chiefly remarkable for what he did *not* learn. What wonder that his works abound in technical errors, and show the most sublime disregard for the rules of unity and of grammar! The story told is that one day while reading aloud to his wife an English novel, he exclaimed in dis-

gust, "I think I could write a better one myself," at which his wife, whether agreeing or not, suggested that he try. The novel "Precaution" was the result of this attempt. It was a tale of English life, insufferably stupid and didactic, and in a short time it sank into the oblivion which it deserved. Cooper's actual knowledge of English life was limited to the observations made in a ten days' stay in London, between cruises of a merchant vessel. His choice of a subject so manifestly out of his province is explained by the state of literary thought and criticism at the time. It was in the early twenties of this century; Irving had as yet published nothing but short sketches, and in the intellectual world there was the most abject adherence to English thought and literary form. Upon Cooper as a novice this adherence exercised its restrictive influence.

After "Precaution" appeared, Cooper's friends appealed to him to write a story of American life. At this suggestion, using as a foundation a narrative told him by John Jay, the late commissioner to Paris, Cooper wrote "The Spy." It was a story of border warfare, a subject as yet untried in the domain of literature, and its success was phenomenal. On the Continent it was no less eagerly read than at home. Cooper's fame was started, and continued in a steadily increasing circle during the publication of "The Pioneers," "The Pilot" and "The Last of the Mohicans," which followed "The Spy" at comparatively short intervals. Prejudices against American authorship were thrown to the winds: even the most conservative of English reviews gave the new writer warm welcome, characteristically however after his fame was well established. Between the years 1820 and 1832, "The Red Rover," "The Prairie," "The Water Witch," "The Pathfinder," and "The Deerslayer" appeared, and there seemed to be no diminution of Cooper's popularity. There was a period, coming after this, which was less fortunate; when Cooper wrote "Homeward Bound" and "Home as Found," besides ten long weary books of travel, and other things. Cooper's reputation was based upon more solid foundation, however, and this less happy work was not sufficient to overthrow it.

Before remarking the causes and effects of Cooper's popularity, it is interesting to note the more material side of it. The sales of his books in America alone were extraordinary. Before noon on the day on which "The Pioneers" came from the publishers,



thirty-five hundred copies were sold in New York alone. This would be a large sale even to-day when the population is six times as great. Reports of the sale in Continental cities would seem almost incredible, if not given on such good authority as that of Samuel Morse: "In every city of Europe that I visited the works of Cooper were conspicuously placed in the windows of every bookshop. They are published as soon as he produces them in thirty-four different places in Europe. They have been seen by American travellers in the languages of Turkey and Persia, in Constantinople, in Egypt, at Jerusalem, at Ispahan."

Such popularity seems at first thought almost disproportionate. And yet was it so? Scott had started the fashion for the novel of adventure. Cooper, calling himself a "chip from the old block," profited by appealing to a taste already cultivated. The credit due to him lies in the fact that he appreciated the material which lay around him. Drawing from actual knowledge he drew more accurately. A comparison of the sea experiences in Scott's "Pirate" and Cooper's "Pilot" illustrates this; Scott drew from imagination and drew well; Cooper drew from life and drew better. Before the publication of "The Pilot," Cooper read parts of it aloud to an old sea captain. Immensely moved by the stirring descriptions, the old fellow paced up and down the room. When Cooper paused, he hesitated a moment, covering up the traces of excitement, and then said gruffly—"It's all very well, but you've let your jib stand too long, my fine fellow."

While it often happened that Cooper was extremely careless in working up details, he showed himself capable of very painstaking work. According to Bancroft, the description of the Battle of Bunker Hill in "Lionel Lincoln" is the best ever given. In other respects the book is a failure. Whenever Cooper depended upon anything but two or three bold types of character and out-of-door adventure for the interest of his tales, he failed utterly. His women are mere sawdust dolls. When he began to write he chose one,—a china-headed one, I think, with pink cheeks and blue eyes, dubbed her a "female" and carried her triumphantly through tale after tale, never relenting over that original christening. He carried her because she was a creature incapable of doing a single thing for herself. When the Indians whooped their loudest she was liable to faint, or do something equally helpful to her unlucky escort. One wonders that he was never tempted to leave her to her fate, because she was so

oppressively proper on all occasions if for no other reason. But such an unworthy thought would never have entered the head of the Cooper hero. He was pure devotion to the sawdust doll. As a genus, Cooper heroes do no superfluous thinking. The function is somewhat exclusively confined to one of them; the favored specimen being the scout who figures prominently in most of the stories, now under the guise of the Deerslayer, now of the Pathfinder—again as Natty Bumpo, or as Harvey Birch. In justice to Cooper it must be said that the character is a fine one, even though often overdrawn. It represents a type possibly not common, but at least existing at the time of the Indian wars. As to the Indians themselves, it is difficult to judge. The shortest visit to an Indian reservation of to-day would be sufficient to bring in a verdict of idealization in Cooper's case. And yet our degenerate specimens are not fair representatives of the Indian race. Whether true or false, Cooper's conception of the Indian character has been almost universally accepted; and to this day in Europe the prevailing idea of the Indian has been drawn almost exclusively from Cooper's novels. Cooper's general weakness in creating or painting character makes this seem like a strange anomaly. "If Cooper had succeeded in the painting of character," says Balzac, "to the same extent that he succeeded in the painting of the phenomena of nature, he would have uttered the last word in our art."

Thackeray, in his "Yellow-Plush Papers," has deliciously satirized Cooper's stub-pen method of painting character, as well as the exaggerated expression of his love of country. It is wonderful and delightful to think of what Cooper would do if he could read it. Irascibility was his strong personal characteristic, and sense of humor his weakest—to speak more correctly, his absolute lack of a sense of humor. It leads him all unawares into strange lands. His attempts at dialect are truly pitiful. When he wishes a character to belong to a certain station in life, he does not deprive him of all resources of vocabulary and grammar, but makes him say 'arth for earth. One acknowledges the added simplification of writing. So too it was in certain early theatres with signs "Here is a tree" where there was no tree.

Cooper was helpless—absolutely helpless,—before such a man as Mark Twain. In a discussion of Cooper, centering around Professor Lounsbury's statement that "The Deerslayer" was pure

art, Mark Twain says, "Cooper's gift in the way of invention was not a rich endowment, but such as it was he liked to work it. In his little box of stage properties he kept six or eight cunning devices, tricks, artifices, for his savages and woodsmen to deceive each other with. . . . A stage property that he pulled out of his box pretty frequently was his broken twig. He prized this broken twig above all the rest of his effects and worked it the hardest. It is a restful chapter in any book of his when somebody doesn't step on a dry twig and alarm all the reds and whites for two hundred yards around. Every time a Cooper person is in peril, and absolute silence is worth four dollars a minute, he is sure to step on a dry twig. There may be a hundred handier things to step on, but that wouldn't satisfy Cooper. Cooper requires him to turn out and find a dry twig, and if he can't do it, go and borrow one. In fact 'The Leather Stocking Series' ought to be called 'The Broken Twig Series.'"

Cooper's real province in literature was that of pure narrative. In that his genius lay. He never allowed the action to halt, but crowded event upon event in a mass truly bewildering unless the reader enters enthusiastically into the spirit of adventure. In his sea stories he opened up a new and hitherto untried domain in fiction. Later we find Stevenson and Kipling treading this path, and with their followers bringing literary taste back again, in the long swing of the pendulum, from the Bulwer-loving stage which followed the Scott and Cooper stage. It is not by virtue of Cooper's painting of character, or by any exhaustive study of motives, that he wins and holds the interest of his readers. One never feels that the events and complications are affected by the characters, but rather that the events are cornering the characters and leaving them to get out as best they may. One always has the comfortable assurance, however, that they will get out. They possess a sort of Biblical "strength against their enemies." It is precisely this sort of thing which appeals to a certain type of mind most strongly. It is a dominant type in boyhood. Du Maurier recognizes it when in "The Martian" he tells us of the effect of "Fènimore Coupère" read aloud in French to the school boys, and of their delight in the beloved "Bas de Cuir, with that magic rifle that so seldom missed its mark and never got out of repair."

Though Cooper was eminently a novelist of the people, the recognition of his genius was not limited to the people alone.

Among others Miss Edgeworth was his warm admirer, and Miss Mitford wrote to a friend, "Have you read the American novels? In my mind they are as good as anything Sir Walter ever wrote. I envy the Americans their Mr. Cooper." Scott himself was a friend and admirer of Cooper, and expressions of admiration are to be found in almost all the critical writings of the middle part of this century.

After twenty years of such unprecedented popularity, Cooper fell from favor to a great degree, and it is scarcely possible that he will ever regain the place once lost. It has been filled by Kipling and Stevenson, Gilbert Parker and a host of others. And yet it was Cooper who made openings for them, who established models, who was such a potent factor in furthering literary development in America, and who to this day stands conspicuous for having risen higher on the tide of popularity, and for having been the idol of greater numbers of people than any writer who has yet succeeded him in his own country.

CAROLINE MARMON.

### A LULLABY

Lullaby lo, little baby so dear,  
Sail away through the twilight deep  
In the ship of my song, with never a fear,  
Dreams for the lading, love to steer,  
Over the sea of sleep.

Look how the sleepy-head daisies so fair  
Drowsily nod in their night-gowns of white,  
Shadows for coverlets;—never a care  
Have they at the eventide to bear,  
Asleep in the lap of the night.

And hark how the pines sing lullabies]low,  
Hushing the little winds tenderly  
With a sleepy crooning, soft and slow,  
Burdened with dreams of the long ago  
And a dream of things to be.

And little white clouds afloat all day,  
With their own little shadows that never were still  
Over the billowy grasses at play,—  
See how they rest in the twilight gray,  
Asleep on the breast of the hill.



Good-night, little drowsy white star in the west,  
A-blinking and winking just over the hill;  
Good-night, little cloudlets asleep on its breast,  
And the little, swift-footed breezes at rest,  
And flowers dreaming and still.

And lullaby, hushaby, baby so dear,  
Sail away through the twilight deep  
In the ship of my song, with never a fear,  
Dreams for the lading, love to steer,  
Over the sea of sleep.

CHARLOTTE LOWRY MARSH.

### THE COURTING OF DOROTHEA

The Freshman lighted his pipe in a leisurely and self-confident manner most provoking. He took a few puffs, and then looked across the study table at the Senior.

"To attempt to carry class distinction into a matter of this kind," he said, "is most absurd and childish. What if you did enter college three years before I did? That gives you no authority in this case. Do you think that I will defer to you now because you sit at the head of the table and I at the foot?"

"It is not merely that," replied the Senior with ill-concealed rage. "I have known Miss Wilcox much longer than you. I was in love with her when you were a school-boy."

"Then you should have come to the point sooner," said the Freshman. "Are Miss Wilcox's many admirers to wait until you have made up your mind? As for my desire to be first to ask her to marry me," he continued, "you are hardly in a position to laugh at that. It may be absurd; I have not analyzed it. But I confess that it is strong. Moreover, I shall be guided by it."

"Then you refuse to listen to reason?" said the Senior.

"To your reasoning," replied the Freshman.

The Senior's lips curled in a sarcastic smile.

"There is another method that may appeal more to a sport like yourself," he said. "We might match for it."

"Very well," said the Freshman with alacrity. "Two out of three."

The Senior shook his dime in his hand and laid it on the table.

The Freshman did the same. Cautiously they took up their hands.

"Heads," said the Senior.

"Tails," said the Freshman. "You win."

Again they bent over the table.

"Tails," said the Freshman.

"Heads," said the Senior. They took up their coins again.

"Now this decides," said the Freshman. "I match you."

"Stop," said the Senior. "I will not consent to this. I proposed it merely in sport. You cannot expect—"

The Freshman rose to his feet with a look of unutterable contempt.

"What a crawl!" he exclaimed. "I am glad that you made it, however, as it dissolves our agreement. I am going immediately to call on Miss Wilcox."

"Are you going to ask her to marry you?" demanded the Senior.

"I am," replied the Freshman.

"You are not," cried the Senior, "I shall go with you."

The Freshman smiled and opened the closet door.

"Oh, if it comes to that," said he, "I think that I can dispose of you with little difficulty."

The Senior shouted something improper, and sprang to his feet, fairly pale with impotent rage. He was no athlete, while the Freshman had played on the football scrub, and had chances for next year's 'Varsity. The struggle was violent but brief. The Freshman slammed the door and turned the key.

"Now you may as well keep quiet," he said, "and when I have been to see Miss Wilcox I will come back and let you out."

The Senior swore from the depths of the closet, and shook the door in vain. He heard the Freshman go down the hall whistling with a cheerfulness that amounted to insolence. In a few minutes the hall door slammed, and he knew that the Freshman was in the street.

The Senior sprang furiously against the door, and shook and pounded it with all his might. It held firm. Then he shouted at the top of his lungs, and listened. Dead silence reigned over the house. Every man in the fraternity must have gone to the baseball game, unless perhaps Brown, the grind, who roomed on the floor above. The Senior hesitated a moment. He saw a vision of caustic roasts in the class-book, and of a shameful

story handed down from year to year. Then he thought of Dorothea, and roared again.

As the Freshman stepped down from the electric car at the corner of the street on which Dorothea lived, he happened to glance up the avenue in the direction from which he had come. Far off he saw a carriage coming on at a gallop. A dire presentiment struck through to his soul. As he looked, a man's head appeared through the carriage window and was quickly withdrawn, while the driver lashed his horses again.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the Freshman to himself, breaking into a run. "I foresee an extraordinary afternoon for Dorothea!"

He darted down the street, and up the steps of Dorothea's house. He rang the bell, and stood waiting, his eyes fixed on the corner, watching for the carriage to appear. The maid seemed an endless time in answering the bell—and then, what if Dorothea were out, or should keep him waiting? All at once he heard a welcome sound from the drawing-room. Dorothea was singing. He ground his heel into the door-mat and swore softly, but checked himself as the maid opened the door. At the same moment the carriage whirled around the corner. The Freshman brushed past the maid and with three strides was in the drawing-room.

With a little exclamation of surprise Dorothea rose from the piano-stool and came forward to meet him. The Freshman lost no time.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Wilcox," said he rapidly, "for coming in in this unceremonious way. And George Chase will be here in a minute, too. I want to warn you, so that you won't be surprised. He may act rather curiously, and so may I. I want to ask a favor of you. Please pretend to see nothing queer in whatever we do. Will you? I will come this evening and explain it all to you." There was a tremendous clatter of hoofs outside as the carriage pulled up before the house. "There, that is Chase," said the Freshman.

"He looks it," observed Dorothea, as the carriage door burst open and the Senior fairly tumbled out on the sidewalk.

The Freshman glanced at her with approval.

"Will you promise me?" he asked. "Will you try to take everything as a matter of course?"

Dorothea looked at him in laughing wonder. The door-bell pealed.

"Yes, I will try to," she said. "Is it a joke, Mr. Morgan?"

"A big one," said the Freshman. "No it isn't," he added quickly, "it's a very serious matter."

The maid passed through the hall.

"I will explain it all to-night," said the Freshman.

"Very well," replied Dorothea, "I shall not forget my promise."

A moment later the maid ushered in the Senior, wild-eyed and red in the face. He paused a moment in the doorway, looking very much as if he were grinding his teeth. Dorothea went to him, and gave him her hand with her sweetest smile. As he took it he looked beyond her at the Freshman, who returned his glance, a little flushed but serene.

"Why, this must be telepathy," said Dorothea. "I was thinking of you just a moment ago, Mr. Chase, and when I saw the carriage I felt perfectly sure that you were coming."

"That is a strange thing," said the Freshman pleasantly, "So did I. But until then, George, I had felt pretty sure that you were not coming."

The Senior turned to Dorothea.

"It is better never to be sure of anything. Don't you think so, Miss Wilcox?"

"Much better. We are quite in the dark, and may as well acknowledge it." She glanced at the Freshman.

"Exactly," he said, "you are sure of nothing. I am sure of nothing. Mr. Chase is sure of nothing. Perhaps it is quite as well, however."

Dorothea changed the subject.

"There is a baseball game at the college this afternoon, isn't there?" she asked. "How does it happen that you are not there, Mr. Morgan? I thought that you were a great enthusiast."

"I am," said the Freshman. "However—" he broke off, with an audacious glance.

"I imagine it will be a very good game," said the Senior. His effort to smile pleasantly was painful to see.

"Did all the fellows from the house go down?" asked the Freshman.

"All but Brown," replied the Senior.



"He is your grind, isn't he?" demanded Dorothea.

"Yes; a mighty good fellow," replied the Freshman with enthusiasm. "I think you would enjoy meeting him. He tells a good story as well as any man I ever knew."

The Senior turned fairly purple with suppressed rage. He saw that the Freshman's diabolical perspicacity had shown him the situation in all its possibilities.

"He must be very interesting," said Dorothea, "I should like to meet him."

Just then the Senior's eyes met the Freshman's. He settled down in his chair a little, and crossed his legs. It was a slight action, but it showed his intention. He meant to outstay the Freshman.

The Freshman rose with a smile.

"I must leave you," he said. He turned to Dorothea. "About that little agreement of ours—I beg your pardon, George—it was awfully good of you, and I hope that you will still keep it in mind."

"I won't forget," she said with a smile.

The Freshman went toward her with a warning light in his eyes.

"Well, good-bye, dear," he said. He bent quickly over her and kissed her. "I will come this evening."

Dorothea gasped, and for a moment the Freshman trembled. But her blazing eyes looked unflinchingly into his as she said with only a little tremor in her voice, "Good-bye."

He went quickly out, and Dorothea turned to the Senior and began talking, perhaps a little at random. However, the Senior was not altogether calm himself.

He left her soon, and she ran up to her room and sank down on her bed.

"I must refuse to see him when he comes to-night," she said to herself. "No, it is only fair to give him a chance to explain. I shall be very cold, though. I'm angry with him—terribly angry."

And then Dorothea laughed.

ETHEL WALLACE HAWKINS.

## CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

### TRIOLETS

#### I.

The boat lies so still,  
And the spot is so shady,—  
If we only don't spill!  
The boat lies so still,  
I must try it. I will,  
My too-tempting-lipped lady!  
The boat lies so still,  
And the spot is so shady!

#### II.

Do I hear thee ask again  
Why I love thee, lady dear?  
Faith, the why's beyond my ken.  
Do I hear thee ask again?  
Ah! Who could not love thee, when  
Thou art thou, and thou art near!  
Do I hear thee ask again?  
Why, I love thee, lady dear.

#### III.

I attempted a verse  
In the praise of Jemima.  
All my rhymes I'd rehearse  
In composing that verse,  
But her name was my curse,  
For with nought could I rhyme her!  
So no more do I verse  
In the praise of Jemima.

MARGARET EWING WILKINSON.

The creation of good taste, the development of artistic instinct among the lower classes, is doubtless a praiseworthy ambition and an end much to be desired were it

**Art and Advertising** not, I am often forced to think, for the means employed to gain that end. I refer especially to the amount and variety of reproduction of celebrated pictures and to their degradation as advertising mediums.

Popularization is all very well, but we cannot help grieving when the graceful forms and exquisite faces which have been ours in harmonious neutral tints if not in the original colors, appear gaudily decked out in tints of an imitation which is no flattery; we cannot but weary even of our favorites when they become ubiquitous, and deformed by accomplished misrepresentation. Baby Stuart's lovable, intelligent face seems dull and material, the Countess Potocka's hair becomes painfully vivid in our conception of the once-admired head, and we absolutely shudder when we find Queen Louise occupying the central position on a page of advertisements.

It is not the familiarity, however, which breeds contempt; it is the kind of familiarity. We are willing to share our pleasure with those who can enjoy it, we are willing to educate those who cannot until they do, but we do not wish to waste or deform beauty, we prefer raising the intelligence to lowering the art. The Sistine Madonna should not be reproduced in chromo any more than Shakespeare should be translated into Bowery slang. And my question remains, is it worth while to popularize art to such an extent and in such a manner that it becomes distasteful? For ridicule is often fatal to love, generally to admiration, and our enjoyment and appreciation of that which has been made absurd can never again be absolutely hearty and uncorrupted. Is it worth while to degrade the beautiful to accomplish an uncertain end?

NINA LOUISE ALMIRALL.

The first Monday in September came at last. Sammy Mosely had looked forward to it with great eagerness; for it was to be an important day in his life. It was

**The Hazing of Sammy** to be his fifth birthday; he was to graduate from petticoats into trousers, and he was to begin his career at the district school.

It seemed to Sammy that half past eight would never come. He tramped impatiently about the sitting-room, every now and then casting a shy glance of approval at himself in the glass. He certainly did look attractive. His new suit fitted him well, his new necktie was a beautiful shade of red, and his round, freckled face shone with soap and satisfaction.

At last his mother told him he might start for school. She stood in the door and watched him proudly as he went down the path. He had a red apple clutched tightly in one hand. Under his arm he carried a new slate with a sponge and a slate-pencil tied to its frame by a long pink string. He marched bravely along undaunted by fears for any thing that the new experience might bring him. His mother had offered to go with him since this was his first morning, but her offer had been a blow to his pride and he had refused indignantly. There had been signs of a tempest of tears, so she had hastily withdrawn her offer, but her assurance for his well-being was by no means so great as his own.

"Sammy," she had said impressively as he was about to start, "I want you to let the big boys alone. Just so sure as you don't you'll come to trouble."

With a beaming face, Sammy had promised. His mother watched him out of sight, then she returned to the kitchen to her Monday's washing.

Some time later as she was putting up her clothes-line in the yard, her attention was attracted by loud, heart-broken sobs. She recognized the voice and hurried to the gate. Her son was coming up the path; all his manhood gone. His collar was half off. The shine had disappeared from his face, and the apple from his hand. The slate he still carried, but the sponge and a broken slate-pencil dangled dejectedly from the string.

"Sammy," said his mother in sorrowful, sympathetic reproof, "Why couldn't you keep away from the big boys?"

"O—O—" sobbed Sammy, in a louder burst of grief and rage, "I d-d-did! b-but the b-big girls k-kissed me."

HARRIET GOODRICH MARTIN.



## THE UNEXPECTED

She wore a gingham, pink and neat,  
She did not fear the sun's fierce heat,  
She knew the judge would ride that way,  
So down she hastened to the hay.  
Her soft dark hair she let hang down,  
Her pink silk stockings matched her gown,  
Her sunbonnet was gay to see,  
"I'm rather picturesque," quoth she.  
And as she tossed her pretty head,  
"Maud Muller was a fool," she said.  
"She should have been as smart as I.  
I think my judge will not ride by."

The judge was young and not sedate,  
In fact he was but thirty-eight.  
He sat his polo pony well,  
His clothes were irreproachable,  
His hair was just inclined to curls,  
He much admired pretty girls.  
And now as he rode by that day  
He saw her pink dress 'mid the hay.  
"How very chic that is," said he,  
"Perhaps she'll come and talk to me.  
I always liked a rustic lass,  
I think I'll ask her for a glass  
Of water from that rippling spring.  
How like Maud Muller! Just the thing!"  
But as his pony brought him nearer,  
He saw the girl a little clearer.  
"Great Scott!" he gasped, "It's Alice May!  
I think I won't stop here to-day!"

HELEN ZABRISKIE HOWES.

It was late one May afternoon when Maria Jane Dow was hurrying home from her day's work at the candy-factory. The day had been hot and wearisome and she  
**The Easter Hat** was hungry and tired, but in spite of her haste she stopped a moment before one of the shop-windows, the only one that ever had any attractions for her. It was "The Misses Halligan's Millinery Parlors." Now Maria Jane's greatest weakness was a passionate longing for fine hats. Of them she thought all day long in the candy-factory; of them she dreamed at night as she lay on her hard little bed. Little did she care to be finely dressed, so long as

she had a bright, showy hat to set on her dark curls. "For," she said, "the fellers don't see nothin' but your face and head, when you're a-walkin' beside them, of an evenin'." And yet Easter had now come and gone, the season was far advanced, and still Maria Jane had no new hat, for all her small earnings had gone to support the family since her mother had been laid up and could do no more washing. So she was still wearing the little old one with the faded ribbon, which once—who would believe it?—had itself graced the show-window of the Misses Halligan.

Yet Maria Jane had never ceased to plan and dream. When her hour should come, there should be no hat like hers in all the neighborhood! Only last night she had dreamed of a gorgeous creation of pink and blue illusion, that looked all ready to fly away on a pair of great white wings. What a beautiful dream that was! Maria Jane was thinking of it, as she came up to the window of the millinery shop on this hot May afternoon.

But when she had looked, she gasped, and then she rubbed her eyes and looked again. What did she see! No vision this time, Maria Jane, but a veritable hat adorned with blue and pink illusion, white wings, and rhine-stone buckles. She held her breath. The reality was more beautiful than the dream. Not even the magnificent hats of Maria Jane had ever shone with rhine-stone buckles! But alack the day! the hat was marked with a white card bearing the awful numerals "\$10.00" in large, black characters. This however only made Maria Jane more appreciative of its remarkable beauties. It must have been ten minutes before she moved reluctantly away, and walked slowly home, deep in thought. Her mother was only just beginning to wash again, and her own earnings were but two dollars a week. In three weeks she might save five dollars—but ten! She looked mournfully before her and thought of the trials of the poor.

Before Maria Jane went to bed that night she went, as usual, to view herself in the looking-glass. Never before had she beheld such visions of her possible charms. How well she could see it all now!—the pretty face with its rosy lips and flashing eyes, and on the dark curls the pink and blue hat with the great white wings. It was some time before her little stump of a candle burned down and left her standing there in the dark. Then she threw herself into bed, and burst into a fit of sobbing.

For a fortnight there was no more happiness for Maria Jane. Every day on her way to and from the candy-factory, she set her lips and hurried bravely past the window of the Misses Halligan. Still the hat went before her like a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night. She cared no more to go out evenings. Her one longing was for a hat, and for one hat alone—the pink and blue illusioned, white-winged, jewelled one in the window of the Misses Halligan.

One day as she was passing along the street, her eyes were attracted by something unusual in the front of the millinery shop. She could not but look up. A large white placard read as follows :

“Great Dissolution Sale ! The Misses Halligan are about to retire from business, and have reduced the prices upon all their goods to half of the original value. Ladies, now is your opportunity !” Maria Jane’s eyes grew as big as saucers, and she quite lost her breath. She turned timorously to the window. Her hat was still there—but the ten-dollar sign had been replaced by a five-dollar one. For a moment she clasped her hands in an ecstasy, and then turned and sped along the street. Her thoughts carried her far away. This was Wednesday. On Saturday she would receive her week’s wages and her savings would amount to exactly five dollars.

A very different Maria Jane went home to her tired mother that evening. The wonderful hat had never been spoken of, nor was it now. As for Maria Jane, she insisted that her mother should rest in her chair by the window, and she herself sang like a bird as she washed the dishes at the sink. Mrs. Dow looked on in astonishment. What ever could have wrought such a noble change in the thoughtless Maria Jane ! She racked her brains for a reason, and finally decided that something unusual had happened at the candy-factory. After all, Maria Jane was a good girl, and she had been really very patient during the past hard weeks. Mrs. Dow thought it all over as she looked out of the window. Her eye caught the scarlet poppies which were waving in the wind. At last, she spoke up suddenly, “Mariay Jane ! Mariay Jane ! how comes it that yer ha’int had no new hat this spring, and you as is always set on hev’in’ a new un for Easter ? I’ve ben thinkin’ that old un o’ yourn looks kinder tame like. Hadn’t yer better hev’ a new un ?”

Maria Jane made a brief reply, and kept her face carefully

turned away so that the smile on it might not be seen. What a grand surprise it should all be ! and she thought it all over again for the hundredth time. "Jack Toole took Rosie Higgins to the show the other evenin'. I wonder who he'll take next time!" she said to herself, and she winked significantly at the dish-pan, which appreciatively reflected back the wink. "I wonder what Rosie's new hat's like," she thought presently, and then she went into the little parlor and played a waltz on the old, cracked piano.

Saturday dawned bright and fair, and Maria Jane arose with the lark. She started for the candy-factory earlier than usual, so as to have time to stop at the millinery shop and for the last time see her hat in the window. Yes, there it was, lovelier than ever ! Maria Jane's eyes fairly danced as they beheld it. She shook her finger at it gaily and whispered, "Well, I'll wager this is the last day anybody'll see that hat in the window. I wonder where they'll see it next!" and she chuckled with pleasure.

The day dragged wearily at the candy-factory. The bosses scolded. The girls were cross. Maria Jane alone maintained an unruffled temper and beamed upon everybody. She was in a dream of delight. The candy was all blue and pink and white to her. She dreamed of feeding it to birds with white wings and rhine-stone eyes. So the long afternoon wore away.

Toward six o'clock Maria Jane walked quickly up the street. She stopped instinctively at the Misses Halligan's parlors, and walked in without looking at the window. She had lived through this moment already a thousand times that day. At last it had really come. She walked proudly up to a little lady in a black dress, and said, "I'd like ter see that hat in the window—the blue 'nd pink one with the white wings and rhine-stones."

The youngest Miss Halligan thought a moment, and then went to the window. How provokingly cool and slow she was.

"Yes," she said, with a smile, "I was afraid 'twas gone, but I thought I'd make sure. My sister sold it to a young lady about half an hour ago. Can't I show you something else?"

Maria Jane turned pale, and stammered, "Oh ! it's gone?—sold? No ! nothing else, thank you!" and then she left the store.



That evening as Maria Jane sat at the window, she saw someone pass by in a blue and pink hat with white wings and rhinestone buckles. "Rosie Higgins!" she gasped, and then she looked to see who was with her. Yes, it was Jack Toole!

AMY ELIOT DICKERMAN.

BALLADE OF SEA FANCIES

On the waste of sand in the dim twilight  
Full many a monster his rude shape rears,  
Imprisoned in stone by the Sea Queen's might  
For proud rebellion. But each one bears  
In his bosom a heart full of hopes and fears,  
And they sigh for the golden days that are gone  
In the ruthless grasp of the flying years.  
*See how the wind drives the waves in scorn.*

Shrill shriek the petrels in wheeling flight,  
For over the foaming surge appears  
A swift-charging army equipped for fight  
With breast-plates of amber and fire-tipped spears.  
Who strolls at night by the salt sea, hears  
Challenging shouts on the storm-gusts borne  
As the Sea Sprites ride on their mad careers.  
*See how the wind drives the waves in scorn.*

Sometimes aglow in the sunset light  
A fleet its course to the harbor steers;  
Like a vision they float in that radiance bright,  
And each transformed the semblance wears  
Of a fairy barque. Then faint, far cheers  
Float o'er the water, as when at dawn  
Distant bird-calls sound in our ears.  
*See how the wind drives the waves in scorn.*

ENVOI

Fancies that come at the fall of night  
When the sea breaks heavily gray and wan,  
And we listen within by the red fire-light  
*To the wild wind driving the waves in scorn.*

VERA GORDON ROWE

“‘Thirty-all.’ Keeping score all by myself for two idiots who can’t even hit the balls! That is all that is left for me,” said Felicia gloomily.

**In the Tennis Court** And then her heart seemed to stop as she heard from across the court: “Is Miss Howe here? Ah, yes, I see her. No, you needn’t stop your game. I will help her keep score, and if you often come as near hitting your balls as you did that time I think she will need me to straighten it out. That’s a good shot, Tommy; keep on, and you’ll make a player yet.”

Felicia was glad the sun was in his eyes so that she had time to regain her composure. Society training does much toward the suppression of one’s feelings, and when he reached her Felicia appeared as calm as a summer night and as cool. I am referring, you will understand, to one of those summer nights when you wish you had brought your heavy overcoat.

But he wasn’t daunted by that, because he knew Felicia.

“Aren’t you going to speak to me?” said he. “You know you will have to if you don’t want Tom and Kate to notice, and you really might as well begin now.”

Felicia was so angry that he could meet her so easily after all that had passed between them that she forgot to keep her face averted, and looking up met a new expression in those familiar brown eyes. But she said nothing,—perhaps of necessity.

“Lyssie dear, you know now that you were wrong? Do you mean that no one has told you? Why, she is—”

“*What* is the score, *if* you please, Morton,” broke in an impatient voice. “I have asked Felicia three separate and distinct times, but I think you have mesmerized her.”

“Oh,—deuce!” answered Morton with unnecessary emphasis.

But Felicia had regained her self-control, and said freezingly, “You needn’t trouble yourself with explanations, Mr. Morton. I saw enough to make explanations unnecessary—and undesirable.”

“Lyssie, you *shall* hear me,” in so firm a voice that she looked up to see if it could really have come from easy-going Jack Morton, and again met that unfamiliar expression.

“She was old Everett’s ward,” said Jack, as Felicia kept silent, constrained by a power greater than her will, “and Will married her last week. Everett objected to the match because Will had no assured position, but I got him a berth in Norton’s

office, and that is why Grace was so grateful to me. They were married Thursday. Lyssie, you aren't jealous of my cousin, are you?"

"But Jack, why didn't you tell me when I made that dreadful mistake? It wasn't fair, it was due to me"—

"Dear, it wasn't my secret, and even for you I couldn't betray Will. Besides, your distrust hurt me so that it upset even my belief in your love, and it wasn't till I saw your face this afternoon that I dared hope again."

"And I thought the sun would blind you! But oh Jack! Isn't it blessed to have it all over?"

They were silent a moment. Then—

"Score please," from Tom.

"'Love all,' I think," was Morton's reply.

"Why, you cheerful idiot, it's 'game' for me," cried the wrathful Tom.

But Jack said softly, "He is wrong, the game is mine, my darling, and together we will challenge the world."

And this time Felicia looked at him.

AGNES MYNTER.

It is carnival night in the cornfield.

All summer long the smooth green banners have waved in the passing breeze, the long tassels have

**In the Cornfield** lengthened their silken fringes, the joy of summer has passed into the swelling ears of grain. It has all been pleasant and peaceful, "but so monotonous, you know," a tall graceful stalk was saying.

He was longing for carnival night to come; but his more thoughtful neighbor sighed at the thought of the lovely golden days of peace that were slipping by. What was one mad moonlight revel compared with those weeks of glorious yellow sunshine they must now leave behind? And there would be a tragedy behind that night, instinct told her. What would it be?

Poor Feathertop shuddered; indistinct foreboding seized her. She was only a corn-child. Life on the hillside was all joy, what came afterward she could not tell. Would she be separated from Goldenhead, would she never feel again his gentle touch?

A wind came up out of the east. In the twilight she bowed

her head in sadness and every leaf shook with a fearful tremor. Goldenhead stretched his cool green leaves about her and raised her up. He brushed back the silken fringes and kissed her in the half-light.

"Sweet one," he whispered, pointing to the edge of the hilltop. "watch for the moonrise, our carnival night is coming!"

The moon came up and the stars came out, then they paled and the sun returned, till the harvest moon grew rounder and brighter and all in the cornfield wondered.

Then, on a hazy sleepy day, came the reapers in the morning. Down the field they went, back and forth the bright knives glittered; a click and whirr of machinery, a crashing and bending of corn-stalks—all were laid low.

They piled the sheaves together, and the low rays of the lingering sun found the corn-children whispering together. They were talking about the moonrise and what was to happen, and more which the wind carried away.

Now the glow has left the west, all are waiting—waiting. Increasing brightness in the pale east.

"Look!" Goldenhead is murmuring, "our night will soon be here. Oh! Oh!" as the bright rim flashed over the hilltop, "here, here I am, oh dance, love, with me—our carnival night is come!"

He seized her and whirled her away, and the mad moonlight grew and poured down upon the cornfield and upon the dizzying scene. All in each other's arms they surged and rose in the white shadowed light. There was swaying and dancing, and the moonlight sang. Ecstasy held the hilltop.

Dawn came. The east reddened and the sun climbed slowly upward. Down he looked on the cornfield. Feathertop asleep in her love's arms, Goldenhead sleeping, all the corn-children fast asleep. Worn and dishevelled they were propped one against the other, deep in unconsciousness.

Days came and went. They gathered the sheaves and bore them away. They stripped off the yellow flaunting banners and piled the ears in the dark quiet barn-loft.

The moon looks down on a bare brown field. Goldenhead and Feathertop, and all the others, where are they? A faded leaf drops from the maple, and one more bird takes its flight toward the South.

The summer's love, life and mystery is over. Where has it gone?

JULIA POST MITCHELL.



## AT SUNSET

You weep because To-day is lost  
And with the Yesterdays has gone.  
'Tis true To-day was fine and fair  
And bright was seen a lovely dawn.  
But look! The west has brilliant grown  
With promise of diviner Morrow;  
Then let this shining future hope  
Send far away To-day's dark sorrow.  
VIRGINIA WOODSON FRAME.

What the outside world can think of Smith College is a mystery to which the wisest would hardly attempt a solution. To judge from the faces of the sight-seers

**The College Lecturer** who pass through the campus, and who try to look both ways at once in order not to miss one *rara avis*, one might think that we were some unusually entertaining Barnum's Circus or exciting Wild West Show. Two of these visitors should be forgiven for thinking that Smith girls are a trifle peculiar. They were walking on the back campus one morning when they came upon two girls on their hands and knees, who were evidently searching diligently for something in the grass. One of the visitors was heard to remark, "The dear girls must be hunting for four-leaved clovers," when suddenly she was startled by hearing this same dear girl shout in exultant tones, "I have two males and a female!"

But what is really inexplicable is the attitude of the lecturers who come to Smith. They either take it for granted that every college woman must be a blue-stockings, and that therefore they must never descend from the highest plane of oratory, or else, what is far more common, they think that the little college girls must be patted and smoothed, and told how pretty they are, and what a delight it is to talk to such a "garden of fair flowers." We feel that these latter must think of Smith as did the old farmer who asked one of us if she didn't belong to "Seelye's Female Seminary."

Isn't it possible for lecturers to understand that we are really rational beings, who wish neither to be talked down to, nor yet to be talked up to? We realize that an audience of all girls must be a trying one to speak to. Some of us will notice the cut of a man's coat and the color of his cravat; and there are others of us who at present divide all lecturers into two great classes, one containing those who say "He don't," and the other those who say "He doesn't." But as a whole we are ready to accept a sensible lecture in a sensible way. If the lecturer would only understand this, I don't think any more of them would ask, "Well, are—are they intelligent?"

AGNES ELIZABETH SLOCUM.

## EDITORIAL

Why, in these days of many psychological investigations, when it is a matter for anxious consideration whether a child's first word is "kitty" or "button," and when all our complex nineteenth century emotions are being run to earth in the den of the primeval savage—why, I repeat, does no one explain to us the origin and development of the Complacency of Pessimists? The train of thought was suggested by a purely accidental remark in the class-room the other day, when a certain character was described as "a man of absolutely no illusions. . . . He had the darkest views of human nature." Why, in the name of wonder, have we singled out the over cheerful and charitable views of things as the only illusions? Is not the man who believes his neighbors live for the sole purpose of over-reaching him, or the woman who goes about sniffing the air for imaginary slights, as much the victim of an illusion as the too confiding people? Rose-colored glasses are not to be trusted for an accurate picture of the world, but then neither are dark blue ones.

But somehow or other the Pessimist has gained a position of great moral ascendancy. He tells us that the desperately unpleasant book is true to life and we meekly acquiesce: we suppose it must be *something*. Possibly we reason on the analogy of the things we don't want to do, which are generally right. Yet a moment's reflection would show that we have read interesting books with a great deal of human nature in them, and done things which were none the less right because we enjoyed doing them, and eaten nourishing food that was agreeable to the taste, etc., etc.: only, where no effort is demanded we do not stop for analysis. But again, the Pessimist makes the dolorousness of the universe such a personal matter that it is almost indelicate to contradict him. When a person comes forward and remarks, "My head aches," it would be nothing short of brutality to respond, "Mine doesn't." So presently he presumes on

the silence to declare, "Everybody's head aches." If then the unaffected person offers a humble remonstrance, the retort is crushing: "Wait until you have had some experience." And the offender is left with a feeling that not to have a headache is to be insensitive and immature.

Probably there was really a time once when high expectations of life, romantic ideals, and open confidence in human nature were the distinguishing badges of youth. The retort just quoted would suggest a theory of this sort, and many passages from the poets might be cited in support of it. But I am sure it is not so now-a-days. If there is one trait which especially characterizes the young at present, it is "knowledge of the world"—a phrase which always means knowledge of a very bad world. Indeed, could we make a general collection of opinions on such a subject as the state of morals in the civilized world, and reduce the results to two composite views, one by people over and the other by those under twenty-five, there seems little doubt that the latter picture would be much the darker. Our elders feebly plead mitigating circumstances to our stern arraignment of things in general. The Tennyson of the future must sing a daughter, rigorously scientific, 'with a little hoard of—epigrams—preaching down a mother's heart.'

And the meaning of this surprising phase is that youth is just as impetuous as ever, just as incapable of half-measures, and at bottom just as romantic. Part of our dark view of things is due to a genuine shock at imperfections which we have discovered or heard about, but a part quite as great is our armor against any possible future revelation. "We called the chess-board white,—we call it black." Life shall not take *us* unawares. Like the old lady who on her first railway journey sat in rigid composure while the train went off the track, we are not going to show that we are not used to it. And meanwhile let us smile with sad superiority at those unsophisticated ones who are lost in enjoyment of the scenery and the motion!



## EDITOR'S TABLE

There are four conspicuous faults to be found in most college verse. These are: lack of harmony; sacrifice of sense to sound; false pitch; and obscurity of meaning. The first is the most noticeable because to most readers the least endurable. Again and again the happy dance of a lyric or the grave march of a sonnet is interrupted by a discordant or halting measure. Witness this irritating defect, in what might have been a sufficiently graceful verse:—

“I watch the rifted sunlight on the bark  
Of swaying trees, and overhead the light  
Dancing on the silver leaves. Now I hark  
To sleepy sounds that tell of coming night,—”

*Wellesley Magazine.*

These mere technical details, which yet count for so much in the rating of a writer, are surely unworthy, if not of the college student, of the college paper. Delightful though the fancy may be, form is of equal importance in the realms of verse; and if we are in earnest about our poetic productions, we must submit them to the same relentless criticism which they would receive in the outside world.

On the other hand sense should not be sacrificed to sound as too often happens. There is a great temptation in the effort to produce a flowing rhythm or felicitous rhyme to forget exactly what we are trying to say, and to put in a word or phrase that sounds well, whatever its connection or absolute meaning. It is easy to pad with a well-worn epithet or verb-combination, extremely effective in sound but entirely inappropriate in sense. The results of this practice are triteness, artificiality, and mixed metaphor, as in the case of the “bitter-sweet memory” which “glows and gleams” through the “melody” of the “Dream-land” in the *Amherst Literary Monthly*. The only security against such folly is that habit which has been described as the groundwork of the success of Mr. Kipling, who is getting his dollar a word to-day because for years he has been putting into each word a dollar’s worth.

False pitch is a quality peculiar to amateur work, in which

the writers are not as a rule sufficiently familiar with the material to avoid one of the extremes of flippancy and over-seriousness. We confound impudence with courage, levity with directness, and slang with individuality. Desperately afraid of being laughed at, we disguise our heroics under colloquial forms, and are betrayed into the incongruous. Such is the case in "Volunteers" in the *Mount Holyoke*, of which only the last two stanzas can be quoted :

"Out from the Cuban shore a gale—  
 'Breezes' we called them—would often blow,  
 Splinter the spars or rend a sail;  
 Pennant went overboard once, you know.  
 Vern wouldn't let me, *he* volunteered  
 To climb the masthead, a flag replace.  
 Fell somehow from . . . I never feared  
 War that was fighting, but his dead face!"

Obscurity arises either from inefficiency or from wilfulness. The difficulties of accurate representation are sufficiently great to excuse the former in the acknowledged beginner. It must, however, remain a distinct sign of failure when the meaning of a poem cannot be readily comprehended. Such inefficiency shows itself in vagueness of phrase and generality of epithet. On the contrary, wilful obscurity is denoted by sheer inaccuracy of expression, abrupt turns, and downright defiance of grammar—a species of literary laziness which should never be tolerated. The following is an excellent specimen of this fault, as well as of all the others that have been cited.

#### LOOKING BACKWARDS

"Beneath the scarlet of the Western glare,  
 He looks along the hissing sable floor,  
 And squints to see the ruddy pools of gore  
 That light his battle-spot with fitful flare.  
 How faint the gleam! It lays his nerve tips bare  
 To con that ruby mirror's narrow shore.  
 May then his keenest pain not count for more  
 Amid the vastness of the God-shine there?  
 What slightest change has man's best passion wrought?  
 Upon the convex plain the selfsame stars look down  
 To see the puny weeping, throes, and sweat  
 With which all men their Great Release have bought.  
 Small change since Adam this vast Arena's known;  
 But men and God love sands that blood has wet."

*Williams Literary Monthly.*

## ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

It is with recollections of a trying experience in the past and with sympathy for the present editor of this Department that I make a plea for the Alumnæ section of the MONTHLY. Many Alumnæ readers turn naturally first to these pages. Some, perhaps, disappointed to find here so little which concerns them, begin to lose their interest in the magazine as a whole. Not a few think it hardly worth while to continue taking a paper whose contributors they do not know, and whose Alumnæ Department informs them of no new marriages and does not tell them what some of their classmates are teaching in a High School in Kansas or a Seminary in Maine. A recent rumor of an Alumnæ paper to be started, devoted to Alumnæ interests and news, suggests pointedly that the graduates do not feel their relation to this college paper a live one. These facts I state frankly knowing that no one feels more regretful than the Alumnæ editor herself and that no one is less to blame.

Let every Alumna who reads this department think for a moment of its value and of its needs.

We all recognize the vital importance to the College of a strong bond between Alumnæ and undergraduates. Means of strengthening the bond, to give us a more complete *esprit du corps*, are few. A common magazine is one—if we make it common. If Alumnæ can be made to take a real interest in the MONTHLY when personal interest in its literary contributions is lost, not only will they keep more closely in touch with the College but the undergraduates will feel some sort of relation to them. We have the common meeting ground, on which to discuss matters of general college interest if we will. We want to meet; the undergraduates have done their share but we do not meet them half-way. If we would use with more interest the department set aside for us, the benefit would certainly be mutual. But each graduate forgets or neglects to *give* to the department, while still hoping to *get*. Upon the Alumnæ editor often devolves the difficult task of presenting material foreign to her interest or finding news of persons about whom she knows nothing.

The suggestion may be made that the class secretaries should act as “feeders” to the Alumnæ Department. Certainly each class secretary should keep in mind the existence and needs of this department and voice her own class in matters of general interest or furnish items of class news to the editor. But here again I may speak from experience. Class secretaries are helpless, often. The scattered members of the class take so little pains to keep their whereabouts or occupations known that it is difficult to reach them even for business purposes. It takes more than a secretary to counteract the centri-

fugal tendencies of graduates. It needs the coöperation of all the members of a class,—just as this department needs the coöperation of all classes.

What shall we do about it? Let the department struggle for life, or let it die? I believe we can make it one of the live and interesting features of the MONTHLY, and that it is for the sake of the financial support of the paper, for the sake of the closer relation between Alumnae and undergraduate bodies and for the sake of the Alumnae themselves, that we should try.

A. O. A., '95.

#### MEETING OF THE ASSOCIATION OF COLLEGIATE ALUMNÆ.

The seventeenth annual meeting of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae was held in Philadelphia, October 27, 28 and 29. As the time and place of holding these annual meetings is decided one year for the following year, the choice had been made and date fixed before war or peace entered our thoughts. So no change could be made when Philadelphia decided to give herself over to a Peace Jubilee covering the same dates.

While this made the question of entertaining the members a very serious problem to the Philadelphia Branch, perhaps the visitors did not think it altogether unfortunate. Arriving in the crowded city Thursday morning we were able to get to our hotel, and to a point of view, in time to see the latter half of the great military procession. While Miles and Hobson with the crew of the Merrimac had unfortunately passed by near the head of the procession, we were in time to see Sampson, Shafter and others. It was impossible to cross the street during the parade, and the New Century Club House, where the Association meetings were to be held, was on the other side of Broad Street. Necessity combined with inclination therefore and held us till the end of the procession, and made many of us a little late to the first meeting. But that fifty or sixty college graduates from all over the country should come together and listen to reports, while the streets were so crowded that police escort was almost a necessity in getting to the Club room, means loyalty to some educational idea.

With so much to satisfy the newspaper public no report of our small meeting was desired, and my sympathies were aroused for the two or three reporters (masculine) who had been sent to "do" us and whose ears were listening to the martial music outside and whose feet were itching to join the crowds without. The time is past when our meeting is noticed by head-lines in the paper, as it was, not over a dozen years ago— "College Women Coming To Town," "Look Out For Them!"—as if we were the bearers of contagion. Not now, I think, if we were to meet again in Washington would we be tendered a reception by the Chinese minister, because he wanted to "see what college-educated women looked like." People know what we look like now and have accepted us and pay no attention to us, and we quietly go on our way.

The first meeting, of the usual three days' session, is given up to the necessary routine business; annual reports of officers and committees. With an Association now numbering nearly two thousand, and with members widely scattered, though held together by twenty-one Branch Associations, many interests must be represented. One new Branch was enrolled this year, that



of Colorado, so now Smith Alumnæ living in or near Denver will have an opportunity of allying themselves with this Association.

The Committee on the National University reported what progress had been made in Washington the past year. Some discussion was called forth by this report as to what attitude an Association of collegiate women should take toward furthering a National University, whose doors, it is generally understood, will be closed to women. Supporters of the bill avoid committing themselves and the phraseology is carefully looked after. It is not said that women can *not* be admitted, it is not said that they *can* be. The question is held in abeyance until the University is more of an established fact.

The other report of the afternoon which awakened discussion, as to practical workings, was the report of the Committee on Investigating Methods of Voting through Delegates. Matters of importance relating to the whole Association are sometimes given a local coloring by the necessarily larger vote of resident than of visiting Alumnæ at the annual meetings. Since the union of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ, which was organized in Boston in 1882, with the Western Association of Collegiate Alumnæ, the annual sessions are held alternately in the East and in the West. Since 1889, the year when the union was effected at a meeting in Buffalo, the Association has met successive years in Chicago, Boston, Washington, Chicago again in the year of the World's Fair, New Haven, Cleveland, Providence, Detroit and Philadelphia. It shows that the Branches keep up their interest in the general Association that at this meeting delegates were present from all but four of the twenty-one Branches.

The evening meeting was public, and a fair-sized audience met, after a struggle through the crowd who were abroad to view the illumination. That illumination, especially centering around the City Hall and Court of Honor, was superb and a triumph of electricity. The Philadelphia papers state that only on a few special days of the Centennial in '76 has the city had to deal with such crowds.

President Thomas of Bryn Mawr, representing the only woman's college in the vicinity, made an address of welcome to the Association. The work of the Branches for the past year was collated in a paper read by a member of the Philadelphia Branch. In the unavoidable absence of Mrs. Palmer, Miss Brownell of Bryn Mawr took her place and gave us a most interesting paper on "Some Social Aspects of College Education." She claimed distinct and decided social gains for the average college girl, rather than the social disadvantage which has formerly been laid at the college door. The principal paper of the evening was given, as is the custom, by the President of the Association, Mrs. Alice Upton Pearmain of Wellesley. She took as her subject: "The American Public School; Some Practical Problems of To-day," and gave quite a detailed account of the most efficient work which has been done during the past few years by the Boston Branch of the Association. One successful outcome of their work was an appropriation of \$300,000 for necessary sanitary repairs in some of the Boston Public School Buildings.

The weather favored us on Friday, and in the early morning parties were formed to visit Girard College, the University of Pennsylvania and Drexel Institute, all of which were hospitably opened to us. Then leaving the city

to its great civic parade we "drew ourselves apart," as the college woman is sometimes accused of doing and as we do not mean to do, and took the train to Bryn Mawr. About one hundred and forty sat down to luncheon as the guests of President Thomas in the beautiful dining hall of Pembroke. At the close of the luncheon student ushers were ready to take us to any of the buildings which we desired to see. It is scarcely necessary for me to say that I asked to go first to the Gymnasium. I wanted to see the beautiful new swimming-tank which has been put in since my last visit to Bryn Mawr. We must not make comparisons, but I wish we had it, or one like it. So too do I wish we had their system of required physical work which Dr. Smith was so courteous in explaining to me. I trust all the groups of Alumnae did not so question her as I did, else her patience might have been exhausted, though it seemed unailing. In addition to the required gymnasium work, four half-hour periods of exercise a week are required of every student unless especially excused. This half hour she may take in golf or tennis, basket-ball or bicycling, horseback riding or swimming, or a plain every-day walk. The student list is posted in the Gymnasium and each student is trusted to make her own daily or weekly record. The four half-hour periods may be scattered through the seven days but they can not be combined into a long walk on Sunday. The supervising of such work may be simpler in a college of three hundred than in a college of one thousand, but it is no more desirable in one than in the other.

The Low Buildings, an experiment in furnishing homes for the teachers, were of great interest. Here were little suites of single study, bedroom and bath; or combinations of two studies, two bedrooms and bath, whose occupants would dine in a common dining-hall; or larger suites with the addition of pantry, dining-room and servant's bedroom, but no kitchen, where the servant would serve the meal as furnished from the dining-hall below; while there were also delightful little apartments for two, with private dining-room, pantry, kitchen and servant's bedroom, even private entrance and piazza; and all this arranged, and architecturally successfully it seemed to us, in one *low* building,—hence its name.

But the college bell summoned us to the afternoon session, and we had not seen the new Science Hall or the general Academic Building. I cannot give an account of all the reports presented in the afternoon, though all were interesting. The Fellowship Committee reported their difficulty in awarding the fellowships the past year, twenty-three candidates having applied for the foreign fellowship and eight for the American. The American fellowship was awarded to Miss Ethel Puffer, Smith '91, who has spent her year in study under Professor Münsterberg at Harvard, and who is this year his assistant in his work at Radcliffe, the first time a woman has received an appointment there.

No new college was reported by the Committee on Corporate Membership for admission to the Association this year. In 1897 four institutions were admitted: Chicago University, Leland Stanford Jr. University, University of Minnesota and Radcliffe College. Before that time none had been admitted since the admission of Bryn Mawr in 1890.

A committee reported favorably for the establishment of a life membership

fee, but definite action could not be taken on this report until the next annual meeting.

President Thomas pleaded for five hundred voluntary subscriptions of \$10 each, that a fund might be put at the disposal of the Executive Committee so that they should not be so hampered in the publication of much valuable material which is on hand, and which would be of great service to many of the members to whom appeals for statistics are constantly made. A committee to secure such subscriptions will be appointed.

At the close of the meeting, omnibuses were in waiting to take us to the station and we were soon on our way to Philadelphia. One of the pleasantest features of these gatherings is the odd half hours when old friendships are renewed and new ones formed. It speaks no less for the college interest that there is also a personal interest, and it is not at all uncommon to see photographs shown of those who would not be eligible to membership in an Alumnae Association.

Friday evening we gathered for a most pleasant reception given us by our hostesses, the members of the New Century Club, who had so kindly thrown open their club house to us during our stay in the city. Philadelphia showed itself inadequately named, for there was more than *brotherly* love shown to us.

The meeting Saturday morning was given up to a discussion on College Curricula. The discussion was opened by a paper, "Shall the College Courses be Modified for Women," by Mrs. Mary Roberts Smith, Professor of Sociology in Leland Stanford Jr. University. It is impossible to give any short account of Mrs. Smith's paper. I can only say that it opened the question whether the college course should be so modified for women as to offer definite preparation for self-support, and definite preparation for wifehood. It was listened to intently, as were also the following papers which were contributed by Miss Leach, Professor of Greek at Vassar, Mrs. Richards of the Institute of Technology, Miss Talbot of Chicago University, Miss Smith, Dean of Barnard College, Mrs. Cone of Smith and Dr. Latimer of the Woman's College of Baltimore. It is probable that these papers will be printed and distributed to the members of the Association, and I hope all will read them, as they have to do with different aspects of a most important question.

There was no time for a general discussion from the floor as the lunch hour had arrived, but it is safe to say that the discussion was carried on around the small lunch tables where we gathered to refresh ourselves before the closing afternoon business session.

It is the custom to call the roll at the luncheon and the graduates of the several institutions rise as their college is called. Of the nineteen institutions now belonging to the Association, five had no representative at this meeting; these were the University of California, the University of Kansas, the University of Minnesota, the University of Michigan and Wesleyan University. The University of Chicago, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the University of Wisconsin had one representative each; Northwestern University and Syracuse University had two each; Boston University three; Leland Stanford Jr. University, Oberlin and Radcliffe four each; Cornell six; Smith eleven; Bryn Mawr fourteen; Wellesley twenty; while Vassar took the lead with twenty-six.



We were glad to see the eleven Smith Alumnæ, but where were the many others who we know live in and near Philadelphia? We hope Smith will make a better record at the next annual meeting. Come and see what good times and what inspiration the meetings mean, for this dry account can give you no idea. This seems only like a tantalizing *ménù* of a good dinner, shown to some one after the dinner is over. We can't tell you how good the things were nor begin to mention all the *entrées*.

To the editor I apologize for the length of this account while at the same time I ask her to remember her appeal in the last number of the MONTHLY, which she closed with the words, "that to the department will be accorded all the space that the Alumnæ care," (or dare) "to fill."

ELIZABETH LAWRENCE CLARKE '83

The following Alumnæ were present at one or more of the meetings of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ held in Philadelphia: '80, Helen Tuxbury; '81, S. Alice Brown. Amelia L. Owen; '82, Annie E. Allen; '83, Elizabeth Lawrence Clarke, Mary H. A. Mather; '85, Marion Lawrence, Anna C. Ray; '87, Caroline L. Crew, Eleanor L. Lord; '90, Winona B. Crew; '92, Vida H. Francis; '93, Anna McConway McEldowney; '94, Martha A. Mason; '95, Annah P. Hazen, Bessie S. Warner; '96, Miriam W. Webb.

'79. Mrs. Alexander Williams (Anna L. Palmer) spent the summer at Aix-les-Bains.

'84. Clara M. Clark is taking a course of Bible study at the Theological School in Hartford, with a view to teaching.

Fannie A. Allis spent several months abroad this summer, and is now in Wellesley, Mass.

Ella C. Clark is tutoring in Mathematics.

Mrs. C. L. Olds (Dr. Mary A. Johnson) has moved from Philadelphia to Renovo, Pa.

'86. Elizabeth Eastman is principal of Michigan Seminary, Kalamazoo, Mich. Zulema Rubie is teaching Latin in Grinnell College, Iowa.

Leona May Peirce is registered at Yale University, taking lectures in Mathematics.

Jessie Anderson Chase has written a book called "Three Freshmen," the scene of which is Smith College.

'89. Grace White is this year President of the Boston Girls' Latin School Association.

'91. Elizabeth Williams of Buffalo has been appointed Resident Head at the College Settlement, 95 Rivington St., New York.

Alice H. Sherwood, now a graduate nurse, has changed her address to 21 East 75th St., New York City.

Grace W. Allen has announced her engagement to Mr. Frederick S. Hollis.

'92. Margaret MacDougall Carr is now living in Roanoke, Va.

Miriam Kerruish is practicing medicine in Cleveland, O.



Abby N. Arnold received the degree of A. M. from Radcliffe in June, 1898.

Martha Austin received the degree of Ph. D. from Yale in June, 1898.

Harriet C. Boyd is to spend the year in Athens, as Fellow of the American School of Archæology.

Grace T. Pratt is teaching Greek and Latin in the High School, Pawtucket, R. I.

- '93. Jessica Grant, and Mariella Grant formerly of 1900, are spending the winter in travel abroad.

Stella H. Bradford is studying medicine in the Woman's Medical College of New York.

- '94. Eleanor H. Johnson has accepted a position at Hartley House, 413 West 46th St., New York City, for the coming year.

Teresina Peck is spending a year in Rome, where Professor Peck has the position of Director of the School of Archæology for 1898-9.

- '95. Caroline M. Fuller has just published four songs, three written for the Phi Kappa Psi Society setting to music some songs of Browning, and the other, "The Shepherd of the Day," written to words by Anna Branch '97. The price of the Browning songs is 60 cents, and of "The Shepherd" 40 cents, making the four \$1.00. The sale is a private one, and the edition limited. Any desiring copies of the songs will receive them by addressing Miss Helen Hart, 1912 Columbus Ave., Minneapolis, Minn. Miss Fuller's address is now Colorado Springs.

Lucy D. Heald is teaching Roman History in the Springfield High School.

Mary P. Lewis is still teaching in a private school in Hartford.

Gertrude Simonds is taking the nurses' training in the Homœopathic Hospital in Boston.

Mary C. Stone is teaching in Templeton, Mass.

Helen Tucker is still teaching in Hampton Institute, Va.

Carolyn Swett is still teaching Biology in the Medford High School.

Rose Adelaide Witham is teacher of English in the Latin High School of Somerville, Mass.

Mary M. Melcher is cataloguing in the Society Library in New York.

Laura D. Puffer is taking postgraduate work in Mathematics at Radcliffe.

Augusta M. Madison is taking her last year in the Woman's Medical College of New York.

Anna Harrington is teaching in a private school in Worcester.

- '96. Susan E. Foote is studying in Columbia University and the Teachers' College.

Ethel L. Warren was married October 1 in Springfield, to Mr. Marcus Allen Coolidge. Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge will reside in Fitchburg, Mass.

Martha Davis Hale was married on October 27 to Major William Wright Harts, U. S. A. They are going to live at the Portland, Portland, Ore.

Frances Eaton Jones is teaching English in the Medford High School.  
 Hannah G. Myrick is taking her third year at Johns Hopkins University.  
 Edith H. Wheeler is substituting in the Boston Public Schools.  
 Eva L. Hills is taking courses in Philosophy and Hebrew History at Radcliffe.

Anita Fassett is teaching in Miss Babcock's School, Kenilworth, Ill.

Carlene Curtis was married in June to Mr. J. E. Blunt, Jr., of Evanston, Ill.

Elizabeth King sails this month for Italy, to spend the winter in Florence studying vocal music under Vannucini.

Mabel G. Bacon is teaching again this year in the Hatfield Academy, Hatfield, Mass.

- '97. Mary Eleanor Barrows is teaching German and English at Dearborn Seminary, Chicago, and studying at Chicago University.

Grace Leonard Brooks is teaching Latin and History in Detroit.

Katharine Priest Crane is studying music in New York.

Belle Gertrude Baldwin is teaching English in Olivette, Mich.

Ida Darling is teaching in Chicago and taking courses at the University of Chicago.

Ethelwyn Foote is engaged in Scientific work at Northwestern University with Professor Losey.

Katharine Wilkinson is preparing several girls for Smith in New York City.

Clara Phillips is spending a year abroad.

Bertha E. Lang is teaching in the High School in Saugus, Mass.

Ella Hurr is teaching Mathematics in the Salisbury School in Pittsfield.

Alice Fisher is teaching Mathematics and German in the Berkshire School in Pittsfield.

Dorothea Caverno's address is now 281 Main St., Northampton.

Lillias Stone Blaikie is teaching Mathematics and German at Columbia Institute, Columbia, Tenn.

Anna Hempstead Branch has won the prize for the best poem in the Century college competition. This is one of three prizes, of \$250 each, offered by the Century Publishing Company to college graduates of one year's standing. The poem will be published in the December Century.

- '98. Christine Wright is teaching in the Hitchcock Free Academy in Brimfield, Mass.

Alice Gibson is studying Zoölogy at Radcliffe.

Mary Pickett is teaching in California.

Julia Pickett is teaching in Nebraska.

Elizabeth Mullaly is teaching at the Ivy Hall School, Bridgeton, N. J.

Mary Joslin is studying History at Radcliffe.

Alice O'Malley is teaching at the High School, Lawrence, Mass.  
Mabel Brooks is teaching Greek, German, Algebra and English in Collinsville, Conn.  
Catherine A. Farwell is teaching in the Turner's Falls High School.  
Frances Osgood is studying at Radcliffe.  
Ruth and Alice Duncan are spending a year abroad.  
Eleanor Paul is teaching at Rogers Hall, Lowell, Mass.  
Frances Bridges is teaching at The Pennsylvania School in Philadelphia.  
Cora Waldo is also teaching at the Pennsylvania School, instead of at Miss Bateman's, as stated in the last MONTHLY.  
Jennie B. Bingham was married in September to Mr. Fred Forest Dowlin, and will live in North Adams, Mass.  
Ruth D. White was married in September to Mr. Arthur H. Benton, and will live in Chicopee Falls, Mass.  
Clara M. Chapin is teaching Science and English in the West Boylston High School.  
Elizabeth Johnson is teaching in the High School in Northboro, Mass.  
Alice Ricker is teaching Mathematics and Latin in Westbrook Seminary, Maine.  
Emma Fisher is teaching Mathematics and Science in the High School in Wilton, N. H.  
M. Iola Clark is teaching in Whitinsville, Mass.  
Jessie Hyde is teaching in East Machias, Me.  
Frances Shepard is teaching in Deerfield Academy.  
Della Finch is teaching in Ashland.  
Katherine Ahern is studying at Columbia.  
Mabel Rice is teaching in Pittsfield.  
Angie M. Dresser is teaching in Pittsfield.

## BIRTHS

Mrs. Wm. Fessenden (Alida Mehan '84) a daughter born in September.  
Mrs. L. B. Frieze, Jr. (Mary Crowell '84) a daughter born in September.  
Mrs. Wilder H. Buffum (Wilhelmina Walbridge '92) a daughter born in May.  
Mrs. Blank (Isabel Cutler '97) a son Donald born in October.

## ABOUT COLLEGE

As our college has grown in size, so have its interests widened, and these new and old interests we wish to see reflected in the MONTHLY. We have prided ourselves that the MONTHLY has been carried on independently by the students, that we have not required advertisements to help pay the running expenses of the magazine, and that this burden has been so willingly borne by the girls, but we want to ask their aid still farther. We want them to take such an interest in the magazine that themes, instead of having to be solicited, will be offered to us voluntarily. A box like those used for daily themes will be placed opposite the door of the editors' room, 3 Old Gymnasium, and contributions are earnestly desired. Especially let us urge your aid and coöperation in the About College Department. While our literary work finds place in the other departments, About College is equally for those who "don't write." Problems come up every week that it would be well for us to discuss frankly and thoughtfully. The more general the interest in all college or class questions, the more firmly will we be bound together. The editor does not want About College to show only the discontented side of our college lives, but hopes to have it reflect also that happy, truthful loyalty which we all feel so deeply towards class and college. Uncritical praise and blame alone are excluded; whatever is of interest, as well as of pleasure, in "our daily rounds" should find expression in the About College Department.

The Class of Ninety-nine, through the kindness of the MONTHLY, wishes to announce that the Senior play this year will be Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale." In choosing a play the object of the class was to find something, if possible, which would meet with the approval of the Faculty, and which when given would be an artistic and literary production. By unanimous consent, the class selected "The Winter's Tale," as best fulfilling these requirements, and offering still further inducements. The play is distinctly many-sided. The blending of the comic and the lyric, tempered by the deeper strain of tragedy, offers wide scope in interpretation for various types of dramatic expression. A cast of twenty-two persons and numerous "mobs" give to a large proportion of the class a chance for the pleasure and education which may be derived from an intimate practical study of Shakespeare. It is hoped that these advantages, together with the possibilities in "The Winter's Tale" for charming scenic effects, will combine to make an acceptable entertainment for the guests of the College at the next Commencement.

BLANCHE AMES, President of the Class of '99.



The Freshman who in her innocence asked to be shown the Students' Building, "as she wanted to know where everything was," was perhaps not so very much more ignorant than some who know that as yet it exists but in our minds and on paper; for unless we have some idea as to what the Students' Building is to be when it shall materialize, the name can mean but little to us. We pride ourselves that as a college we do many things apart from our academic work, and do them well, but while doing them we are very apt to run across serious obstacles. Chief among these is lack of room. Our dramatics are always important events, and while we have the Academy of Music for the final representations of the Senior Play, and the Gymnasium for house plays, we often have the greatest difficulty in finding a place for rehearsals. The Gymnasium, the only available place, is in constant demand for gymnastics and basket-ball, so that much time is wasted by the girls in trying to make these different things fit in together. The societies and other associations would also profit greatly through such a building as is proposed; there would be rooms in it for the Smith College Association for Christian Work, for the Gymnasium and Field Association, the Literary Societies, the Musical Clubs, and for the MONTHLY board.

The scheme of having a building exclusively for the use of the students, to be built with money raised by them and to be managed by them when finished, was started in the spring of '95. It was approved of by the Faculty, the alumnæ and the students, and a collection was at once taken up and the fund was started with about \$1,000. The following year a number of small entertainments were given by the different houses and societies, raising the sum to \$2,426.90. In '96-'97, a Christmas Sale was held and the proceeds of this, together with various contributions from the girls and their friends, made a total of \$1,996.10 for that year. Last year a lecture course was given and in the spring we found that we had \$11,000, more than half the sum necessary to begin building. For it was decided when the plan was started that the cost should be not less than \$30,000, but that we might begin to build with \$20,000.

For this year we have already had one lecture for the benefit of the fund, from which we cleared about \$100. The main effort of the year, however, is the sale to be held December 10. It is hoped that this sale will be as great a success as the one held two years ago, but to bring this about the girls must work for it with the same enthusiasm. It certainly seems as if we might expect their interest to be even greater, as we are now so much nearer our goal than we were then. For this sale we want every one to work, each doing what she can in the way of sewing, drawing or painting, so that all may have a part in it, for the idea is not for a few girls to do a great deal of work, but for all to do a little. In this way we can not only accomplish more, but no one will feel a strain from the work.

It is impossible to explain here all the details of the sale, but any of the girls wishing to know more about it can easily obtain any information from the committee. This committee, which is always composed of ten girls, four from the Senior Class, three from the Junior, two from the Sophomore, and one from the Freshman, consists at present of Janet Roberts '99, Mary Kennard '99, Amanda Harter '99, Ruth Strickland '99, Carolyn Weston 1900, Ber-

tha Groesbeck 1900, Grace Russell 1900, Kate Rising 1901, Marie Stuart 1901, and Mary Thatcher 1902.

JANET WARING ROBERTS '99.

It is a constant surprise to discover just how little is known about the Council. It may be too much to ask that a Freshman should be informed of its organization, but one would hardly expect a Junior to confuse it with the Association for Christian Work. Yet this frequently happens. At times such a mistake would make no practical difference, but when the S. C. A. C. W. is charged with prohibiting the Washington's Birthday dance for religious reasons, we have gone a step too far. The Council is supposed by some to be a society for mental improvement, by others a social club. And even those girls who know better can tell almost nothing of what power is delegated to it. Various ideas of its office are held, and these ideas strangely conflict. The Faculty naturally suppose that it represents the students. The students, on the other hand, assert that it represents the Faculty. "What then does it do? Has it no distinctive duties?" you ask. No one seems to know, and what is truer still no one seems particularly desirous of knowing. There is a general indifference among the girls—a failure to comprehend both the possibilities of a body like this and the great need of their hearty coöperation if the possibilities be realized. The Council can never occupy the position to which it is entitled until two difficulties are overcome: first, the carelessness of the classes in choosing their representatives; and second, the irregular support which these representatives receive.

At Bryn Mawr, the election for President of the Association for Student Self-government lasts a number of days, and the merits of the several candidates are most carefully weighed and discussed. Here, the representatives which each class sends to the Council are chosen with little forethought and often upon the inspiration of the moment. I have known girls to be re-elected merely through fear of hurting their feelings, and although this motive may be unselfish it is hardly businesslike. There is a growing tendency to make the position of councillor permanent. Precedents flourish in Smith soil like Jonah's gourd. Some, it is true, are good, but others are very bad, and this custom of re-electing the same girl for two, three and even four successive years is of the latter class. I do not mean that it should never be done. Occasionally a girl so stands out from among her classmates that her re-election is taken for granted, but such girls are few. In the majority of cases it would be infinitely better to choose another, who would be equally good and who would bring new ideas to the Council. Take the present Senior class, for instance. According to the constitution, one of the three former members was to be re-elected. All unconscious of what it was doing, the class elected the same three over again and the two under classes straightway followed its example. The precedent is established, and if it continues the Council will degenerate into an asylum for ex-presidents. One member saves it from this condition now.

But the responsibility of the students should not end with the choice of their councillors. If the Council is to be truly representative it must have the coöperation of the entire student body. There should be a perfect un-

derstanding between the two—reports and explanations on the one side, a frank expression of opinion and a fair criticism on the other. We are so apt to be prejudiced in our judgments. In nine cases out of ten the decisions of the Council pass unnoticed, but the tenth arouses a storm of protest. And why? It has toadied to the Faculty. When this is said, all is said. There is a most false and unfair conviction on the part of many students that the office of their councillors is to administer the Faculty's pills. Now we are certainly old enough to make a less childish assertion. It is unjust to the Faculty and to the Council. Let me give two parallel cases, which show the inconsistency of the girls and prove how strongly the position of the Faculty affects their criticisms. The Council has reached a decision supposedly in accordance with the Faculty's wishes. The students are indignant. "The Council is not representative," they say. "Let us make it uncomfortable for our councillors!" And they do. Shortly after this the Council makes a decision supposedly *contrary* to the Faculty's wishes. The girls happen to agree with the Faculty. They have been misrepresented, but do they criticise? Not at all. "The councillors are our representatives," they say. "We must support them." Comment is superfluous. The Council would appreciate more uniform support and more honest condemnation. We all realize that it is not so strong as it should be, but with the help of the students it may be immeasurably strengthened. All it asks is that they cease to regard it as an autocratic body and remember that only with their coöperation can it represent the classes rightly.

CARROLLE BARBER '99.

It has been the aim of the Smith College Association for Christian Work to bring itself more and more in touch with the practical needs of the students of the College. During the last three or four years the Association has enlarged its sphere in many directions, giving assistance to all those interested in the work as well as to its members. In no way does it give more material aid than in the so-called Students' Exchange, which was started as an experiment last year. Many of the girls in college are in the habit of employing outside help in the line of sewing—darning, making button-holes, binding skirts and mending in general—besides many other kinds of light work, cleaning silver, printing blue-prints, reading, writing, etc. It is the aim of the Students' Exchange to keep this work among the students, since there are many among them who are anxious for such work and are capable of doing it well. For this purpose the writer will be in Dr. Brewster's room in the Alumnae Gymnasium every Tuesday afternoon from 4.45 to 5.45 o'clock. There will also be a box placed in College Hall to hold all applications of both kinds. This box will be opened regularly once a week, and will be more convenient for many than going to the Gymnasium at the appointed hour.

ALIDA KING LEESE 1900.

The craze for souvenirs has become a fad at college, but until this year a comparatively harmless one; ferns from Mountain Day, blue-prints, or dance programs have been treasured to fill the pages of the memorabilia. But this year the collectors have grown more ambitious. Many visitors at the Sopho-



more Reception remarked that they had never seen the Gymnasium more lovely, hung as it was with red and yellow bunting and decorated here and there with bunches of golden wheat and scarlet poppies. It was fortunate for us that the visitors came the first of the evening instead of the last, or they might have gone away with less favorable impressions, for about the middle of the evening some one discovered that a red poppy was just what her memorabilia needed, and another that some golden wheat from the Sophomore Reception would give a most artistic touch to her room if draped over the corner of a picture. In less than ten minutes after the first poppy was torn down there was hardly a red flower on the wall, the wheat disappeared like magic, the bunting was ripped down and torn to shreds, and even the class seals and pins over which the decorating committee had worked so hard were torn down and carried away. The dance was finished in a room comparatively bare. The discouraged committee suggested that next year pieces of bunting or tissue paper poppies be presented at the door, so that the decorations might remain whole and fit to be used on another occasion. This is not the first time that this has happened, but we trust it will be the last, and that the decorations to be used on Thanksgiving Day or Washington's Birthday may be left for all to enjoy.

A new rule was made this year for Hallowe'en night. Students on the campus were not allowed to go outside their own houses in costume, and no students from off the campus could come in masked. Last year there was some trouble occasioned by outsiders who, like the young man in the nonsense rhyme, 'went to the party and ate just as hearty as though they'd been really invited.' So this year goblins and fairies, fair ladies and lords had to content themselves with the company in their own houses.

Tuesday evening, October 18, Mr. I. Zangwill, the well-known novelist and critic, gave a lecture in Assembly Hall on the "The Ghetto." The proceeds went to the Students' Building Fund.

It was decided at the meeting of the Smith College Missionary Society held last month to select Dr. Angie M. Meyers of New York as the Smith College medical missionary. It was therefore a great pleasure to the Society and their friends to hear Dr. Meyers speak at the Missionary meeting Sunday evening, November 13, and to be able to make her personal acquaintance. Dr. Meyers graduated from Vassar in '94, and finished her course at the Woman's Medical College of New York last June. She expects to start for Lamoy, South China, in the fall of 1899 to take charge of the Woman's Hospital there.

At the open meeting of the Phi Kappa Psi Society, held Saturday evening, November 12, Mr. Leon Vincent of Boston gave a lecture on Thackeray.

The Woman's Stringed Orchestra of New York gave a concert in Assembly Hall, Wednesday evening, November 9. The concert was free to members of the College.



Mr. John R. Mott, Secretary of the World's Student Christian Federation, spoke in Vespers Sunday, November 6, and in the evening addressed a union meeting in Music Hall on the work of the Federation. His wide personal knowledge of different colleges all over the world made his talks very interesting.

Miss Mary Wilton Calkins, Smith '85, Professor of Philosophy at Wellesley, spoke at the open meeting of the Philosophical Society, Tuesday evening, November 7. Her subject was "A Study of the Nature of Time."

The Class of Ninety-eight has left the costumes used in their Senior play to form the nucleus of a Senior dramatics property-box. The costumes may be altered to any extent, but must be used only for the Senior play, and be handed on to succeeding classes.

Sarah Elizabeth Farquhar, formerly of '98, died of consumption at her home in Newton, October 20, 1898.

## *CALENDAR*

- Nov. 16. Wallace House Play.
19. Open Meeting of the Alpha Society.
24. Thanksgiving Day.
30. Hatfield and Dewey House Dance.
- Dec. 3. Phi Kappa Psi Society.
10. Donation Party for the Students' Building.
14. Washburn and Tenney House Dance.
17. Alpha Society.

The  
Smith College  
Monthly

December - 1899.

Conducted by the Senior Class.

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THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY is published at Northampton, Massachusetts, on the 15th of each month, during the year from October to June, inclusive. Terms, \$1.50 a year, in advance. Single numbers, 20 cents. Contributions may be left at 3 Gymnasium Hall. Subscriptions may be sent to L. M. Paxton, 23 Round Hill, Northampton.

Entered at the Post Office at Northampton, Massachusetts, as second class matter.

GAZETTE PRINTING COMPANY, NORTHAMPTON, MASS.



# THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

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*Vol. VII.*

*DECEMBER, 1899.*

*No. 3.*

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## *SCIENTIFIC PALMISTRY*

The various manuals which profess to point out ways by which the details of life and fortune may be ascertained by consulting the lines of the human palm, deal entirely with a superficial set of wrinkles caused by the movements of the fingers and other parts of the hand, as in the case of an old and long worn glove. Thus the "line of life" is caused by the folding of the thumb over the palm and marks the attachment of origin of the *adductor pollicis* muscle, the one immediately concerned in that movement. The lines of "head" and "heart" are caused by the folding of the fingers over the palm, the more independent action of the index finger being responsible for the two lines instead of one.

If, however, any palmist will take the trouble to inspect the palmar surface of his own wide-open hand in a good light, he will see that beneath this series of superficial wrinkles there lies a second set of markings, consisting of narrow folds or ridges which run for the most part in somewhat wavy, nearly parallel lines diagonally across the palm, but which in certain places, at the finger-tips, for example, become modified into peculiar folds, loops or spirals.

These ridges are generally the most conspicuous upon the *hypothenar* or little-finger side of the palm (the Mount of the Moon according to the palmist), where they usually run in a slightly oblique direction and are continued, though somewhat fainter, over the middle of the palm. They are also strongly marked in that part of the palm which lies at the bases of the fingers, while upon the *thenar* or thumb side of the palm they are not only faint, but more than usually obscured by the surface wrinkles.

In short, the palmar surface of the human hand resembles a palimpsest, one of those curious manuscripts in which the original writing has been half effaced and written over again with something else, and as usually happens in such manuscripts, in the case of the human palm the fine underlying epidermic folds are of far greater value than are the superficial wrinkles which partly obscure them. A little practice will, however, enable one to ignore the wrinkles and follow the *papillary ridges*, as the deep-lying folds are termed, with great ease, and the inspection of several palms will show that in this respect also, as is the case with the wrinkles, no two hands are alike. The most noticeable markings are the loops or spirals previously referred to, which, to distinguish them from the nearly straight course of the majority of the ridges, we may term *centers of disturbance* or simply *centers*. The number and location of these centers differ individually, but by a careful comparison of many palms the number likely to occur and their usual location may be ascertained. By this means it is found that the total number of centers is ten, of which five are upon the palm and five on the finger balls. The latter centers are practically universal, but there is great disparity in the occurrence of the others. Most palms show but one or two of the five, while a palm possessing all the centers has never been noted. The centers are readily named from their positions; the five at the ends of the fingers are called the apical centers and distinguished by number; those upon the thenar and hypothenar areas are called by the same names as the areas upon which they occur, and the three at the bases of the fingers are simply the first, second and third palmar centers, numbering them from the radial or thumb side of the hand. Of the centers found upon the palm, about one person in three will be found to possess a hypothenar center, although often upon one hand alone. One of the three

palmar centers usually appears, often two, but cases in which the three are present are extremely rare. The thenar center is also seldom seen and is never very prominent owing to the lack of development of the ridges in that region.

Now that the occurrence and distribution of these centers have been noticed, the next step in our research, as in all biological investigation, will be a comparison with other similar animals, and of course the animals the nearest like men are the apes and monkeys. Should opportunity offer, let the reader inspect the palm of the large baboon common in zoölogical gardens, *Inuus cynomolgus*, or that of any of the several small species employed by organ-grinders, and he will find that in each individual case the monkey palm shows every one of the typical centers, and all are marked so plainly in black, deeply-excavated ridges, that the patterns stand out with the distinctness of a bit of oriental embroidery. The logical conclusion from this inspection is that these organs, which are more or less rudimentary in man, must be here of functional importance, and are so necessary to the individual that they always occur and are always well developed. The function which they subserve has been recently pointed out by Doctor Hepburn of the University of Edinburgh, who finds similar ridges upon the tail in those monkeys which use that organ for prehensile purposes. This shows plainly that these ridges are sensory in function, giving a specially delicate touch to the organs used in prehension.

This explains the ridges, but not the centers or their curious distribution, for the determination of which we must take another step in our investigation. This step will be the comparison with other pentadactylous mammals which are not prehensile in their habits and whose feet are not too much modified for purposes of comparison. For this we may take the fore-paw of the squirrel or rat and compare its palmar surface with that of the monkey. The fore-paw of the rat is covered with raised pads for walking, and these correspond, pad for pad, with the centers in the palm of the monkey. Now as we know by other means that the rat is a more primitive and the monkey a more specialized mammal, and since the correspondence in arrangement and position between the pads of one and the centers of the other is complete, the conclusion must be drawn that the epidermic centers found in man and in the monkeys are rudi-

mentary walking pads. And as in these latter we speak of the thenar, hypothenar and palmar centers, so we may designate the pads of the feet of lower mammals by the same names.

In other less primitive five-toed mammals than the rat or squirrel, the arrangement of these pads suffers considerable modification, which in some instances furnish fairly complicated problems. Thus in the cat, the method of walking upon the toes alone and the necessity of stalking the prey has caused a concentration of the three palmar pads, distinct in the rat, into a large cushion, the three component parts of which are plainly visible in the embryo and are at least suggested by the lobose shape of the adult. The hypothenar pad is not used in walking and appears in the form of a long cone-shaped callosity a little above the ground.

Although in making the comparisons between the human hand and the foot of lower mammals, the fore-foot has always been referred to, exactly the same condition obtains in the hind-foot of both the rat and the monkey. In the case of *Inuus*, the baboon, there is practically no difference between hand and foot in the position or arrangement of the epidermic centers, and in the sole the thenar, hypothenar, palmar and apical pads appear as clearly as in the palm. It may then be asked, what markings are found upon the sole of the human foot. Is the foot more or less primitive than the hand in this respect?

Owing to the greater inconvenience of making observations upon the sole, the number thus far examined has been small and consequently the results are not as definite as in the case of the palm. A valuable set of records was obtained by the author by means of a simple device by which the sole of the foot was covered with printers' ink and an impression transmitted to a sheet of paper. If the ink be spread evenly over the surface and care taken with the impression, an extremely good result may be obtained.

From the few observations thus far recorded, it would seem that the thenar center, which is situated upon the prominence known as the ball of the foot, is of constant occurrence and appears always well developed. A hypothenar center, though rather common in the hand, has not as yet been observed on the sole, but from that region back to the heel, the ridges take an approximately parallel, diagonal direction as in those hands in which the hypothenar center is wanting. The palmar centers



occur with about the same degree of frequency as in the hand, there being usually one and occasionally two, while cases with three are as yet unknown. It would be extremely interesting and important to find out if the three palmar centers ever co-exist on the human sole and if the hypothenar center may occur. From observations thus far made, it would seem that the foot has gone farther than the hand along the road of degeneracy of these epidermic or papillary ridges, a fact which may be correlated with the probability that the hand was used for prehension for some time after the foot had been emancipated from that function.

The apical pads, those placed upon the balls of both fingers and toes, have thus far received but little attention in this paper, although historically they appear to have excited the first interest. In the middle of the seventeenth century, Malpighi describes his observations as follows: - "*Extremum digiti lustrum apicem et innumeras illas rugas in gyrum vel in spiras ductas contemplor.*" And after this careful observation, in which he distinguishes between several forms which the centers assume, as the "*gyrum*" and the "*spiras*," he concludes his remarks without reference to the equally plain markings upon the palm!

This allusion to different forms of markings may lead us to note a great diversity in the pattern of these centers, which, although no two centers are identical, may yet be grouped under a few general forms. Francis Galton, who has published a series of elaborate treatises upon the markings of the apical pads and their use in establishing personal identification, devotes some time to the classification of these markings and designates them as loops, whorls, single and double spirals and other similar forms. He derives all the forms from a simple elevation, or a series of parallel lines which rise from the side of the finger, reach their highest point on the apex of the finger-ball and then slope downwards upon the other side. From this simple beginning may be derived, as he thinks, the loop, the oval and finally the double spiral, which is the most complicated of all. Such a plan has been evidently constructed without regard to the historical origin of these epidermic centers, for in the monkey hand, which is certainly more primitive than that of man, the double spiral, an S-shaped figure, is practically universal. It would seem, then, that Galton's plan is the reverse of the natural order; that the double spiral is the most prim-

itive and that the simple loop or oval represents the last trace of a vanishing center.

Reference to the work of Galton brings us to the last point in our discussion, namely, the use of the epidermic markings of the palms and soles as a means of personal identification. Galton has established two important points, which, although his observations concern merely the apical centers, will be equally applicable to the others; and these are, first, their permanence from birth to senility, and second, their recovery and rearrangement in the same pattern after injury, excepting those cases, of course, in which the entire integument has been removed. It will thus be seen that if practical means may be devised by which an exact record may be made of the occurrence and form of the centers in a certain individual, no other individual may ever be able to present claims to the same set of markings. The famous Tichbourne claimant would never have been able to have so long annoyed the English courts, if a careful record of the palms of the real Arthur Tichbourne had been made when an infant, and all similar impostors and pretenders of the past would have found a sorry field for their labors, had the science of palmar markings received only a cursory attention. Even the case of the unhappy Jezebel would not have been so hopeless in spite of the fact that the dogs left "no more than the skull and the feet and the palms of her hands \* \* \* so that they shall not say, 'This is Jezebel,'" for as Galton has pointed out, using this especial case as an illustration, those were precisely the parts, and in fact the only parts, upon which implicit reliance could be placed in a question of identity.

It will be seen that a system of identification based on palmar markings would be of the utmost importance, not alone in the identification of criminals, but in the case of each individual. Municipalities might thus keep a record of their citizens, and these could be made use of in countless cases in which identification becomes necessary. Before such a method can come into general use, however, there is need of some simple means of formulating the palmar records and of classifying the formulæ thus obtained. Galton has elaborated a system of formulation applicable to the apical centers alone, but as these are often very similar and their differences slight, it would seem far better to base any such scheme mainly upon the more evident palmar markings, using the apical centers as minutiae to employ in

cases of individuals identical in palmar markings. Any novice could easily see whether a palmar center was present or lacking, but it would take considerable training to distinguish between the different types of apical centers.

It may not be too much to expect that, in the near future, a thoroughly scientific method of personal identification may be introduced, based upon these very evident and individually variable palmar markings, and that it may in time supplant the present unsatisfactory methods of elaborate descriptions and inadequate photographs. A professional criminal may disguise his face and figure enough to render these latter means of but little avail, but he cannot by any means short of a practically impossible mutilation modify the epidermic markings of his hands and feet.

HARRIS HAWTHORNE WILDER.

**THE SONG OF THE FALLING LEAVES**

Summer has fled, the young green gone,  
And lost is the gold where the sunlight shone,  
Breezes that tenderly sighed of love  
Have winged back their way to the blue above.

Ah, love that is gentle,  
Ah, love that is sweet,  
You are past with the spring  
That our youngest buds greet.  
A wild lover has come  
From the north, from the west,  
Wooing us, piercing us  
With his awful unrest.  
At his touch we redden,  
At his kiss we fall,  
Lying low in his path  
To float off at his call.  
Ah, love that was gentle,  
Ah, love that was sweet,  
He has come whom we waited,  
Triumph turns to defeat.

Soft on the silence the sad note breaks,  
The voice of the leaves strange music makes,  
Whispering, shivering, sobbing of joys,  
It moans with the passion of love that destroys.

NINA LOUISE ALMIRALL.

## THE SERVICE OF JACOB

Betsey Martin pressed her face close against the little square-paned window and looked off to sea. It was a glorious day; the sky was clear and blue, without a cloud, and below it the sea leaped and flashed a thousand mirror-like reflections, tossing the white-caps up into spray across the "Pigs" and on the cliffs of the "Neck." Betsey seemed to share the exuberance of the day. She was trying to knead the bread for supper in her usual matter-of-fact manner; but after every thump of her knuckles into the soft dough, she found herself running to the window to look for a minute at a group of objects which had at first appeared like little slanting lines upon the horizon, but which, as they drew nearer, proved to be fishing-boats, hastening home with the help of a sou'westerly breeze. The fishing fleet numbered nine, and here were only five. Betsey now glowed with anticipation, and now wrinkled her pretty forehead in doubt, straining her eyes to see if the "Betsey" was among the returning fishermen.

Down at the wharf, children and old wrecks of fishermen sat on the logs and watched the boats in the distance. The children boasted among themselves. "Oi'll wor-r-runt y'u, Oike," little Billy prophesied exultingly, "moi for-r-thur 'll hev a bigger haul u' fish 'n yor-rn."

"Oi say 'e wunt," responded "Oike," rising to meet the challenge with a splendid antagonism. "Oi say 'e wunt! Moi for-rthur's a soight smor-rter man 'n yor-rn. Moi for-rthur cud lick yor for-rthur, if 'e wanted to--" and on went the babble of the children's talk, the clamor of it rising and falling with the sound of the tide eddying about the wooden pillars below, and mingling with the gruff tones of the old fishermen, as they smoked their stubby pipes and talked of their own active days.

"Moinds me uv th' toime th' boys cum back, when Nanny's ol' Peter went down," said Skipper Gale, squinting reminiscently into space. "Ol' Peter was allers a-braggin' uv 'is narrer escapes, an' then 'e went 'n' fell off th' star-rn in a dead calm. Th' men was up for-rud, an' Peter, e' was all by hisself. 'E was



full's a tick, 'n' over 'e went, all peaceful-loike, 'thout onybody's a-hearin' ur a-missin' uv 'im. 'Twas a gret joke on Peter." The old men chuckled and shook their heads. Death was the constant, though invisible companion of all their excursions upon the sea, and the gruesome jokes of their grim comrade always met with appreciation from their rough humor.

At the windows of the little brown houses, stuck irregularly among the rocks like barnacles, frequently appeared the faces of women, whose hearts and eyes were straining seaward like Betsey's, while their busy fingers were occupied with household duties. They had not time to wait idly at the docks, but it was they who were most eager for the return of the fleet and who wondered most anxiously just which of the boats were back.

Betsey, having kneaded her dough and set it to rise in a cool place, untied her broad apron and hung it up behind the kitchen door. She smoothed out the folds of her new calico gown and, standing before the little looking-glass over the sink, put back the strands of hair that had escaped and fastened at her throat a little coral pin in the shape of a rose, which her father had brought back to her from his one voyage on board an Indian merchant-vessel. Betsey surveyed her reflection with a smile of pardonable pleasure. Her cheeks were daintily curved and tinged with a pretty color, and her blue eyes were bright and limpid as a bird's. In short, the soft, waving hair encircled a face altogether sweet and charming. If a poet had seen Betsey, he might have made her immortal, for she was a worthy subject for lyrical inspiration ; but the rough fisher-folk of Marblehead, poets at heart though they might be, could not write out their thoughts in graceful words and phrases. So Betsey lived unsung, and was as happy in her light-hearted girlhood as if the world re-echoed with the fame of her beauty, as it had with that of many less fair than she.

Meanwhile the boats were drawing nearer, spurning the foam from their bows and bending to the wind with straining sails. The women even were coming to the wharf with babies in their arms and little ones tugging at their skirts. The girls came, too, ostensibly to greet their fathers or brothers, but with little coquettish additions to their toilette evidently intended for more observant eyes. Betsey did not come with the rest. She had neither father nor brother in the fleet, and would not go down until she was sure that the "Betsey" was coming in. The

boats were just behind the point now. Betsey leaned on tiptoe across the kitchen table and held her breath while the seconds flew and the boats rounded the rocks one at a time. She kept her face close up to the window until the last boat was in the harbor, and then turned quietly away. She put up her hand and unfastened the coral pin. The "Betsey" was not there.

"Betsey," shouted her father from his bench at the door, "the fisherm'n 'r' cum!"

"Oi know," answered the girl with assumed indifference, "sum uv um 'r' cum, but the 'Betsey' ain't thar."

She put on her apron again and began to set the table for supper. The crisp breeze blew from the water and rustled through the vines above the door-seat where the old man managed to drag himself day after day, and where he sat every afternoon as now, watching the waves eddying about the rocks on the "Head," and the children shouting and playing along the shore or in the street. Sam Martin was an irascible, profane old fellow, whose temper was rapidly growing worse, as his rheumatic twinges came more often; and so great had been his sufferings of late that he had acquired almost as great proficiency as Spanish Joe's parrot, which could swear in seven different languages.

Betsey, as she moved about the kitchen, was startled simultaneously by an explosive, briny oath of welcome, and by the crunch of gravel under a familiar foot. She turned and, forgetful of apron and coral pin, flew to the door to hide her face on the broad shoulder of her fisher lover. "Oh, Jake," she cried happily, "Oi thought y'u wos'n cum. Oi cud'n see th' 'Betsey'—" She stopped, startled at the strange expression in his face.

"Oi'm cum," he answered, "but th' 'Betsey' 'll never be back. A whaler took 'er acrost th' bow, out t' th' Banks. Th' boys hauled us out, but th' 'Betsey's' dun far." He stopped for a second, then, "'Twos all Oi hed," he continued despondently, "all Oi hed."

The result of all Jake's careful saving had been lost with the "Betsey," and to begin all over again now would mean a long wait for Betsey and him. So, in spite of his reluctance to give up "th' fishin'," Jake decided to take advantage of a chance offered him to ship for a year's voyage on board an eastern-bound English merchant-vessel, where he would receive such good wages, that he might hope to marry Betsey on his return.

Jake and Betsey sat hand in hand on the Head, the last night before Jake's departure. "Oi'll be back t'roights," he kept reassuring her, "only a year."

And so they sat together, looking out across the sea, until suddenly Betsey, glancing up, saw a pale crescent among the stars. "Look, Jake," she said, but as he turned, she gave a little scream. "Oh, y'u looked at it over th' wr-rang shoulder. It's a soign uv evil!" and she shivered as Jake put his arm about her.

The year that had promised to seem so long passed quickly, in spite of Jake's absence, and the day when the vessel was due came at last. All that day Betsey fluttered about like a caged wood-bird, now singing in her clear, young voice, now stopping to listen for an imagined step at the door. But the sun set, and Jake had not come, and the evening passed,—but no Jake. Betsey's father snarled crossly as she ran to peep from the window down the dark road. "Set still, set still! Ef 'e wants y'u, 'e'll cum far y'u. Loike enough, 'e 's fargotten y'u by now." And so, at last, Betsey sat quiet and tried to put her mind on the patch she was setting on her father's coat, although she would startle at the slightest sound.

Jake did not come the next day, nor the next, nor the next,—nor on many days that came and passed. Betsey's hopes rose and fell with the rise and setting of the sun. She invented a thousand reasons for delay, she fretted over possible shipwreck, but soon found that could not be, for some one had heard a man in Salem say that the ship had come into port. People began to shrug their shoulders and to elevate their eyebrows. Betsey saw this and held her head high and tried to seem happy, but there was little spontaneity in her laugh. Not that she doubted Jake; but the knowledge that others did, together with the strain of constant hope and disappointment, told upon her so that day by day the change in her grew noticeable, in spite of her brave efforts to conceal it.

The days grew to months, and the months, counted up, equalled three long years, and no word had come from Jake. Betsey had laid her father to rest, down on the Old Burying Hill, and now lived alone on the Head. Jake would never come back, the townspeople said, and they thought Betsey might as well marry some one of the other young fishermen who sometimes walked sheepishly up to her house on a Sunday evening. But Betsey had her own thoughts and opinions on the matter, and the young

men soon saw that it was wiser to court some other girl, whose eyes, if less bright than Betsey's, had at least a warmer smile of welcome in them.

The night came at last, however, when Betsey, as she cleared away the remains of her lonely supper, heard an unexpected step on the ground outside, as she had heard it three years before, and turned to find herself face to face with Jake. With a faint cry she dropped the dish she was holding and stood white and silent while he took her in his arms. The children playing in the street gathered open-mouthed at the door, but Jake and Betsey were oblivious to them. "Oi'm cum at last, Betsey," he said huskily, when at length he loosed her from the long embrace of reunion. "Oi'm cum far y'u. Will y'u mor-ry me t'marrer?" And Betsey, half-dazed with the delight of it all, rested quiet in his arms, until, as the purport of his words flashed upon her, she suddenly drew away from him and stood with a look of utter despair on her face. Jake looked at her in astonishment. One of the children outside tittered, and he swung the door to in their faces.

Finally Betsey spoke. "Oi can', Oi can' mor-ry y'u," she managed to sob. "Oi can' mor-ry y'u, Jake. Oi dor'n't!"

Jake stared at her with a dumb brute agony in his eyes. "Y'u can' mor-ry me—" he faltered.

"Jake, don'! Y'u'll kill me with yer looks," cried Betsey, "but Oi dor'n'. For-rthur mocked at me, because y'u didn' cum back, 'n' th' noight 'e died, 'e sed Oi—Oi'd be a fool t' hev y'u, after y'u'd made me wait s' long—'n' 'e sed—'e sed—'May th' curse uv hell be on y'u—'n' on him—ef ever y'u hev him.'"

Betsey stopped and Jake drew the sobbing figure to him and stroked the brown head clumsily. "Don', Betsey," he pleaded, "don' cry. Ut can' be bod's thot. Yer for-rthur can' keep us away fr'm each other."

But in Betsey's blue eyes deepened the suffering of three vain years, as she continued fearfully, "Ut's true, Oi dor'n'; far, down t' th' cove that noight, Oi heerd th' Screechin' Woman. 'Twos awful. Oi wos loike to go mod. 'Twos a soign, Jake. Oi dor'n' morry y'u."

Jake kissed her tenderly. "Y'u're toired," he said, "'n' all pixilated w' th' soddenness uv it. Oi'll go now, 'n' cum up t'mor-rer."

The next day Jake came, and in the little house on the rocks



told Betsey the story of his absence. The captain had been kind to him and everything had seemed favorable when they left port. He soon found, however, that he had been induced to ship aboard the English vessel for a purpose. News of the smuggling going on at Marblehead had, it seemed, reached the ears of the Custom House officials at Boston, and they had formed a plan to put a stop to it. The proposal which the captain made as soon as Boston Harbor lay behind, was this. The vessel was to enter Marblehead Harbor at night and send out boats which, acting under Jake's directions, should catch the law-breakers, Jake receiving for his services a liberal reward and promise of secrecy.

The captain had, however, reckoned without taking into consideration the sturdy, clannish loyalty which is as much a part of the Marbleheader's character as is the love of liberty which he has inherited from his Saxon ancestors and cultivated by his free, unrestrained life on the sea. Neither bribes nor threats could move Jake from his short "Oi know nathin' uv it, Oi tell y'u." And so, finally giving up in despair, the captain had continued his home voyage. After that Jake had not found life very pleasant aboard the vessel, and at Liverpool he eagerly seized an opportunity to ship on a merchantman bound for India, leaving his former captain without the ceremony of leave-taking. Then followed the wreck of the merchant-vessel and the varied adventures and misfortunes of her crew, until at last Jake had reached home with enough money to marry Betsey.

And now, when happiness was within their reach, a wraith of superstition had come to stand between them and, stronger than their sense of right, stronger than their love, to hold them irrevocably apart. Again, as on the night before, Jake, after some protests from which he soon desisted in mercy of Betsey's pitiful face, went home with a patient "Oi'll cum agen t'mor-rer," fateful words, destined to form links to hold together the whole chain of their after-life.

Ah, the to-morrows that turn to yesterdays and build the pyramid of the years behind us! Every day Jake came to the house on the Head; every evening he went down the rocky lane to his own little cot. Often he asked Betsey to marry him, and more often questioned her with his dumb, appealing eyes; but she was firm, although it cost her many any hour of temptation and struggle. Sometimes, in the exhilaration and long-

ing for happiness which belongs to young life, she almost dared to face what she felt to be the sure result of her deed, and marry Jake in spite of the curse. But at the thought of Jake she stopped. She might risk hell for herself, but for Jake—there the very strength of her love kept her from yielding to its allurements. Once she even suggested that Jake seek another wife, but the quick, warning flash in his dark eyes silenced her on that subject.

As for the people of the town, they wondered and conjectured and wore themselves out with curiosity, as the days and weeks and years went by and nothing happened. Sympathy was on Jake's side, for the story of his loyalty to his fellow-townsmen had somehow spread abroad and he had become a popular hero. People blamed Betsey. They said she was angry with Jake for having kept her waiting so long, and now was getting even with him. Gradually, however, they talked about it less and less and only shook their heads dubiously when Jake or Betsey passed.

The lovers themselves became used to the strange situation. Jake, who had at first hoped to overcome a fear which he shared but in part, began to yield unconsciously to the influence of Betsey's strong belief and determination. He asked her less often the old question and subsided gradually into a mute, waiting patience, the pathos of which wrung Betsey's heart, whenever anything made her realize it afresh. She herself had gotten over the feelings of fierce rebellion which tortured her at first, but often the thought of Jake's loneliness would sting her to a sudden agony. She noted furtively the clumsy, crooked patches with which Jake, man-like, proud of his skill, adorned his elbows. How her deft fingers ached to set them straight! Sometimes, too, as she saw the little curl of smoke creeping up into the air from the chimney at which he cooked his lonely meals, the pity of it rose upon her and she felt that she could endure it no longer. But the habit of the years was strong. So they lived, year after year. Time faded Betsey's cheeks and bent Jake's back and scattered its white ashes on both their brows; but still the barren, aimless life went on, filling their outward days, but leaving a great void in the hearts of both.

Betsey was standing one afternoon in the tiny flower-garden, overflowing with the sweet, old-fashioned blossoms that bloom nowhere better than in the rocky little town. The holly-hocks

were tall and bright against the fence, and oh, the fragrance of the mignonette! She stooped to pick a stalk of it and caught herself with a gasp against the house. She felt suddenly dizzy and weak. She dragged herself slowly over to her father's old bench and sat down. The air was so fresh and sweet! She leaned her head back against the house and let the breeze blow softly through the hair about her face. The feel of it somehow took her back a great many years. Were they then long ago, those days of her girlhood when she and Jake had hoped and planned? It seemed but a short time. Just then she noticed a step on the hill. She half-opened her eyes listlessly, and saw some one coming. Her head was still dizzy and she could not see clearly, but she wondered vaguely who it was. An old man, certainly, very old and lame, bent over the heavy stick which helped his steps. Betsey watched him pityingly as he limped up the road. He turned into the yard and she lifted her head in surprise. Then she saw with a sudden pang of pain and realization that it was Jake.

That night Jake was aroused from his sleep by a loud knock. He crawled out of bed as quickly as he could move his limbs, and opened the door. Hat Ireson, a neighbor of Betsey's, stood there. "Y'u're wanted up t' Betsey's," she cried excitedly, "she'd hed a tur-rible tur-rn." Jake's trembling old fingers fumbled clumsily over his clothes, but he was soon dressed. He hobbled up the road to the Head and went into Betsey's house.

Betsey lay in bed. She had evidently recovered from her turn and was sitting up now against the pillow. The tallow candle on the table beside her lit up her flushed cheeks and shining eyes. "Betsey," cried Jake involuntarily as he saw her, "y'u look loike a gur-rl agen!"

"Oh, Jake," Betsey faltered. She held out her hand. The old man took it, cold and trembling, in his rough, brown one and sat down on the bed beside her. Hat Ireson crept up and whispered something in his ear. He answered her with a strange, uncomprehending look, but she knew that he had heard.

"Jake," said Betsey in a minute, clasping his hand nervously tight, while her breath came in labored gasps, "Oi've sum'ut t' soy t' y'u. Oi've ben a-thinkin' it all over t'noight, 'n' Oi've cum t' th' c'nclusion thot Oi've ben a fool! When Oi saw y'u

a-comin' t'day, Jake, Oi—Oi saw far th' first toime whot an ol' man y'u wos—'n' sence then, Oi've ben a-thinkin' 'n' a-goin' over all th' years y'u've waited, with nathin' t' live far—n'r hope far—'n' now, Oi—Oi think 'twos wr-rang. Jake, moi for-rthur wos a bad un,—though 'taint far me t' soy it—'n' yu've allers ben straight—'n' Oi believe th' Lar'rd A'moighty's got more common-sense 'n' Oi've a ben givin' 'im credit far. Oi don' think 'e's a-goin' t' curse Jacob Stevens, t' th' ar-rders uv Som'l Mor-rt'n."

Jake's dull old eyes lighted with a dim glow. He nodded his head. "Oi allers thought thot, Betsey," he said eagerly. "Oi allers thought thot, but Oi cudn' seem t' soy it thot woy."

Betsey's weak fingers relaxed their clasp and she leaned back on the pillow, her breath coming with greater difficulty. "Jake," she said, when she could speak again, "Oi—Oi don' know whot good 't'll do t' run the resk now, when Oi'm so near gone—but—but even ef Oi hev lived a fool, Oi ain't a-goin' t' die one—not ef Oi c'n help it—'n' oh, Jake, ef y'u ain't afeered, Oi—Oi wish y'u'd mor-ry me know."

Jake straightened his bent shoulders and his husky old voice was strong for a moment as he answered, "Oi ain't afeered, Betsey. Oi'd a mor-ried y'u ony toime, th' last fifty years."

Hat Ireson went for the Parson. She wrapped her shawl about her, slid stealthily out into the night like a great gray cat and quickly returned with him. The short service was soon read and, after it was over, Jake bowed his head down onto the pillow close beside Betsey's. When he lifted it again, as the gray light began to send long, dim rays in at the low windows, the face before him had lost all traces of its restored girlhood. It was the face of an old woman again—faded, wrinkled, dead.

None of the townspeople knew of the marriage, because Jake did not wish it. Hat Ireson had hard work to keep it to herself, but managed to do so by running up at times to talk it over with the Parson, under pretext of obtaining spiritual advice. As for the Parson himself, he had no desire to make public to the gossip of the port the story of that strange marriage, that union in the face of death. Jake went to the "Ol' Buryin' Hill" as regularly as he had gone to the house on the Head, and the children, playing in the gutter in front of Fountain Inn, laughed and pointed at him as he went by, crying, "Thar's ol' Jake, goin' t' see 'is gur-rl!"



But if the townspeople never knew of the marriage, it was because, with all their curiosity, they were not shrewd enough to send eaves-droppers up to hide among the tomb-stones on the Old Burying Hill; for Jake, as he sat there in the murmurous hush of late afternoon, looking out across the opalescent sea, often talked to himself. "She was moi wife," he said slowly, as he rested his hand caressingly on the rough head-stone. "She was moi wife, an' Oi don' believe she's a-sufferin' th' curse. It can' be. Oi'd know it. Oi cudn' be a-settin' here, feelin' so sart uv glod-loike."

EDITH DE BLOIS LASKEY.

### THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS

The strength of the hills is His.  
Toward the far-off sky they tower,  
Bright in the flashing sunlight,  
Dark in the storm's dread hour  
When sullen and grim by fierce winds tossed  
The dull clouds gather and lower,  
But bright or dark the symbols still  
Of an awful, infinite power.

The strength of the hills is His.  
Deep in each tangled bower  
The dainty maiden-hair grows,  
And the tiniest fragile flower  
Clings to the moss of the crevice  
With no fear of an unknown power,  
Each delicate blossom a token of love,  
The love of that infinite power.

GERTRUDE ROBERTS.

### THE FIELDS OF SLEEP

Sleep, Love,  
Then, where the night wind streams,  
Rocking the flowers of sleep;  
There shalt thou wander and reap,  
Nor grieve that thy harvest be dreams.

Sleep, Love,  
But, 'neath the night wind's breath,  
Guard thee thy sickle's sweep,  
For midst the fields of sleep  
Blossoms the flower of death.

LAUREL LOUISA FLETCHER.

### BUNYAN'S "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS"

There are few books harder to receive in an unprejudiced frame of mind or to remember on their own merits than the "Pilgrim's Progress." How far have the illustrated editions which somehow or other always depict the horrors so violently and concretely, the men and women so quaintly, and the sweetness and glory of the vision so squalidly, how far are these, for example, responsible for our idea and value of the book? Consider the picture, familiar to us from many editions, of Christian's burden falling from his back at the sight of the Cross, or even the more atrocious magic-lantern representation we may have seen, wherein Christian's burden falls by a series of well-regulated jerks into a yawning pit at his side. The import of this stage of the story is almost lost through the highly painted, over-dramatic illustrations. It becomes a point in the story, remembered from former readings, toward which we hurry the Pilgrim through his preliminary groanings and doubts, the escapade in the Slough of Despond, adventures and perils by the way. The mind of the reader says half consciously with the child, "Oh, do hurry up and get him to the place where his bundle falls into the well!"

But the illustrations are not alone responsible in coloring our understanding and estimate of the "Pilgrim." Such a book is ineradicably connected with many scenes of our childhood and is woven up with them into the web of influences that hung about us in those days. Apollyon seems but a blustering Jabberwock, as I read about him now, and I cannot understand where his horrors have gone, for the dreadful, roaring old horror of an Apollyon that haunted my dreams has "sped him away on his grisly black wings." How much of the power of the fearful vision of the night watches was due to the fact that the incident was read to me by a well-meaning older brother when I

had measles, I cannot satisfactorily decide, but the truth is that Apollyon stands forth as lurid as ever in memory, a picture which reading about him now does not justify, for his prestige when reduced to cold print is gone. Again, the story of the Pilgrims in *Vanity Fair* read to me first by my father, whose voice thrilled as he read the sufferings for conscience's sake of the glorious old heroes, is tangled up in my mind with the same story read in later years by my mother, whose keen sense of humor saw so much quaintness and fun in the names of the sturdy old rogues "Mr. Having-All," "Mr. Money-Love," and so forth, that her voice often broke during crises of the narrative and irrepressible laughter interrupted Faithful's last defense and Christian's heart-broken farewell.

To re-read "*Pilgrim's Progress*" is to re-read one's childhood ; the Sunday afternoons by the fire-side, the faces of the listening children and the remembered voice of the one reading ; more also, the first glimmering crystallization of spiritual ideas suggested in the words of hymns, the unintelligible jargon of the minister's Sunday morning sermon, the half-understood precepts of parents and Sunday School teachers and the glowing pages of the "*Elsie Books*." And the fitting of the allegory to one's own state of moral decay ! Let no one suppose that we saw nothing in it but a made-up story of a man who went on a journey, for, however much the colored plates may have lent to this view, the text itself was too full of inner suggestion, the names of people, states and places too well-labelled to enable even the strolling mind of childhood to disregard utterly the sign-posts that pointed all one way—to his own soul.

When we try to extricate ourselves from all the associations and outer furnishing of the "*Pilgrim's Progress*," what have we left ? In the first place, a story, a genuine story, full of incident, and marching steadily to a climax. Even when the story droops and lags by the way, as it does most certainly during some of Christian's conversations with Hopeful and their long-drawn-out twitting of Young Ignorance and others, even during these parts of the story, the realization of an end beyond it all, a belief that the author will not land us merely in a sea of discourse, but will march us, pilgrims and readers, straight up to the gates of the Celestial City at last, lends us patience.

Not to demand too much of our patience and long-sightedness,

he gives us a series of minor climaxes by the way. When Christian enters the wicket-gate, we put in one peg; when his burden falls off at the Cross, we stick in another; and when the lions are past, in goes a third. The Valley of the Shadow of Death is a fourth, Apollyon a fifth. Doubting Castle, Vanity Fair, the arrival at the Delectable Mountains, the crossing of the River and the final entrance into the glory of Heaven—these pave the road from Christian's very door-sill to the path of radiance that leads straight up Mount Zion into the pearly streets of the Holy City.

Of all the narrative, is there any part more quaint, more satisfying to that part of us that loves to hear the old words. "Once upon a time," than the story of Doubting Castle? Such a faithful reflection of the stories of knights and hobgoblins that thrilled us on week-days, permitted, even endorsed, by our guardians for Sunday reading! We felt in our exultation almost as if we had cheated the higher powers vested in the authority of our grown-ups, and as if we should hardly venture to show our full enjoyment. But oh, the delight of Mrs. Despair's bed-time confidences to her husband, the Giant, and the free and easy way in which the grim old killer addresses his wife as "my dear," while he sets before her so jauntily his bloodthirsty plans for the coming day, and receives so familiarly her advice and amendments! What suspense, agitated and fearful, during the Pilgrim's mad rush down the hillside, followed by the fierce old giant! Only one point in the story marred it then, which was this: How could Christian forget that he had in his pocket a key to the gate of their prison? When they would naturally cast about to see if there were any means by which they could escape, would he not examine his pockets to see what they might contain, even if he had forgotten what was there? We all knew how that was, how the dress that we put on some morning often disclosed hidden treasures in the pockets, that we had utterly forgotten or thought lost—the bead bracelet or doll's shoe that we had searched for through all our playthings. Yes, as allegory it might do, but in the story there was some mistake.

A literary study of the "Pilgrim" is next to an impossibility. Can we write a critical, careful analysis of the character of our father or mother? Can we discuss impersonally the home in which our childhood was spent? Are not prejudice and senti-



mental bias inevitable? In so many senses "Pilgrim's Progress" is the father and mother of our spiritual imagination, the home of our speculative fancy and notions of life and duty, the love of God, and the splendor and happiness of Heaven, that we are biased and hampered at every turn when we attempt to discuss it as we would the last magazine article or the latest play.

However, I cannot imagine that in this age when the minds of men at large have grown older, and when the man himself has passed from childhood, that the "Pilgrim" could make a strong appeal. Deny that it is suited to the intelligence of children on the ground that no child could grasp the whole truth of its passages, and I say that it is not suited to the more sober, unexcitable and critical attitude of the mature mind, because that has less patience with the quaint humors of the story that are the natural air of childhood. For the children want concrete treatment of what is abstract, they want it brought nearer their life and understanding. I do not mean that they stand consciously pleading for this, but that the ideal life becomes real to them by this means. We that are older, want our spiritual experience wrapped in a golden mist; we do not want to examine it too definitely, nor handle it by means of concrete instances of what is intangible by nature. Accordingly we value more those spiritual teachers who surround us with this high moral atmosphere, this mountain air of aspiration, of vision, of longing for holiness and dream of immortality, than we do the more practical teachers who preach and write at us directly.

JULIA POST MITCHELL.

## CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

### AT NIGHTFALL

Day long I wooed the golden hours  
With all love's ardent powers ;  
And tenderest caresses won  
In kiss of wind and sun.  
"Time's fairest child," I said, "O, Day,  
Thou shalt not pass away ;  
None other can, if thou depart,  
Succeed thee in my heart."

"I loved thy maiden grace at morn,  
O, leave me not forlorn !  
Thy glowing noon-tide breathed apart  
The secrets of thy heart ;  
Dearest in late hushed hours of peace,  
Fair Day, ask not release !"

From my despairing prayer now glides away  
The slow-departing day ;  
The radiant west, the bridegroom of her choice,  
Doth glowingly rejoice ;  
From mountain tops, rose-hued under her spell,  
She waves a last farewell ;  
While o'er me falls, heart-yearning to the light,  
The shadow of the night.

RUTH BARBARA CANEDY.

The girl stepped from her hansom and looked vaguely around.  
It was a lonely, it was, to judge from its blank and dingy  
make-up, an impecunious corner of the  
The Light o' Life vast city. The street lamps were turned  
low ; but even the kindly shadowing half  
light which prevailed, lent to the place a touch of loneliness  
and gloom, and the girl, gathering up her damp skirts prepara-

tory to mounting the stairs, breathed a sigh of sorrowful surprise.

She had been traveling all day. She had lost her parasol. It had rained. Her brother had not received her telegram. Toiling sadly up the long stairs she told herself that life was neither interesting nor a pleasure. Reaching the landing, she flung open the studio door with a gesture of unfeigned despair.

The place was charming. Large, and wearing an air of mel-low simplicity, of decorous warmth and ease, it ill accorded with its unkempt approach of stair-way, or the narrow street without. A high oak wainscoting, black with age, ran about the walls, reflecting in its polished panels the deep light of an open fire. Fantastic shadows fled lightly to and fro, veiling the rags and tatters of the hangings. Here and there broad shafts of brightness fell across a tapestry, or brought out the white hand, the lace ruffle, stiff with gems, of a painted figure in its oval frame. Before the hearth stood a tea table, laid for tea.

The girl stood wavering upon the threshold, half poised for retreat, a tall, thin figure of extreme youthfulness and grace. Her head, with its masses of red hair, sprang out resplendently from amongst the thickening shadows.

"David!" she called. "David!"

"He's not here," she said, listening in the oppressive silence to her own quick breathing. "He's not here. Oh, I'm tired, and very hungry! David!"

She waited, while the silence grew appalling. David continuing to remain obdurate, she entered and taking off her hat, deposited it upon a table. A book lying near caught her attention. "Robin Murphy" was written upon the fly-leaf. She examined it.

"Borrowed," she commented. "But Murphy—Robin Murphy—I wonder who —"

Breaking off, she reflected that it was no matter who. It would be better, disregarding Robin Murphy, together with the rest of the world, to give way to the abandonment of grief. She had left home, friends,—at any rate, relations,—to follow David's fortunes, when lo! not only were David's fortunes of the vaguest aspect—David himself was so vague as to be in-apparent. At this point she smiled. When our moods reach the wall, they rebound. Moreover, the warmth, the silence of the ragged and beautiful room were beginning their work upon

her tired nerves. She felt a rush of energy, of zeal. At the same time an idea entered her head, so brilliant in possibilities that she stood for a moment transfixed with admiration and astonishment at her own ingenuity.

"Circumstances?" she cried. "Who cares for circumstances? We—we conquer circumstance. It's a beautiful thought, and it's delightful to think of David when he comes in." She paused, in rapt consideration of David's entrance.

"Let me think—flowers, ribbons, cakes, oysters—ah, the expense of it—candles—"

She sprang up and seizing her purse began counting over the bills it contained. A flash of excited color rose to her cheek.

"Never mind, I shall earn some now. How, I can't imagine, but," hopefully, "David will tell me. Ah, it's wonderful to be happy and free!"

And leaving this to echo in the ears of the grave-eyed portraits, she fled happily out the door.

The darkness closed. The shadows deepened. But when she next returned, laden with many bags and parcels, the room lay as before, lonely, subdued, exquisite. Hurrying to and fro, the girl began to dress it in unwonted array, setting her roses in pots and jars about the corners, filling the sconces and candelabra, until the place was in a glow of color and light. She rummaged the cupboards and cabinets. She polished the hearth. She laid out the table with plates of macaroons, of pretzels, of almonds. Finally, going on her knees before the fire, she began the fastidious toasting of a bag of muffins. It was at this point that Robin Murphy, the owner of the place, arrived; and in the doorway of his room, stood confounded at the sight which met his eyes. Indeed, so far was his power of utterance gone, that for some moments he remained without a word. Then, helplessly, like a man undone, "Lord!" he ejaculated.

The girl quickly turned and rose. Her cheeks were flushed with the heat of the flames. Her eyes were shining. She gave him one look. Then her face fell.

"You wished to see my brother," she asked him, standing still, the toaster in one hand, a muffin in her other.

For the space of ten seconds Murphy regarded her in silence. He was trying to define the situation. The room in its array—the girl—*incredible!* And three hours before, in this same place,



he had called himself a realist! Then he pulled himself together.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "your brother —?"

"Ah, I forgot. I am David's sister, Sara Cornish. Do you care to wait for him?"

She laid down the toaster, and advanced a little towards him.

"You had an engagement?" she asked.

It flashed through his mind that this was some outrageous pleasantry. If it were so, however, the girl was too plainly the worse victim. He scrutinized her gravely.

"I had no engagement," he answered, and then, feeling his way, "How soon do you expect — Mr. Cornish?"

"Oh," said Sara, "Directly, I think," and she smiled a little.

"Can you tell me how long he has been gone?"

"No," she said, rather absently. "I haven't seen him yet, you know."

Murphy did not know. In fact, turning it over in his thoughts, he felt that he was ignorant of many things.

"I think," he said, slowly and with deference, "I think that if you will permit me, I will wait for him."

She gave him a glance such as a child might have given, half wonder, half curiosity. To herself she said, "Now I don't in the least know what to do. I suppose it's one of David's friends and I must be very sweet." Aloud, and rather uncertainly, "I dare say you are rather wet," she observed. "Shall I give you some tea?"

It was not a worldly proposal, but then, Sara had not lived in the world. For him, he readily divined this.

"Thanks," he said, "I should like it very much."

Then he subsided, watching her as she moved here and there in the firelight, noting the dignity and emphasis of her bearing, the splendid hair, the wide blue eyes sparkling with happy excitement. What a child she was, after all! It was with gentleness that he asked his next question.

"How long, Miss Cornish, since you have seen your brother?"

She paused and turned her eyes upon him tranquilly.

"Not for a year and a month," she responded softly. "Dear David!"

Murphy felt the bottom of things fall out.

The man he waited for was in air—a phantom. There was nothing for it but direct settlement with the child, and the child

continued to regard him trustfully. He pondered in despair.

"Then why —" he began. He stopped again with a gasp. In his excitement he rose and took a step forward. "The number of this room—what is it, please?" he demanded.

The tone, the words disconcerted her.

"Nineteen," she stammered. "Nineteen." She was silent, eying him with curiosity. "Are you tired of waiting?" she asked. "The tea is nearly ready now. Besides, David can't be much longer."

But David could. He called himself a fool not to have seen before. It was a mere matter of numbers, and a blundering cabman. The girl—but what a coincidence! Then he remembered himself.

"It is nothing," he said. "Don't let me disturb you." He hesitated an instant. "If you will excuse me, I have an errand—" He saw a shadow cross her eyes and something thrilled him oddly. "You don't suppose I would miss my tea!" he heard himself saying. "It's only for a moment. Before the muffins are brown I shall be back."

She smiled doubtfully. "Yes, go," she said.

When he returned, he wore an air of repressed gayety and excitement.

"Your brother—I gathered where he was and I have sent for him," he announced. "It was a pity he should keep you waiting, through—ignorance that you were here. You will pardon my meddling?"

She looked at him, the most exquisite gratitude in her eyes. He half winced under it.

"I think," she said, "I think it was the kindest thing I ever heard of—and the most surprising. The most surprising," she repeated under her breath. Then she raised her head again and added with a tremulous lip, "Your tea is ready if you wish it. Will you have it by the fire?"

He took his place and seating herself opposite, she poured it for him. It would be an injustice to say that he did not appreciate the situation. When he next spoke, however, it was with gentle gravity.

"I have not told you my name," he said. "It is Robin Murphy."

She looked at him startled. "But I have seen it somewhere," she answered. "I remember, it was in a book that you lent David. It lies there upon the table."

This confident assertion might have phased him once. He was beyond that now.

"The book," he observed, "is called 'The Light o' Life.' Some day, perhaps, you will read it."

"'The Light o' Life,'" she answered. "I wonder where one finds it! In New York, I fancy." She smiled. "Shall I find it?" she asked.

"Yes," he said. "Surely."

"And you?"

"I turned a corner one day," he said, "and there it was."

"Tell me the corner," she demanded. "Is it always the same?"

"Not always," he answered sadly. "One can never tell."

"It's a fearful risk," she observed.

"It is," he corroborated.

"One might go by and never see."

"There is worse than that. *It* might go by and never see."

"Oh, to think if it should pass me by!"

"Heaven forbid!" he returned, lightly enough. But he looked away.

She fell to musing. In the midst of her reflections came a sound of feet on the stairs, the door was flung open with scarcely a knock, and in the doorway appeared a man, tall, young, his brows bent on the two in a stare of angry bewilderment.

"Sara! what does this mean?" he cried.

For answer, she sprang up, crossed the room, and flung her arms about her brother's neck.

"Ah, David!" she said. "I thought you'd never come."

"I don't know what this means," he repeated. "Why are you here?"

"David! You wrote, you told me —"

"Yes, but here, *here!* In this man's room! Who is this man?"

She stepped back as though he had struck her, and looked at him uncomprehendingly. Her face was colorless.

"I don't know what you mean," she said.

But Murphy had risen and come forward.

"If you will permit me," he said, "I can explain. In the meantime, suppose that you contain yourself."

Cornish turned and confronted him in frowning silence.

"Through some fool blunder, of the cabman's, I suppose,

your sister was left at my doors in my absence. I found her in possession, awaiting your return, under the impression that you occupied the place and would soon be in. I confess that for some time I failed to comprehend—I was puzzled. When at last I came to an understanding, I sent for you. That is all. You have come, you yourself will explain the mistake to her. In the meantime I am distressed over the annoyance it gives you both. I am also very happy if I have been of service—I or my belongings." All this with an air of self-possession and earnestness so great as nearly to disarm the younger man.

However, "When you had sent for me, why, in Heaven's name, did you return?" he questioned.

Murphy reflected. "I had to be here to explain," he replied.

"You might have come for me, yourself."

"Yes,—I might. However, there was no telling who would call."

"Then—then—" said Sara. They both turned to look at her. She had regarded them, throughout this discussion, with a sort of wondering intentness. Still pale, "It isn't true," she said. "It can't be true, David!"

"All the time—all the time," she said slowly, facing Murphy, troubled and perplexed, "all the time—you knew—"

"No," he interrupted, "I didn't know. I couldn't see—I couldn't comprehend—except, of course, that a mistake lay somewhere. And then—don't you understand what it would have been to set you adrift, at once, without a soul to turn to? Don't you understand?"

She gazed at him earnestly. Then a shade of color returned to her cheek. She turned to her brother, "It doesn't matter," she said, "we have found one another."

"Matter!" he cried. But as Sara looked up at him like a child that has been chidden for what it does not understand, Murphy interposed.

"What your sister has said," he observed, "is very true. She is perfectly right."

For a moment they confronted one another. Then Cornish yielded.

"Very well," he replied. He crossed the room and took up the girl's traveling bag.

"Come, my dear," he remarked, "we must be going."

She drew on her gloves and held out her hand to Murphy with rather a subdued and pensive smile.



"Good-by," she said. "Some day perhaps I shall see you again."

"Yes," he answered.

She lingered a moment. Her eyes fell sadly upon the well spread table, the flowers, the lights.

"It's happened very queerly," she said reflectively. Then she turned away and passed out the door. The room in spite of its array, became suddenly forlorn.

EDITH LABAREE LEWIS.

### MAGIC

There are many magics of many a kind,  
And some rule matter and some rule mind ;  
But the one among them that beats the rest  
And comes the cheapest and works the best,  
Is the witchery of the moon.

There's alchemy hid in the silver light  
That floods the earth on a summer night ;  
And there's just one drawback—or so they say—  
One rather forgets how it seems by day,  
In the witchery of the moon.

You vow you do, though you really don't ;  
And she says she will, while she knows she wont ;  
And you're sure you may, and you probably do,  
And she knows that it isn't as well as you—  
'Tis the witchery of the moon.

You see on the morrow when cool and sane  
That the thing won't do and you'll have to explain.  
But it's difficult rather to go about it  
And terribly helpless you feel without it—  
The witchery of the moon.

ETHEL WALLACE HAWKINS.

Let not the ignorant suppose I mean some dainty feminine head-covering of the garden-hat variety—a sweet, simple thing of white straw with a wreath of dai-

**The Suburban Hat** sies. By no means. The Suburban Hat is exclusively a masculine property. A woman, when she moves to the suburbs, wears about the same sort of hat she wore in the city. But not so the man.

Once let him buy a little place in Lonesomehurst-by-the-Sea and he is a changed being, externally, at any rate. Where are now that cane and that perfect trouser crease, and above all, that high silk hat? Gone, vanished, a thing forgot. And from somewhere, no one knows where, appears the Hat. It is weather-beaten, fashionless, on the verge of disintegration. But that Hat the Suburban Man will not afterward be persuaded to part with. His wife may give away any and every other part of his wardrobe, but never that.

Some evening, perhaps, the Suburban Man's Hat is not to be found. You should see the impressive mixture of wrath and anxiety in his eye. He goes straight to the partner of his joys, who is always supposed to know where everything is at any given moment.

"Mary, where is my Hat?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, Henry. I'll help you hunt for it. Did you have it on this morning?"

"Of course I did!"—with a look that says, "Why *will* women ask useless questions!"

"Perhaps you left it where you were working?"

"Certainly I did not. I always make a point of hanging it up on that peg in the kitchen."

Meanwhile the Suburban Woman is rummaging in the raspberry bushes, which the Suburban Man was trimming this morning. He looks on and growls.

"Here it is, Henry," sweetly, handing him the Hat and disentangling the bushes from her hair.

"Well," stroking his recovered property tenderly, "that's what I call curious, really very curious."

Then the Suburban Woman laughs, being only human.

The Suburban Hat plays an important part in social intercourse. For the true suburbanite, "the thing" in morning dress is shirt-sleeves with Hat, for evening costume, same, with or without Hat. Observe a group of the paters gathered around Neighbor Allen's lamp-post for an evening's pow-wow. Neighbor McLean, the little Scotchman who owns the largest place on the block, is laying down the law as usual, gesticulating with his pipe. The suburban resident soon takes to a pipe. It looks well with the Hat. Besides, it keeps off the mosquitoes. Mr. McLean's Hat (a moth-eaten felt) is at present cocked knowingly over his left eye. That is a sign that he will presently deliver himself of an oracular utterance.

"It's my opinion, Neighbor Van Blinden,"—puff! puff!—"It's my opinion, sir, that you've set your street trees too far out from the side-walk. You'll lose 'em when the city puts in curbing."

Here they all get into the street and squint intelligently up and down the line of scraggly little maples. Mr. Van Blinden pushes his Hat (a brown straw affair, shaped like a bee-hive, and probably imported) back to the angle which expresses anxiety, and "sights" first with one eye and then with the other.

"O, I tink dey vill be all right, Neighbor McLean," deprecatingly hopeful.

"Now see here, Van Blinden, anybody with half an eye—" pulling his Hat forward pugnaciously.

Mr. Adams, the Lonesomehurst grammar-school principal (in an ancient blue yachting-cap) interposes with a well-worn joke. "It'll be many a long day yet, any way, before the city puts curbing along the Lonesomehurst Lakes," indicating with a wave of his pipe the stretch of muddy suburban streets. Thereupon they all chuckle, half ruefully, and the Hats have once more a friendly and peaceable aspect.

There is, in fact, a most curiously subtle relation between the Suburban Hat and its wearer, due to long and intimate association with the cranium of said wearer. Give me the Suburban Hat *off* and I will tell you the general character of the man who owns it. Give me the Suburban Hat *on* and there is no limit to the information I can give you. I can tell you its wearer's every passing emotion. When, for example, a certain suburbanite's sun-burned straw is pulled down hard so that it presses outward the upper lobes of his ears, then beware. But if his Hat hangs on the back of his head in an open and genial fashion, then all is well. You may borrow anything he has, even to his lawn-mower.

For real expressiveness among Suburban Hats, give me the felt. There is no emotion known to the human breast that it will not adapt itself to. It can look wickedly rakish, or pulled down limply, with a poke in the side, it can express the season of rose-bugs and utter despair. A little over one eye, it is knowing. Pulled down directly in front, it suggests agricultural meditation. Turned up all round and pushed back, it means freedom from dull care. There is no end to the shades of meaning it can convey.

The varieties of Suburban Hat are many ; in fact, two specimens exactly alike have not thus far been observed. But however widely they may differ in appearance, however fearfully and wonderfully they may be made, there is one thing to be said of them all : there is always a warm and tender place for the Suburban Hat in the heart of its owner.

CHARLOTTE LOWRY MARSH.

#### A RUSTIC HUMANITARIAN

A fine lady would my Dolly be,  
For my sake she says ;  
And go to town the king to see,  
For my sake she says.  
She vows that I, a town-bred blade,  
Could never love a country maid ;  
But oh, I fear the pretty lass  
Has held much converse with her glass,  
And knows that all the beaux at White's  
Would vie to show Miss Doll the sights.  
So when she swears 'tis for my sake  
She'd seek the town, 'tis no mistake.  
I represent mankind, you see,  
And she but loves mankind, in me.

#### THE BANDAR-LOG'S LOVE SONG

The wind that shakes the tall palm tree  
Brings sweet sleep to me ;  
The wind that shakes the deodar tree  
Bids the dark night flee ;  
And the wind that shakes the dream-land tree  
Wafts over the jungle, far over to me,  
With its burden of sweetness of summer nights,  
The thought of all others that most delights ;  
For the wind bears burden of love to him  
As he swings by his tail from some lofty limb,  
And I smile in my sleep at the great yellow moon,  
As I think how I love him, my gray baboon.

CORNELIA BROWNELL GOULD.



He was proud of his cane, was Don Ramuncio. He marched up and down the great Boulevard until his little legs were tired, trying to flourish it like the young Senors.

**A Tragedy of** It was early for the afternoon promenade,

**Sunny Spain** and only a few people were scattered over the wide walks. There was a nurse with a prim

little girl and three or four dark-haired, bare-kneed little boys ; in front of him a coy *Senorita* walked demurely along by the side of her Mamma ; and the shadowy figure of a priest from the Jesuit school glided past, whom Don Ramuncio regarded with conscience-stricken awe. Only that morning he had smoked his first cigarette to the amusement of his best friend, the coachman, and the other servants, and they knew everything, those priests. A group of soldiers were laughing and gesticulating under a shade tree. The sunlight through the leaves lit up their scarlet and gold uniforms.

"All these things," said Don Ramuncio to himself, "I do not seem to care for, to-day." He was swinging his cane in imitation of a dark-haired youth ahead, and quoting under his breath long passages of sentimental poetry. "The Boulevard," he thought, "is too gay and bright for me now." He turned into a narrower street, which led to his own home. He held his shoulders very straight—he was to be a soldier some day—and looked over the tops of the houses at the sky. He was composing verses and wishing at the same time that he were very old so that the *Senoritas* would pay some attention to him.

A very small *Senorita*, one with rare blue eyes and bright hair, was gazing sadly out through a window on the street. Perhaps she was wishing she were very old, too. When Don Ramuncio caught sight of her in the window, he pulled his cap from his black head and bowed low and stiffly. The fair-haired *Senorita's* eyes smiled admiringly from under her curls.

Don Ramuncio crossed the street and marched back and forth under the window, swinging his cane, his brown face smiling in the sunlight. The *Senorita* watched him coquettishly. She knew the language of the cane.

"You are very beautiful," said Don Ramuncio's cane.

The little *Senorita* blushed encouragingly.

"I should like to know you," said the cane.

She shook her curls, so that the sunlight in them danced.

"You are the most beautiful creature I have ever seen. I adore you."

The little Senorita covered her face with her hands and peeped through her fingers at Don Ramuncio's cane.

"I love you," it said.

The little Senorita took a rose from her hair. She threw it with shy grace at Don Ramuncio, with a timid glance first over her shoulder. Flowers can talk as well as canes. It was a red rose, and who does not know what red means, blood red. Don Ramuncio picked the rose up with a bow and a flourish and buttoned it over his heart. Don Ramuncio's father saw him do it. As he and Don Ramuncio walked rapidly towards home, Don Ramuncio tried to be just as dignified and to hold his shoulders just as straight as ever. That, however, was difficult because the Senor had tight hold of Don Ramuncio's ear.

Don Ramuncio, as soon as the great door closed behind them, went off by himself to write poetry.

"Wait for such nonsense at least till you are through school," the Senor had said, letting go of his ear, which was very red, although Don Ramuncio did not rub it until he was well hidden behind the portières.

Meanwhile the little Senorita, resting her golden head on her hands, gazed sadly down into the street where Don Ramuncio's cane was lying in the sunlight.

GERTRUDE EMMA KNOX.

He was really an abnormally ugly little beast, even for a city mongrel—fat, dirty-white, and flabby, with a wandering, watery eye, a shambling gait, and the general

**Our Second Prince** air of a tramp who has not even the recollection of "better days" to support him in his present vicissitudes. He slunk away behind the wagon when we children, Ted leading with the lantern, ran out to welcome Grandpa home from his long ride.

"Who're *you*?" demanded Ted, stooping, and moving the lantern to catch a glimpse of him between the wheels; and—"Where'd you pick *that* thing up, Grandpa?" followed, in a rising scale of disgust, from us all.

"Where? Why," began Grandpa, climbing down over the wheel and peering into the dark, "you see he followed me from

the city, and when I discovered him and tried to send him back he wouldn't go, and then it just struck me,"—Grandpa's words came slower with the waning force of inspiration, as he realized our unresponsive silence,—“it struck me that maybe you'd like him to take Prince's place. Here, Prince!” he called, stooping, with a persuasive snap of the fingers.

At that last word our overcharged feelings found vent.

“Prince's place! *Our* Prince!”

“Our dear, beautiful Prince!”

“*That* Beast! Oh, Grandpa!”

Little Dolly retired to the kitchen steps, her apron at her eyes. Ted sputtered and gasped with wrath, thrust the lantern abruptly into Grandpa's hand, and stalked away. I followed, speechless after the first cry.

“Why, why!” we heard Grandpa's voice in mild remonstrance behind us, “He's a good fellow,—maybe not quite so handsome as Prince was, but handsome is as handsome does, you know. He's a good fellow. Here, Prince! Won't you come and have some supper, Prince?”

Once clear of the house, Ted stopped short, thrust his hands into his pockets, and tried to whistle. But his voice broke in the midst and he turned on me abruptly, with—“What are we goin' to do?”

Appeals for advice from this elder brother and leader of our small band were rare indeed.

“Couldn't we take him to town an' lose him?” I suggested, darkly.

“Lose him?” Ted sniffed. “Can't lose him. Ain't that kind. C'n see it in his eye. He'll stick to Gramp like a burr. Beast!” Then with a sudden sharp change of tone, “If only he wouldn't call him Prince!”

Ted turned his back abruptly and I heard him gulp. For me, I was now quite past speech.

It was the re-opening of a wound not half healed. One week ago Prince, our beautiful collie and sole playmate, had fallen a victim to the wiles of our elders, had eaten of the poisoned meat designed for the coyotes who preyed upon our chickens, and had died in agonies which brought home to our young hearts, for the first time, the horror of death. It was an impression not easily effaced, especially from the minds of lonely children, cut off from all the ordinary sports and comrades of

childhood ; for our little pioneer ranch was separated by ten miles of rolling, uncultivated hills, from the nearest town. We had brooded over the small grave among the brush, with its wooden headstone, on which Ted had carved with loving care, "Our Prince." And we had talked of him much among ourselves, though by some instinct never mentioning his name to a "grown-up," and had agreed, in solemn conclave, that no dog, however beautiful and high-bred, should ever be admitted to fill the vacant place. And now, to have this low-lived, sneaking cur foisted upon us, with the evident expectation that we would receive him with open arms, and be consoled !

Before we separated that night Ted and I had agreed upon a plan of campaign. We would simply "cut him dead." We would not deign to notice him, even to denounce him. It should be as though he were not.

Such was our plan, and to it we strictly adhered. When, at the table, Grandpa would say,—was it from sheer obtuseness, we sometimes wondered, or the deliberate desire to madden us ?—"Here, Ted," or "Now, Nan, run out with these bones for Prince," we would set our teeth, and the unlucky one chosen would stalk to the middle of the back lot, dump the plate, and return, with stony, unwavering stare fixed on vacancy. Sometimes a stray glance from the back porch would show us Whitey,—for so we designated him, when necessary, among ourselves,—slinking sideways, toward the spot which we had quitted, to seize a bone and run to the fence. There he would devour it, keeping a furtive eye, meanwhile, on the house.

Such was always his manner. He would sneak from our path as though expecting a blow or a kick. Yet we had never even spoken a harsh word. It was, to our minds, an ever-renewed proof of his contemptible character and a perpetual justification of our refusal to receive him.

Little Dolly alone wavered in her allegiance to the dead Prince ; and she was only a baby, as I pointed out to Ted, resenting his scornful, "Chicken-hearted kid !" Ted and I, in search of her one morning, heard persuasive coos from behind the wood-shed, and, rounding the corner, came upon Dolly seated on the chopping-block, with chubby hand out-stretched, and Whitey a few yards off, head craned forward, a new look in his watery eyes. At sight of us he slunk away, as usual, and Dolly hugged her rag-baby closer, and pretended not to have



noticed him at all. Disregarding her feeble subterfuge, Ted gave her a lecture on her faithlessness to "Our Prince," till she promised, in tears, "never to do so any more."

So we stood united, gazing beyond, with unseeing eyes, when we met the wretched beast sheepishly dogging Grandpa's steps from place to place. Then, one morning, something happened.

Dolly and I were harnessing the big saw-horse behind the wood-shed for our daily ride, when we noticed Whitey, slinking lower than usual, coming up from the back lot. Something in his gait caught our notice, and we watched him, perplexed, with bated breath. He reached the barn and dropped in its shade, and a convulsive shudder seized his flabby white body. Then in a flash we remembered,—understood. With an agonized wail we buried ourselves in each other's arms.

Dolly was so very little that I had to try to quiet her wild sobs, though trembling so myself that I could hardly move. Shielding her head with my two arms, I yet could not resist a dreadful fascination that drew my eyes back to that spot of shade,—the very spot where, a few short weeks ago, our own poor Prince had lain, suffering the same pangs which the despised Whitey now suffered. Ted had just come out of the barn, drawn from his egg-hunting by our cry, and stood, doubtful, his eyes on Whitey's now quiet form. Again that awful shudder! A sudden light of comprehension, and of something more, broke over Ted's face, and he made a quick step forward, crying, with a sharp, indrawn breath, "Whitey! Prince! Poor fellow!"

An instant,—and, as his struggle subsided, Whitey's darkening eyes seemed to recognize the boy. With a feeble, shrinking motion, he crawled a little,—a very little—farther off, and fell in another spasm. Ted stood an instant, as though shot. Then he turned and hurried away.

I woke early next morning, after a restless night; for Dolly cried out piteously in her sleep, and after I had soothed her as best I could, somehow I couldn't go to sleep again. Such dreadful thoughts and recollections swarmed through my mind—all the unkindness of the past few weeks (for such it now seemed) and that dreadful yesterday morning! Unable to bear it longer, I got up softly, when the growing light made it possible to see across the room, and began to dress. A little later I heard a cautious step along the hall, and a whisper at the door.

"Nan!" Then, following close on my quick answer, "Can you come out pretty soon? I—want to see you."

"Very soon," I whispered back; and he stole away.

Dolly, wakened by our voices, and afraid to stay alone, struggled out of bed and begged my help with her buttons. In a few minutes we were ready, and joined Ted on the veranda. He led the way without a word, across the plowed field, through the west gate, up the brush-grown hillside. In the gray pallor of early morning even the well-known outlines of hill and canyon had a strange, unfamiliar look. Dolly and I followed, awed at his solemn silence, and wondering vaguely. His destination was clear; but his object?

Not till we came out into the little clearing on the top, sacred to the memory of "Our Prince," did I understand. Little Dolly, clinging to my hand, looked with bewildered, sleepy eyes from the new mound of freshly-turned earth to the other, older, but not yet grass-grown, by its side.

Ted was eying me anxiously.

"Do you—mind?" he asked and swallowed hard.

"Mind!" A sudden rush of tears blinded me, as I raised my eyes from the newly-planted headstone to his face. "Mind! Oh, Ted! If he could only be alive again—or know."

For on the board I read, in letters carved as carefully as those of the other inscription,

"Our Second Prince."

MARY BUELL SAYLES.

## EDITORIAL

The recent gift of the *alumnæ* to the college library, and the approaching completion of its new quarters in Seelye Hall, mark the beginning of a new era in its growth. As the college increases in size, the present library, limited in number and variety of books, and cramped for space, becomes daily less adequate to meet the steadily growing demands which are made upon it. It is a matter of rejoicing to every one interested in the college, that through the generosity of the *alumnæ*, we have now at our disposal an income which will enable us to add from five to six hundred volumes yearly to the library ; and that, in its commodious new quarters, books need no longer be massed together without regard for system and order, but may be carefully grouped and arranged, with ample space for additions and the formation of new groups. In view of the extreme importance of these changes to the undergraduates, whom they will most directly affect and benefit, it may not be untimely to present certain considerations on the matter from the undergraduate point of view.

The question of library hours, and the best method of placing the books at the disposal of readers, is naturally one of primary importance. Under the present system, the library is closed at six o'clock, and during the last half-hour books may be taken out for use during the evening. I question very strongly whether the majority of the students would not prefer, to this arrangement, that of having the library opened again during the evening, say from seven to half-past nine. When a single book is desired, it may be quite as convenient to take it out for use at home ; in which case, however, its use will probably be confined to one person, whereas, if it is in great demand, two or three might have used it at the library. But when a number of books, or the dictionaries and encyclopedias, are to be consulted, the present arrangement is a serious inconvenience, and the extra two hours and a half in the evening would be a wel-

come addition to a working day which, at best, is none too long.

Such a change would as a matter of course necessitate an increase in the administrative force, a matter which is in itself a most important consideration. As the library increases in size, one of two things must be done. Either the books must be catalogued by a system so simple that even the uninitiated could locate them without delay or difficulty, or else attendants must be present to perform this task for the readers. I believe the first would be well-nigh impossible, in connection with any large or growing collection of books; even if such a system could be evolved, it would quickly be thrown into confusion by any of the misplacements which are certain to result when the reader returns the books directly to the shelf. It is in order to avoid confusion and delay, and the consequent loss of time, that the presence of assistants becomes necessary. The college certainly could not afford to maintain a large corps of library assistants, nor does the present size of the library demand it. But the presence of one or two persons whose sole duty it should be to attend to the wants of the readers, would greatly facilitate the use of books in the new library room.

Another feature, whose absence is now felt as a defect, is the separate reading-room, a place for undisturbed reading or study. In the library room itself, there is always more or less disturbance resulting from the passage of assistants or readers to and fro after books, and consultations held with the librarian or her assistants. Such interruptions are of little moment if one is merely looking up a reference, or doing a comparatively brief amount of reading, but they become both a vexation and hindrance when one is at work on a matter requiring both time and close concentration. In the absence of the class and club libraries found in older and larger institutions, much work of such a character must of necessity be done in the college library. The separate room, provided with reading desks, would be a boon to the student who wished to collect her reference books around her for uninterrupted work. Moreover, such a room, or rooms, which now seem merely a convenience, must surely in the future become a necessity. It certainly is not too ambitious to look forward to the day when our library shall contain not only a complete collection of reference maps, but other additions in the form of manuscripts, rare books and literary curios, which require space for proper arrangement and exhibition.



The space thus taken up in the library room will make additional reading facilities all the more necessary.

It is a far reach of the imagination from our present college library of some six or seven thousand volumes, to those of Columbia, Harvard or Princeton. But shall this prevent us from working and planning for the time when ours may be of equal size and value? The gift of the *alumnæ*, the new library room,—we could wish for no more promising beginning. The future growth of the library is dependent upon the enthusiastic interest and support of *alumnæ*, students and friends. With this, we may look forward confidently to the time when our library, by virtue of its size and completeness, shall be a source of great and justifiable pride to all who are connected with the college.

## EDITOR'S TABLE

In the *Educational Review* for November, Mr. Abraham Flexner severely criticises the American system of graded schools and offers a substitute for that system. The title of the article, "A Freshman at Nineteen" suggests the writer's point of departure. The average age at which the American who has enjoyed the best academic and professional training becomes self-supporting is, by Mr. Flexner's calculation, twenty-seven or eight; while the young German is three or four years younger when he enters, thoroughly equipped, upon active life. This deplorable state of our educational system, which "practically renders impossible" for most young men a "thorough-going professional education," demands a remedy. The real cause of the delay lies, Mr. Flexner thinks, in the large classes, the rigid system of grades, the fixed schedules and the annual change of teachers in the secondary schools; whose great mistake is that they seek to adapt their methods to "an average child who does not exist," and succeed only in discouraging originality in the gifted, while they utterly fail to arouse the stupid boy. The remedy for this condition which Mr. Flexner proposes is the radical one of abolishing the "impenetrable class phalanx," and substituting for it "small groups, say of twelve children, taught individually by a single teacher for many consecutive years." Thus "the mental lock-step is broken; every child makes its own pace; a curriculum is made for each pupil, based, both as to subject and method, on its own needs and nature." Under such a system, the average age at which boys should be fitted for college could, Mr. Flexner is confident from his own experience of some years spent in experiment, be reduced to seventeen. If the college course could then be cut down to three years, it would become possible for the young American to fit himself for an active professional career at as early an age as the German.

Mr. Flexner himself admits one great difficulty in the way of

carrying out his scheme when he recognizes that it would necessitate the drawing of a far larger body of highly trained men and women into the field of secondary school work. Yet granting the possibility of establishing such a corps of teachers, two difficulties still remain. High equipment implies at least some degree of specialization; few even of the most fully trained are equally fitted to be teachers of mathematics, the sciences, the modern and ancient languages, and the English branches, as each teacher under this system would have to be. Moreover, even if an equal equipment in all these lines were secured, there would still remain in almost every teacher an individual bent in favor of some special line; so that it would seem to us an act of doubtful wisdom to commit a boy, during the most formative years of his life, to the exclusive influence of one person, however able and highly trained. Whether, however, the evils under such a system would be more or less great than those under the prevailing one is a question too complex for us to discuss here.

In the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* for December, Mr. W. E. Byerly comments, under the title of "Harvard and the Radcliffe Spectre," on Professor Barrett Wendell's article on the "Relations of Radcliffe College with Harvard," which appeared in the *Harvard Monthly* for November, and which we reviewed briefly last month. Mr. Byerly considers in turn each of the three great dangers which seem to Professor Wendell to threaten Harvard from its connection with Radcliffe.

First, as to the dreaded establishment of complete coeducation, Mr. Byerly shows that during the six years since the policy of admitting Radcliffe students to advanced courses at Harvard was established, no tendency to extend this privilege to distinctively undergraduate courses has made itself felt. On the contrary, the number of undergraduate courses to which they have been admitted has decreased from year to year. Further, Mr. Byerly points out the clear distinction between partial coeducation in the graduate school and general coeducation in the college, and asserts that while many members of the Harvard Faculty, Board of Overseers and Corporation, and of the Radcliffe Council favor the former policy, all are unanimously opposed to the latter. Therefore, as the agreement of all these bodies would be necessary for the establishment of general coeducation, such an outcome is practically impossible.

Next, Mr. Byerly takes up Professor Wendell's objection to the repetition by Harvard professors of their courses at Radcliffe. Professor Wendell recognizes the necessity which most of the professors labor under, of in some way increasing their incomes by work outside the University, but would have them substitute for this useless repetition of courses "original research with publication of its results,—" work of great value, their engagement in which is prevented by the demands on their time and strength made under the present arrangement. In answer to this, Mr. Byerly says that while such research is unquestionably of great value, no way of making it financially profitable has yet, so far as he knows, been discovered; while, of the available means of increasing his income open to a professor, none would seem to involve less expenditure of time and energy than the repetition of courses.

As for Professor Wendell's third bugbear, that the teaching of women produces in those engaged in it something which Mr. Byerly calls "fatty degeneration of the intellect," he simply appeals to the facts, giving a complete list of the professors who have engaged in teaching at Radcliffe, and asserting that they "are men of whom Harvard is justly proud, and whom nobody would suspect of being intellectual degenerates."

At the thirteenth annual convention of the Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools of the Middle States and Maryland, which met in Trenton, New Jersey, on December first, an elaborate plan for "Uniform College Admission Requirements, with a Joint Board of Examiners" was presented by Dr. N. M. Butler, of Columbia. This suggestion is the result of dissatisfaction with the wide diversity of entrance requirements prevailing at present, and with the still wider diversity in the administration of such requirements as are common. The limitations of the proposed system are clearly expressed in the statement that it is not expected that "all colleges shall agree to require the same set of subjects for admission, but only that when a subject is required, it shall always and everywhere mean the same set of topics, and be always and everywhere administered in the same way." President Eliot of Harvard, and President Low of Columbia, spoke in favor of the plan, and it was then referred to a committee. If adopted, it will be a great step toward educational coöperation, and will greatly unify and simplify the work of the preparatory schools.



## ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

It has always seemed to me a mistaken reserve that would refrain from the expression of views on the conduct of life until all the possibilities of contest and achievement have been experienced. To

**Some Pedagogical Heresies** turn for a backward glance at the end of a long course is to find the vista too extended,

the perspective too crowded, the values too contrasted, for relative estimation of details. Be this, then, my excuse for venturing some reflections on the most discussed of problems, before a decade has passed over my *baccalaureate*; that if not matured by time, they are at least not over-ripe. The educational questions of to-day are not those of ten years ago—or, rather, the answers to them are different; and in ten years again, we shall be doubtless testing an alternative. America's greatest academic personage told us the other day that the higher education of women was still in the experimental stage, and one of his hearers responded, on occasion, that there was no reason for our discouragement, since just the same was true of the education of men!

But the college senior, the intending teacher, cares little for the great educational experiments, and the theories that are tested in them; it is of the daily responsibilities, the minor problems, the detailed methods, that she desires to hear. The professors and the superintendents prescribe what shall be taught, and given the subject, she thinks, it is method and manner alone that make success or failure. Not so, my dear younger sister! You may have no direct voice on the great questions, but what you will to believe of the aims of instruction and the reciprocal duties of teacher and pupil will determine the whole expression of your personality, and must give shape to any consistent system of conduct. As you believe in the natural or the purposeful selection of studies; as you believe that emphasis shall be laid on moral or on mental discipline; as you believe that school education shall make a good citizen or a good mind; so will you, in large and in little, choose your alternatives and order your life.

I may as well confess at once that my own experience has brought me to embrace the second alternative of these parallel questions, with all the corollaries that such a conclusion entails. It seems to me that the school, when it sets out to be primarily a school of "behaviour," and secondarily a school of mental development, is in danger of neglecting its own peculiar function. Education as a whole must no doubt be utilitarian, in the sense that, as James says, it consists in the organizing of resources in the human being. But school education is not synonymous with education in its widest sense—

or what are a home and a church for? Unless we are prepared to accept the Lacedaemonian ideal—the most perfectly and logically utilitarian the world has ever seen—in its entirety, and to give our children over to be brought up in common, it would seem that we might relegate to closer relationships the special training in manliness and womanliness, in the conduct and the amenities of life. It will scarcely be denied that the school-time, limited as it now is, cannot accomplish all that youth needs—something must fall out; and we may remember that even that strenuous ancient ideal, being forced to neglect one side, found little room for strictly mental development. It is for the school, then, to supply the rigorous mental discipline which affection cannot provide, and to let moral and industrial training take the second place. If I dared put in a special plea here on the basis of national characteristics, I should add that we need a little real scholarship more than better character, business ability or manners; being on the whole upright, keen and gentle folk, but in mental grasp somewhat mediocre. But however that may be, I cannot escape the conviction that the young teacher should feel that her ideal end lies in the rigid training of the pupil's mind, and of his character through his mind, and therefore in a rigid intellectual training for herself.

Now the first question which this principle will help her to answer presents itself early in the college course: Shall she specialize from the beginning of her career as a teacher? Of course, with an elastic repertoire, it will be much easier for her to find a position; she will have a wider choice of pleasant places, and, as a person of general utility, probably a larger salary. I remember being told long ago, by an eminent college professor, that it mattered little what one taught, provided one got to the right place; one could work around to one's own single preference sooner or later. But I thought then, inexperienced as I was, and I am sure now, that no more dangerous advice could be given to a young teacher. If you believe that to be a worthy teacher you must be first a scholar in all senses of the word, then you will not waste the best years of your life in doing what is for you the second-best thing. If you find yourself teaching by chance what you have not chosen for its own sake, you will soon be eating your heart out, or coming to regard your work with the same spirit of contented drudgery as that of the shop-girl with a good salary. If it can be justly urged, as it is urged, against the payment of high wages to women, that they look upon their employment merely as a means to tide over the empty period until marriage, how much more justly can it be urged against the academic recognition of the secondary-school teacher that she is willing to teach anything of which she knows the rudiments. Scholarly self-respect seems to me the teacher's first duty. If she foresees an entrance into teaching immediately after her baccalaureate, she will determinedly specialize, at least during her junior and senior years, in the one subject she has chosen to teach. Of course the ideal method would be to defer specialization as long as possible, and to pursue after graduation the special preparatory discipline. But if the choice must be between a superlatively liberal education and a thorough foundation for teaching,—specialize too much in college, rather than not specialize afterwards!

The restriction to a single subject, however, does not by any means exhaust the principle of respect for one's own scholarship. I have heard too

many successful and pecuniarily prosperous teachers confess that they have lost their mental freshness—and have observed it too often when they have not confessed it—not to be convinced that to be a good teacher and a happy person, one must be student first and teacher afterwards. By student I mean thinker—not the continual recipient of other people's ideas. The principal characteristic of the teaching profession is its slavish receptivity. "Give teachers an idea," said a brilliant Harvard professor, with a slight mixture of metaphors, "and they lie down on it like a cow on a door-mat!" On the other hand, the only real joy of the intellectual life lies in bringing to birth a new thought, however small, however poor, if it be only one's own. One little breath of "the clean, clear joy of creation" will freshen a whole desert of arid facts.

It will be said, perhaps, that in pursuing her individual work, the teacher will be directing her best energies away from her pupils, since the objects of original investigation for advanced students are likely to be far removed from the needs and interests of secondary schools. That I do not believe. There is no elementary study which may not be broadened and enriched by an active interest in its progress in the higher forms. Through its connection with the larger whole, it comes into organic relation with the teacher's individual mental life, and cannot escape the contagion of her vital activity. All things have value and significance that are connected with a supreme interest; and that there should be such a central fire of intellectual purpose seems to me the one thing for a teacher absolutely to be desired. Let me add that by original work I do not mean the occasional interpolation of a year of graduate study; no, the young teacher should prepare to live the intellectual life from day to day, although it will doubtless entail sacrifices. The number of hours of actual teaching required in many secondary schools is barbarous; but there is no reason why determined effort should not result at least in the permission to teach fewer hours for a smaller salary. It is my opinion, and my experience, that it is not so hard to give up some pleasures—the new books, the concerts, the continental pilgrimage, for the sake of intellectual leisure. Better a dinner of herbs with an idea as dessert than—to be a stalled ox without one!

But over-much of duties to one's self—how should the young teacher best give herself to her pupils? What should be the ideal personal attitude? We hear often in these days that the teacher should be the dearest companion of her pupils, and that they should go hand in hand in the search for truth. And yet the other view is not without its advocates. Several years ago, on the occasion of my staying for some time in a German household, and desiring to amuse the children by playing school with them—as pupil, of course—the father of the family objected on pedagogical grounds. I made the obvious American reflections, but the incident has since assumed for me a certain symbolic value. Are we not inclined to fraternize too much? Do we not—and the more the younger we are—weaken the compelling power of our own intellectual ideals by a too easy merging of distinctions? The tendency to "play school" seems indeed fraught with more danger to teachers than to pupils. It is so natural to make them love their tasks, by making them love their mistress! It is so easy to believe that if we have charmed their hearts,



we have helped their minds, and that if they are happy in the class, they must be fascinated by the work. Thence it is but a short step to making the pupils' pleasure our own standard of excellence. We must acknowledge, then, that the sanest and safest human element in the companionship of the school-room comes from the teacher's enthusiasm for her subject, from the concreteness and vividness of her application of it to life, and from her sincere and never-failing care for the pupils' intellectual needs.

The temptation to interest through one's personality rather than through one's presentation of the subject, is closely allied to another state of mind which has much more important theoretical implications,—I mean the conscientious resolve to be interesting at all costs; conscientious, because the interest of the pupil is made by a modern pedagogical theory, the final test both of the study and of the teacher. This theory maintains that from the earliest school life the "natural interests" of the pupil must be consulted, and that he must study only what he loves for its own sake. From this point of view the introduction of a complete elective system into a secondary school not far from Boston is hailed by many as a great advance for modern education. In the light of these facts, dare I confess that I see, in this great case of early election *versus* predestination, a monumental form of the same tendency to "play school?" If the "natural interest" of the child of seven or the child of thirteen is to govern the whole development of his mental life, why should we not also encourage those natural moral tendencies with which most of us are familiar? The fact is, few children have a natural interest in anything that requires continuous effort, and, in the absence of something hard to cut their mental teeth on, are likely to remain in that state. The teacher who is unwilling to inflict on her pupils difficult, stupid tasks, to bring them to a state of mental weariness,—yes, sometimes even manfully to bore them, is doing them not only the worst mental but the worst moral service in her power. Nothing in the world that is worth doing is done without painful effort. It is only the mentally invertebrate youth who demands in everything an immediate interest. I would advise the young teacher, therefore, not to fear that something is radically wrong if her treatment does not at once make a strong appeal. If she finally arouses her pupils to effort, partly by relating their work to their native interests, partly by making them feel the glow of obstacles overcome, she may feel satisfied with her results. Mental liberty and the pursuit of happiness may be the prerogative of the adult, but for the child, the power to rightly exercise that liberty comes best from rigid discipline; and the "perfect joy" in the mind, of which Ben Jonson tells us, is better based on the treasures with which a wise authority has filled it, than on the momentarily attractive playthings which the young hand has been allowed to grasp.

If there is one thing for which, after some years of varied experience in teaching, I now feel grateful, it is that in my own earliest school years, I was never "interested." And with this incendiary remark let me close these heretical reflections.

ETHEL D. PUFFER '91.



There appeared in the first catalogue—circular it modestly called itself—of Smith College, a teacher's name not known to any other class than '79. This was the Professor Clark who taught the first

**Some Former Teachers** class classics during its first year and who died in the autumn of 1876. He had been a teacher at Williston Seminary and was a resident of Northampton, in a beautiful old four-square house with a garden, on Main Street, some time since wiped out by the railroad. He was himself a beautiful old man, a gentleman and scholar if ever there was one, white haired, fresh colored, and smooth shaven, immaculately dressed, wearing always at recitation a dress coat, the tails of which, we pleased ourselves by observing, hung down below his overcoat as he came to and fro up the college hill. On the day when the new college for women opened, he examined gently into our qualifications for pursuing Latin and Greek. His manner towards us was always full of courtly consideration and kindness, as if through the vista of years and learning, we looked to him very young and very feminine, which in fact we were. We in turn spoke of him as "dear old Professor Clark," and felt impatient at such an estimation of our calibre. We fancied we were being taught by fitting-school methods, and longed for something that should be real college. Recalling, however, that during that first year, we were put through all the odes and epodes of Horace, together with the *Ars Poetica*, and made to scan and prove every line we read, and learn not a few odes and passages by heart: and that in Greek, besides translation and composition, we stowed away in our minds two hundred pages of Hadley's Greek Grammar, examples, exceptions and all, Professor Clark's scholarly ideal for us seems not so low. If he did not inspire, he drilled, and a strong grasp was underneath his velvet touch.

A teacher, entirely after the heart of '79, in its second year, was Professor Mather of Amherst, who taught us Greek in the interim between Professor Clark and Professor Tyler, who still holds the chair, as long may he! In the first place, Professor Mather was a popular professor in a college for men, so that we had undoubted faith that whatever he demanded of us would be worthy of our collegiate ambitions. In the second place, he soared and let us soar to our hearts' content. We read the *Prometheus Bound* of Æschylus with him, and to my dying day the music and the fire of it will be in my memory. He put us up to reading Mrs. Browning's translation, and himself read aloud sonorously and enthusiastically from Plumptre and Blackie. He first told us about the Greek theatre, and stirred our imaginations with pictures of Athens and plans of the great Dionysiac auditorium. Greek art first dawned on our horizons under him. He was as good a preacher as he was teacher and often supplied the pulpit at the New Old South in Boston. There and in Northampton we availed ourselves of every opportunity to hear him. He was a short, stout, active man of middle life when we knew him, and we called him affectionately and irreverently among ourselves, Dicky; but we cherish his memory and mourned his death, which occurred not long after our graduation.

Professor Root, of Amherst, taught us physics all through our junior year. For many reasons he profoundly impressed and influenced us. He was young, unmarried, good looking, very shy, just home from Germany and the first

professor at Amherst not a minister of the Gospel. But such was the earnestness and purity of his character that no sermon-making ability could have added anything to the moral effect of his teaching. We hated his subject, though perhaps I speak mainly for myself : at all events it came hard to us after our almost exclusive linguistic training : it lasted a long time, four times a week during a whole year, and he drilled us hard. I do not remember that we ever won from him any of those sweet encomiums by comparison, which college girls have often heard from professors teaching both sexes alternately. We knew him very slightly socially, and his reserve towards us made us rather afraid of him. We used to tell ourselves that he was tremendously fair both to us and to the subject in hand. On one occasion one of us cried, and his distress and the way he took the blame upon himself impressed us greatly. He talked to us about the controversy between science and religion ; some of us had hardly heard of such a thing ; but his earnest face and evident seriousness produced a deep effect. Almost for the first time in the course of our education we were brought face to face with live, unsettled issues. It sounded dangerous, but oh, so delightful ! And then to be trusted with the whole truth, that made us feel indeed grown-up ! Intellectual sincerity, fairness, justice, breadth of vision, profound respect for truth, with such accompaniments we learned Mechanics and imbibed the principles of Electricity and Light.

Happily not every one of the teachers of the class of '79 is dead, though it is true that, of the six or seven men to whom we were specially indebted, four died before the college was ten years old. Professor Root died of consumption, only a little while after we graduated. Professor Phelps—it seems impossible that any one of this younger generation should not have heard of Professor Phelps and his tragic end. He was Professor of Philosophy at the college from 1878 to 1883, when he was accidentally shot on a camping excursion in the Maine woods. Whatever he was to subsequent classes, and his influence in the college was very great,—for one thing he was the father of the schedule,—to our class he brought the culmination of all that had gone before. He taught us Logic, History of Philosophy and Psychology, and in his course we did the most important writing of the four years. He, too, was fresh from Germany, and a young, unmarried man, a little cynical, we fancied, and very plainly amused by our vagaries, but full of sense and help and wisdom. He was the eldest son of Professor Austin Phelps of Andover, of a family, therefore, which of itself meant brains—philosophical brains. As Professor Root had done, he also laid open the whole truth to us about what learned men were thinking, regarding the origin and way of life. Perhaps it meant more then than it does now. Evolution was not so generally accepted twenty years ago as it has since become. We learned things at college which not unfrequently were challenged at home. For more than one of us it was the beginning of a season of stress and storm, a time for the uprooting and transplanting in larger fields of the religious faith in which we had been brought up. Professor James had not then written his Psychology and we used, perforce, for a text-book, Noah Porter's Elements of Intellectual Science. We heard from Professor Phelps's lectures only, the wonderful new theories, mostly out of Germany, of the connection of the material brain and

thought. That he kept nothing back and made no attempt at shielding or influencing us is a thing for which we owe him life-long gratitude. He had faith in truth, enough to trust us with it.

A good deal has always been said, perhaps more than usual lately, about making college practical, especially college courses for women. The opinion of '79 ought to be worth something on the question, because more than two-thirds of '79 married. Speaking for one of these wives and mothers, it seems to me that we have little reason to regret that neither Professor Clark nor Professor Mather, Professor Root nor Professor Phelps, nor any one of their honored colleagues, was replaced by a Professor of Cookery or a Doctor of Domestic Science.

KATE MORRIS CONE '79.

The following Smith alumnae are on the Faculty of Wellesley College: Mary Whiton Calkins '85, Professor of Psychology and Philosophy; Vida Dutton Scudder '84, Associate Professor of English Literature; Alice Vinton Waite '86, Instructor in English; Olive Rumsey '93, Instructor in English; Alice Walton '87, Instructor in Latin and Ancient Art; Florence Jackson '93, Instructor in Chemistry; Mary A. Bowers '95, Instructor in Zoölogy.

The Students' Building Committee wish to acknowledge the receipt of \$500 from the Alumnae Association.

Contributions to this department are desired by the second of the month in order to appear in that month's issue, and are to be sent to Emily P. Locke, Wallace House.

- '80. Mary S. Locke is at work upon a monograph entitled "Anti-Slavery Sentiment before 1808." It deals with the religious, philosophical and political aspects of the subject, and closes with a discussion of the literature of the period following the Revolutionary War. The work was begun under the supervision of Professor Hart of Harvard, and has been continued at the Boston and Harvard College Libraries.

Josephine A. Clarke, who is Librarian's Assistant in the Agricultural Library, Washington, D. C., spent the summer in England.

- '82. Caroline Hungerford Mills is now living in Northampton, as her husband has succeeded Professor Daniell in the Music School.
- '84. Bertha L. Connely has begun the practice of medicine in Denver, Col.
- '85. Elizabeth H. Talcott has accepted the position of Instructor in Latin in the Utica Free Academy, Utica, N. Y.
- '87. Hannah B. Clark is teaching this year at the West Virginia University, Morgantown, W. Va.
- '88. Dr. Adelaide Brown has received an appointment on the staff of the Children's Hospital in San Francisco.
- '89. Three members of the class are at the heads of schools in New York: Mary F. Gaylord, Emma G. Sebring and Inez H. Whitfield.
- '90. Pauline G. Wiggin has given up her classes at Wellesley and is writing for the Associated Press.

Bertha B. Smith was married in Hanover, Conn., October 12, to Dr. Alfred Mason Amadon.

'91. Mary E. Raymond is still teaching English Literature in the Hathaway-Brown school in Cleveland. She is living at Goodrich House, a social settlement.

'92. Edith L. Clark was married October 12, to Mr. William Clement Maynard. Her address is now 319 Elm St., Northampton, Mass.

Carolyn J. Shipman is doing literary work in New York.

'93. The engagement is announced of Jessie C. Grant to Mr. William Adams Mackenzie, Jr. of Syracuse.

Bessie H. Williams is teaching at Miss Mittleberger's school in Cleveland.

'94. Frances Marsh Bancroft has announced her engagement to Dr. William J. Long of Stamford, Conn.

Martha Mason is teaching in the New Church School at Waltham, Mass.

'95. Edna Frances Lang was married June 28, to Mr. Arthur Ernest Hale. Her address is now Franklin Falls, N. H.

Kristine Mann is studying in Berlin, Germany.

'96. Isabella S. Foote has announced her engagement to Mr. Walter Pinkham of Wollaston, Mass.

Frances C. Smith is assistant in the French Department at Smith College.

'97. Grace L. Brooks was married November 14, to Mr. Frank Boltin Heathman.

Florence Low spent the summer in Europe.

'98. Estella E. Padgham is studying theology at Meadville, Pa.

'99. Florence Ketchum has announced her engagement to Mr. William Rogers Westerfield of New York City.

#### BIRTHS.

'88. Mrs. H. H. Hosford (Jennie Chamberlain), a son, born November 4.

Mrs. C. E. St. John (Martha Everett), twin sons, born in May.

'93. Mrs. John Wright (Grace M. Stevens), a daughter, born November 9.

'96. Mrs. Irving S. Merrill (Caroline L. Snow), a son, Seward Snow, born November 7.

'98. Mrs. Robert Metcalf (Edith A. Kimball), a son, Robert Kimball, born in November.

#### DEATHS.

'88. Mary C. Lord died in Cleveland, October 15.

'96. Mary M. Rodman died of typhoid fever, in Waterbury, Conn., November 19.



## ABOUT COLLEGE

By a natural process of development, the Smith senior play has become a complicated and serious affair. To carry it out on the scale of recent years,

it is necessary that a large proportion of the senior class **The Senior Play** should devote much time, thought and energy to studying and assigning parts, to drills of voice and gesture, to rehearsing, to planning and making costumes and other accessories, and to a thousand and one details of administration. So it is only natural that now and then the question should come, sometimes from an outsider, sometimes from a sceptical member of the faculty, and sometimes from one of the students themselves: "What are the gains from all this? Is there compensation in two evenings' amusement in Commencement week for all this time and labor and worry? Is it worth the sacrifice of most of the leisure of one's last spring term? Is it worth the time taken from study in the most important and profitable year of the course? And above all, is it worth the strain on health and nerves?"

Of course I cannot answer these questions exhaustively, or in a manner conclusive to all people. But from my own experience and observation of the senior play I have brought the conviction that, undertaken in the proper spirit and with the proper safeguards, the thing is eminently worth doing, and I should like, if I can, to state some of the reasons for this conviction.

The most serious aspect of the matter is of course the question of health. If the nervous break-downs which sometimes follow Commencement are a necessary item of the expense of dramatics, no one will maintain for a moment that the game is worth the candle. But are they? It is undeniable that for the leading members of the cast and committee the strain is considerable, especially during the visits of the trainer, when much practice, consultation and excitement are crowded into a very short time. The restriction of the faculty is a salutary one, by which the cast is submitted to the approval of the college physician. But the solution of this problem of health probably lies in the further working out of an idea introduced last year—the idea of a system of training for members of the cast and central committee like that undergone by persons preparing for an athletic contest. It is not yet clear what the details of such a system would be, but it would probably include a regular amount of exercise in the open air, and restrictions on promiscuous eating, late hours, study before breakfast, and all work not directly connected with the play or with the regular college duties. It is certain that as the college became accustomed to such a system of discipline it would be more easily enforced, so that what in its first trial was little more than a

strong reminder of personal responsibility would be in time part of the accepted order of things.

It must never be forgotten that the best interests of the play itself demand the highest possible standard or health. In the actual presentation, few things count for more than the vitality of the actors. If they are in an exhausted condition it will be difficult for them to carry their emotion beyond the footlights; there will be a lack of spirit for which no perfection of drill can compensate. To the clear eyes of our impartial observers, this doubtless seems a petty motive for preserving good health when compared with the duty we owe our future lives, yet it is one of the very strongest reasons for believing that some wise system of training will be adopted and carried out. An immediate end influences us more than a remote one. I think it is not too visionary to hope that some seniors who have been in training for dramatics may reach June actually in better health than if they had lacked this obvious motive for taking care of themselves.

But what are the positive gains from the play? The one we always hear stated first is familiarity with some one great piece of Literature. And I think it would be hard to over-estimate the value of this. Of course, the study is not pursued by the same methods as in a class in Literature, but are the methods necessarily valueless because different? We constantly extol the many-sidedness of Shakespere's genius, and it is certain that one of its most wonderful aspects is what no Literature class can bring out—the greatness of his plays as plays, appealing to the eye as well as to the ear. To take an illustration from the one with which I happen to be especially familiar: the most careful and sympathetic reading of "The Winter's Tale" will hardly bring out the full beauty or significance of the statue scene. And yet upon that scene, so dependent on presentation to give it its proper importance, hangs the whole artistic unity of the play. And it may be said in general that if the knowledge of Shakespere derived from the work on dramatics be less full in scholarship than that obtained by other methods, it is at the same time more direct. It brings the individual to a keener personal realization of character, situation and atmosphere.

The second much-quoted advantage of the play is as a practical course in Elocution. The value of its thorough and efficient discipline in enunciation, in strengthening and placing the voice, and in overcoming personal defects, is so obvious that I need not insist on it here. And the drill in gesture, even if we claim no great direct usefulness for exercises in "floating like a sylph in June" or shaking one's fist in the mob, gives one greater confidence in adapting physical powers to a definite end—or in simpler phrase, in "doing things before folks."

So far I have been speaking solely of the value of the senior play to the individual: of the reasons why, if it takes hours from studious research, it may yet be considered as offering the equivalent of courses in Literature and Elocution. I should like now to consider the question from another point of view: the senior play as a work of art, the artist of which is the Senior Class. Here its very greatest importance seems to me to lie. First, because there is much virtue in actually doing something, in adjusting means to a well defined end; because production is surely no less a part of education than

acquisition. And second, because the subordination of one's individual work to the perfection of a whole throws some of the dignity of that whole over even its least important part. In the senior play one rarely loses sight of the fact that all is for the class. Ideally, each member of the class is giving according to her abilities and to the class' need of her. This ideal is not actually reached: the fact that it is so nearly so—that much more than half the class contribute in some capacity to the success of the play—alone makes senior dramatics possible. The girl who helps make the hero's robe would have been the hero if she had been most needed there; the chairman of the committee, if her place had been filled otherwise, would not have disdained to take charge of ordering the shoes. People who "try for the heroine and end in the mob" with entire cheerfulness have a right to almost the heroine's share of pride in the success of the performance, for they have shown the real spirit of the play.

We know what the result of this spirit is—a performance in some ways unique. Critics in plenty have pointed out to us how it differs from the productions of trained actors; inferior in emotional qualities, in stage technique, and of course in masculinity; superior in scholarliness, in refinement, and in the intelligence with which the smallest parts are taken. But it is not on the intrinsic worth of the performance that I am insisting, but on its value, directly, in promoting loyalty to class and classmates; ultimately, in teaching cheerful, strenuous, well-directed work, not for an individual end, but as part of an organized whole. And in view of these lessons I say that in my belief the senior play is worth while.

RITA CREIGHTON SMITH '99.

However numerous the organizations at Smith may be, it is worthy of note that no one of them is superfluous. Each has a particular sphere not encroached upon by any other, excepting the case of the

**College Societies** Alpha and the Phi Kappa Psi. Although the work of these two societies is along similar lines, the size of the college justifies the existence of both; as a matter of course, membership in one precludes the possibility of membership in the other. Though no two of the other organizations are mutually exclusive, their nature tends to prevent the overlapping of their membership with that of other scholarly organizations; for they are all connected with definite departments in the college, and as a student does not usually specialize in more than one or two branches, she will not probably belong to more than one or two organizations.

Those organizations definitely connected with one department are under faculty supervision and far outnumber the independent ones. Sigma Epsilon, otherwise known as the Greek Club, is limited to twenty-five members chosen from the higher classes of elective Greek, and is specializing this year in the topography of Greece. The Voice Club, composed of students especially successful in elective work in Elocution, is also limited to twenty-five. The Oriental Club, whose membership, now limited to thirty-five, is optional to students in Professor Wood's junior-senior elective on Biblical Literature, and is augmented by the election of other students interested in the investigation of oriental subjects, has chosen for this year's work a sufficiently broad field

of labor, in the "life and customs of oriental peoples, with illustrations from their literature and art." The College Clef Club, open to all students especially interested in music, is designed for the presentation and discussion of musical subjects, such as the history of bells, the mechanism of the church organ, and an analysis of Lohengrin. Its regular meetings are replaced from time to time by recitals by the members,—occasions which add an essentially personal element to the interest of the club in musical matters. The History Department has lost its daughter, the Historical Club, which graduated with '98: but two new organizations have sprung up this year in its empty place—the Mathematical Club and the Telescopium. The Mathematical Club, with its small band of devotees from the advanced classes in Mathematics, is enthusiastically beginning its career with the study of the history of that abstruse science. The Telescopium, with a still smaller band composed of advanced star-gazers, devotes its energies to current events in the upper world, as reported by faithful astronomical journalists. Other organizations for scientific purposes are the Colloquium, whose select twenty meet to promote an intelligent interest in Chemistry; and the Biological Society, whose membership is limited to forty, and whose badge stands for especial success in investigating the structures and processes of animate nature. The Biological has a twin in the Philosophical Society, which is also limited to forty members: as these are elected from classes in many branches of Philosophy, it does not take up one line of thought, but keeps in touch with many.

The two independent organizations, the Alpha and the Phi Kappa Psi Societies, are literary, and meet every three weeks for a literary discussion and a dramatic representation of some kind. This semester Alpha is studying problem novels, Phi Kappa Psi, magazine literature. Each society has also a "paper," read at the meetings by the editor, and composed exclusively of original prose and verse by the members of the society,—in a lighter vein than the critical papers on assigned subjects. Phi Kappa Psi is limited to fifty members, Alpha to sixty. The social nature of these societies, and of the Biological, too, sometimes, is shown principally in their dramatics, and in their open-closed meetings, to which each member is allowed to invite one guest to listen to a program carried out, as usual, by the members. Some of the other organizations also have open-closed meetings, and almost all have an open meeting, at which a lecture is given before the society "and its friends" by some outsider.

Further details on the subject of our many organizations may be obtained from the Council Book of Reference, which will be found chained to a post in the college reading-room.

CHARLOTTE BURGIS DE FOREST 1901.

In the verses and sketches typifying the four college years, to junior year is usually allotted the frivolous part. No longer a green freshman or grinding sophomore, and not yet a half-tearful senior, the junior

**Junior Party** must needs be the gay member of college, so people think.

Whatever may be the general truth of this current notion, Nineteen-One at its Junior Frolic of November twenty-fifth, bore witness to its truthfulness upon one occasion.

It was indeed a jolly meeting that we had together, for we all delighted to



do the bidding of a poster, "Abandon care, all ye who enter here." Gladly, too, did we follow our president's advice in her welcoming speech to greet every one even if we had never dared to speak to her. So, conventionality, the common dread of all college girls, was immediately shut out from our gathering.

Our entertainment was of necessity simple, but what of that? We knew how to enjoy ourselves without being amused. One of our committee by a humorous speech put us in a ready mood for playing games, and "Fox and Geese," "Going to Jerusalem" and even "Tag" awoke bustle and laughter. The committee had arranged for a few recitations, songs and caricatures, and these were such a grand success that we plead for more. One girl after another, by dint of much urging from her friends, was induced to step upon the platform and do her "stunt." Great talent was exhibited, and we all felt proud of the class spirit and friendliness which was proved by the willingness of those who took part and the warm appreciation of those who listened. Topical songs in honor of our officers and distinguished members, added to our enthusiasm and merriment. Then joining hands, in two great circles, we danced and sang to our college, to our president, and to all the classes. Though the watchman began to close the gymnasium, we were not content to go until he had sung for us his popular song of "Fair Imogene." We scattered, regretting that we could not more often come together, glad of this opportunity that we had had to know each other better, and rejoicing in our "great and glorious class of Nineteen-One."

LAURA WOOLSEY LORD 1901.

The Washburn and Wesley Houses presented on November 22 the following plays:

FOR HALF A MILLION—by Clara H. Sherwood.

Miss Mildred Lawton.....	Anna Cranska
Miss Julia Jones, her companion.....	Agnes Slocum
Mr. Harrington Stanley.....	Emily Dunton
Frances, the maid.....	Margaret Lusch
James, the butler.....	Mary Phillips

A HUSBAND TO ORDER—By John Morton.

Baron de Beaupré, a returned Emigrant Noble....	Miriam Birdseye
Pierre Marceau, officer in the Imperial Army.....	Winifred Leeming
Anatole Latour, a young lawyer.....	Sarah Sanderson
Phillipeau, a wealthy farmer, cousin to Pierre.....	Emeline Palmer
Servant.....	Phebe Persons
Josephine, the Baron's niece.....	Mabel Coulter
Elise, the Baron's ward.....	Florence Brooks
Mme. Phillipeau.....	Edith Ramage

The farce "For Half a Million," which served as curtain-raiser for the first play of the year, was most successful. The plot is the old one of money bequeathed on the condition of a marriage, which neither party desires. Miss Cranska, as the heroine, gave a natural interpretation of her part,

pleasing in its lightness and ease; Miss Slocum, as sympathetic friend, subordinated her part gracefully; and Miss Dunton, as hero, was particularly good in her disguised character. The farce, as well as the play which followed, was well staged, moving rapidly with no delays.

The play itself, "A Husband to Order," was unique in that this representation could suffer little by comparison with those of the outside world. This may be largely due to the general suitability of the characters to their parts, always such an important factor in amateur dramatics. The play is clever and amusing rather than complicated in plot. The time, being that of the First Empire, admitted of effective costuming. The Baron de Beaupré, a noble of the Ancien Régime, forces his niece into a marriage with a colonel in the Imperial Army, in order to rescue the de Beaupré estates. The main interest centers around the portrayal of Josephine's character and that of Pierre Marceau, under the peculiar conditions of their marriage. Scenes between the four characters of the under-story furnished the lighter, more amusing vein of the play. All the parts were so well taken that one can scarcely be said to stand out more than another. However, mention might be made of Miss Leeming's unusual rendering of Pierre Marceau. It was a finished production, easy, versatile, virile, indeed especially good in the representation of the more masculine qualities, where most girls and amateurs fail. The play, as a whole, was exceedingly entertaining and remarkably well staged.

On December 6, the Dickinson House presented their translation of "Lovers of Romance," by Edmond Rostand, with the following cast:

Mr. Toots, a land owner.....	Ruth Lusk
Mr. Squills, a retired tradesman.....	Ethel Fish
Percival, son of Mr. Toots. . . . .	Emogene Mahony
Sylvette, daughter of Mr. Squills.....	Grace Russell
Straforel, a broken-down actor.....	Edith Wells
Blaise, the gardener.....	Annie Torrey

The choice of a play suitable for house dramatics is an almost superhuman task. To find a play that is at once light enough to go well and dignified enough to make its presentation worth while, a play whose cast is within the limitations of the house, whose staging and costuming is inexpensive yet effective, and which is not hackneyed—this is the problem that confronts the committee of house dramatics.

The Dickinson House in the "Lovers of Romance" met these requirements admirably. The translation was smooth and consistent. Such advantage was taken of the opportunity for effective staging given by the grounds of adjoining country-seats, the scene of the entire play, that the result was an unusually pretty one.

In its action the play was effective. The two old fathers who feign enmity that their romantic children may play at Romeo and Juliet, the devotion of the lovers when unconscious of their fathers' stratagem, their distress at the discovery that they have been duped into planning an eminently sensible match, and the pretended abduction planned by the fathers and carried through by Straforel, made excellent contrasts throughout the play, and gave rise to a

great variety of humorous situations. The parts were all well filled. Miss Lusk, however, deserves special mention. Her acting showed an exceptionally keen humor which lost no chance of raising a laugh and yet prevented any suggestion of over-acting or melodrama—a fault which we do not always succeed in avoiding. The consistency of her interpretation in expression and gesture was noticeable.

A great charm of the play was its novelty. The moonlight scene and the serenade were delightfully unusual. The plot itself was of a different type from that of the usual college play.

A new society, the Mathematical Club, has been started and assumed definite form. The charter members include all those at present taking the junior and senior courses in Mathematics. At the first

**Mathematical Society** formal meeting, held October 30, the following officers were elected;—Helen Ethel Wright 1900, vice-president; Edith Tilden 1901, treasurer; Edith Burbank 1901, secretary. The office of president is occupied by the head of the Mathematics Department, but the duties of the office devolve upon the vice-president.

The members of the executive committee are Katherine Puffer 1900, chairman; Helen Ethel Wright 1900 and Maude Emma Miner 1901. The main work of the club this year will be a brief study of the history of Mathematics and discussion of the more recent mathematical developments.

EDITH BURBANK 1901.

The need of an undergraduate Astronomical Society at Smith has for some time been felt, and this fall such a society has been organized under the name of Telescopium. Its first meeting was held October 18. The

**Telescopium** society is to consist of all students taking the advanced work in Astronomy with elections from among those taking the first year work. Miss Byrd is honorary president and the other officers for this year are:—

Vice-president, Katherine Hart Lyman 1900; secretary and treasurer, Nona Burnett Mills 1901; third member of the executive committee, Helen Ethel Wright 1900.

NONA BURNETT MILLS 1901.

The December meeting of the Missionary Society will be irregular both in the time and place of meeting. This change is due to our good fortune in securing Dr. Henry van Dyke of New York for De-

**Missionary Meeting** cember 17. On account of the large number who wish to hear Dr. van Dyke, it has been thought best to meet in College Hall at half-past seven. This arrangement has two advantages: the better accommodation of the students and the opportunity of returning the courtesy of the city churches by extending to them an invitation to meet with us. The kind coöperation of President Seelye and Dr. Blodgett has enabled us to perfect the plan for a special Christmas missionary service.

Most of those interested in golf entered the mixed foursome which was played at the Warner Meadow Golf Links on November 4. From the long list of those who competed, Miss Slocum 1900 and Professor Water-Golf man won from Miss Wurster 1900 and Professor Dennis.

The golf tournament between the classes was played November 8. In the first round 1900 won from 1901, and 1902 from 1903. In the finals 1900 won from 1902. Those who played were Carolyn Wurster, Agnes Slocum, Carolyn King, Grace Parker from 1900; Janet Sheldon, Louise Droste, Eleanor Hotchkiss, Emeline Palmer from 1901; Frances Valentine, Katherine Holmes, Blanche Bissell, Alice Kidder from 1902; Fanny Hastings, Lucy Hastings, Alice Leavens, Susan Kennedy from 1903.

On the evening of November 28, Dr. Henry Wolff, who has lived eighteen years in Africa, gave a lecture on "The South African Problem."

At the open meeting of the Phi Kappi Psi Society, held Saturday evening, December 9, President Harris of Amherst gave a lecture on "Ceremonials and the Ceremonious."

All members of Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi who have dragged screens over to the reading-room, as well as those whose screens have been borrowed for the society meetings, will be glad to hear that the two societies have had a curtain hung in the reading-room, and that martyrdom of this sort is no longer required.

Professor Tyler gave a lecture before the open meeting of the Greek Club on Thursday evening, December 14. His subject was "A Ride through Arcadia."

## CALENDAR

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|------|-----|--|
| Dec. | 13, | Christmas Concert.                     |
|      | 16, | Candy Sale for the Students' Building. |
|      | 18, | Philosophical Society.                 |
|      | 20, | Christmas Holidays begin.              |
| Jan. | 4,  | Christmas Holidays end.                |
|      | 8,  | Philosophical Society.                 |
|      | 9,  | Colloquium.                            |
|      | 10, | Morris House Dance.                    |
|      | 13, | Alpha Society.                         |



The  
Smith College  
Monthly

January - 1900.

Conducted by the Senior Class.

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THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY is published at Northampton, Massachusetts, on the 15th of each month, during the year from October to June, inclusive. Terms, \$1.50 a year, in advance. Single numbers, 20 cents. Contributions may be left at 3 Gymnasium Hall. Subscriptions may be sent to L. M. Paxton, 23 Round Hill, Northampton.

Entered at the Post Office at Northampton, Massachusetts, as second class matter.

GAZETTE PRINTING COMPANY, NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

# THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

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*Vol. VII.*

*JANUARY, 1900.*

*No. 4.*

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## *THE FATHER OF RUSSIAN REALISM*

Russian literature has a peculiar charm and fascination of its own. Undoubtedly, this arises from the fact that it represents a nation intensely oriental in its love for the beautiful, the ideal and the mystic, slowly awakening at the stern summons of modern Anglo-Saxon progress. We cannot tell what the future will bring forth nor can we estimate the awakened power of Russian genius, but we do realize that this great sleeping bear of the north has introduced a new note into modern literature and has especially influenced the modern novel. We read the works of Gogol, of Turgenieff, of Goncharof and of Tolstoi, and we marvel and learn.

The title of "Father of Modern Russian Realism" has been given to Nikolai Gogol, and he deserves this honor for two reasons : first, because he was the first novelist who described Russian life with the insight and the faithfulness to details which characterizes the modern Russian school ; and second, because he has been the master of his successors in this school of literature. This does not mean that Gogol is the greatest literary genius that Russia has produced. Turgenieff undoubtedly excels Gogol in the psychological delineation of character ;

Tolstoi surpasses him in portraying the struggles and aspirations of the soul ; but while we are reading the novels of Turgenieff and Tolstoi we often forget that the characters and the scenes are Russian. Not so with Gogol. He is distinctly Russian and never for an instant do we leave Russia nor forget that the people before us are Slavs.

This national characteristic of Gogol is his greatest charm. His books reveal a world stranger than fiction. His earlier romantic tales are many of them delicately poetical, and in the handling of his material Gogol reminds one of Goldsmith ; but it is in his later and more mature work that we find his great power and charm. He does not analyze, but he paints for us picture after picture, marvelous for their keen perception, for their minute and finished details, for their wit, for their humor and often for their pathos.

It is in his description of provincial life and customs that Gogol excels, for he knew both thoroughly. In his great masterpiece, "Dead Souls," we go with him into Little Russia ; we enter the small provincial town with its wide, badly paved streets ; we see the stores, built of stone and painted yellow, the long rows of frame dwelling-houses, gray, sombre, cheerless. In the upper windows are flat-faced, apathetic women gazing upon the passers-by, while from the lower windows, the calves and the pigs also look out upon the world. Lounging about the streets are the flat-nosed, thick-lipped moujiks, clad in sheepskin jackets. The inn is dingy and smoky. In one window is a red copper samovar, and beside it is the face of the inn-keeper, big, round and red, looking like another samovar. The rooms are indescribably dirty ; big black beetles, which look like plums, peep out of the corners. Confusion reigns everywhere ; nothing is orderly in Russia except the police system. The very food which is set before a traveller is strange. The servants sit around the big kitchen stove and sleep most of the day away. In fact, all Russia seems to be half asleep and is only just beginning to awaken.

Aside from the unique pictures of Russian life and customs, Gogol's writings have a deeper significance. They tell us history. Under the strict censorship of the press which exists in Russia, it is impossible for political pamphlets or articles of avowedly reformatory purpose to be circulated openly or to any great extent ; so under the cover of the word "fiction," keen-



witted authors have so interwoven the political situation that all the errors and horrors of the Russian government stand revealed with greater vividness and force than could be expressed in a purely political pamphlet. It is said that "Dead Souls" so clearly portrayed the misery, the dangers of slavery, that it was one of the most powerful influences which determined Alexander to free the millions of serfs in Russia. "The Inspector," a comedy by Gogol, has also exerted much influence upon the national life. The corruption of governmental officials is held up before us with keen wit and scathing satire. This play has furnished the Russians with many types and quotations which have become almost proverbial because of their popularity and keenness, just as many of Kipling's writings have done for us.

In his portraits of men, Gogol is all that can be desired. They live before us long after we have finished his books, but his women are not well drawn. Often they are described carefully, but they lack that subtle touch which gives life to characters. In this respect, Turgenieff and Tolstoi both far surpass Gogol, and it always seems that a man who could create such strong real men could also have done as well with his women characters. But Gogol was not particularly interested in women, except as a setting for his men characters, and like many of the Russians of that time, he seems to have regarded woman as little more than a cipher. The fault belonged to that period as well as to Gogol. His successors, Turgenieff and Tolstoi, have moved along with the tendency of the day, and have analyzed and studied their women characters even more carefully than their men. This gives their books more interest for the average reader of to-day, perhaps, than Gogol's, since current fiction deals mainly with the peculiar vagaries of the modern woman. However, we forgive Gogol his one fault because of his many virtues and, after all, it is a rather refreshing change from most of the modern hypochondriacal novels.

In the last years of his life, Gogol became an extreme mystic and seems to have regretted his earlier wit, humor and light-heartedness. He thought that he was a mighty prophet to his land, and consequently his work suffered. None of the books which were written during his periods of self-exaltation were worthy of him, but now and then he still wrote with all his former vigor and charm. In moods of half-insane remorse, he destroyed what he had written during his normal moments.

The conclusion of "Dead Souls" was destroyed in this way, so that his greatest work remains unfinished.

One of the most characteristic features of Russian literature is the intense love which it reveals for that pitiful, sorrowful, stricken country. The greatest Russian authors all love the dreary, boundless steppes, the low hills, the dwarfed trees. The very misery of the country appeals to them, enchants them as no land of joy and gladness could.

The Russian mind possesses that touch of orientalism which is fascinated by the intense, by the inexplicable, and by the mysteries of sorrow. Gogol was of this nature. The strangeness, the miseries, the possible glory of Russia, filled his soul with love and with sorrow. We can hear his lament while he was far from Russia, down in sunny Italy.

"Why does thy sad, monotonous, troubled song, carried through all thy length and breadth, from one sea to another, sound forever in my ears, O Russia?" And after the reader has closed Gogol's books, his heart echoes the same sad song. Is not this the highest tribute to his genius?

ETTA BOOTH GARRETSON.

### TO THE NEW MOON AS SHE SETS

The dome of heaven seems o'erhung with black ;  
Night reigns supreme,  
And like a dream  
Seems every tree and flower ; naught doth lack  
The rarest beauty that the evening brings.

In all the expanse is seen one gleam of light ;  
One ray alone.  
The lady moon  
Has wandered through the night,  
Alone awake of all created things.

Her fair attendants all have gone away ;  
Each lovely star  
Has vanished far,  
And not the palest lends a glittering ray  
To cheer my lady as she sinks to rest.

Upon a fleecy bank of cloud she sleeps—  
A resting-place  
Of feathery grace,  
Fit couch for her, so frail amid the deeps  
Of darkness o'er the heavens' mighty breast.

A weary moon is she, my lady fair ;  
Her beauty pale  
Is but the tale  
Of weary vigil kept alone up there,—  
The one sweet harbinger of rest and peace.

She sinketh slow ; and soon she will be gone.  
Then darkness' pall  
Shall reign o'er all,  
And we must wait for light, until the dawn  
Shall come with merry call, and gloom shall cease.

ELIZABETH SCRIBNER BROWN.

## HEARTS BLINDFOLD

The studio doors were pushed open and then swung to again with a clatter and creak. Clarice Burke looked up from her charcoal study—more charcoal than study—of the “Young Augustus.”

“Is that you, Estelle?” she called.

“Is that you, Clarice?” responded Estelle cheerfully, threading her way among the easels. “You’re early. Oh, say, what made you hurry off so after class last time? I wanted to ask you what you thought of our new acquisition; or rather, I wanted to tell you what I thought of him myself. Isn’t he queer, though?”

“He isn’t bad-looking,” said Clarice thoughtfully, “and he can teach.”

“I don’t know whether he can or not. He makes me as nervous as a hen. I wonder how old he is.”

“Thirty, do you suppose?”

“Oh, my dear, he isn’t a day over twenty-eight. But he might as well be a hundred as far as—well, as far as anything *interesting* goes.”

Clarice laughed.

“He’s interesting enough to some of the girls, just as he is.

Isabel Ramsay was making eyes at him all the time he was criticising her 'Slave.'

"I know it. But Carroll didn't see anything but the 'Slave.' Isabel might as well have sailed in for Gussie there. You did a lot on him Tuesday, didn't you? Don't you remember how our dear departed used to put his hat on him? It made him look like a street tough."

"Yes, and he used to say the 'Venus' looked disgusted when she got on a modern girl's hat. I think myself she liked it. But Mr. Carroll wouldn't see the fun in that sort of thing. He's a pretty good teacher for a little one-horse place like this, though, don't you think?"

"That's not saying much, is it? Well, you know they say he paints religious pictures mostly, and they don't sell very well, and that's why he has to teach. Of course that may not be it at all. Why a man should—"

"Hush, Estelle, he's coming. Oh, Mr. Carroll," as he crossed the room, "do please come here and tell me if I haven't got too much shadow under Augustus's eyes."

"I could have told you that myself," said Estelle from her seat on the radiator. "He looks positively dissipated."

Clarice began to mould her bread and Carroll smiled slightly.

"I should judge that he had been studying too hard," he said. "Let's give him the benefit of the doubt, at all events."

"He doesn't need a thing given him but fewer cigarettes and more sleep," insisted Estelle. "He's just like the rest of us, after all."

Carroll turned, and asked with disconcerting abruptness, "Do you smoke, Miss Gilbert?"

"Occasionally; as 'tired nature's sweet restorer,' a cigarette is decidedly preferable to balmy sleep," replied Estelle, with an attempt at flippancy. There was an expression in Carroll's eyes that did not please her; it was not one that she was accustomed to see in the eyes of men whom she favored with similar confidences.

This man did not respond, as she had intended he should; he merely turned back to "Young Augustus."

Estelle spoke again.

"Do you smoke, Mr. Carroll?"

Carroll laid down his charcoal, drew a cigarette-case from his pocket and passed it to her.



"Do you want a light, Miss Gilbert?"

"Thank you, no. I shall smoke this to-night and think of you." There was no answering gleam in his eyes, and she went on recklessly. "Perhaps you would rather I tied it up with pink ribbons and pinned it in my mirror, the way little girls do when their beaux first begin to smoke. You shall have whichever you please, Mr. Carroll."

The studio was filling now and Estelle was obliged to hurry in order to make sure of getting her easel into its position. By lunch-time she had finished her head of Niobe and was wandering around the room, looking at the newly-completed drawings and oil sketches that stood against the walls. Most of the latter were of the rabidly impressionistic school. At present the favorite subject appeared to be a combination of corn-stacks and pumpkins, with perhaps a sky-blue forest rampant in the background.

A pale-haired girl, whose gown had evidently been modelled on what were intended for artistic lines, came up and clasped her hands on Estelle's shoulder.

"Don't you simply adore corn-stacks, Miss Gilbert?"

Estelle laughed.

"Well, I don't know that I should put it just that way," she said. "I'm sure I shouldn't care to have one around the house."

"Oh, you prosaic creature! I shouldn't mind a bit."

"Would you stand it in the parlor, with a ribbon around its neck?"

"How horrid you are! But aren't those pumpkins delicious bits of color?"

"Come, Miss Ramsay, be honest. Wouldn't you rather be eating a good solid piece of pumpkin pie, any day, than be standing and looking at those 'delicious bits of color?' Because I happen to have brought a whole one for lunch and I fear to attack it single-handed. But if you would rather stand here, why, of course—"

Miss Ramsay wavered. When one is being very diligent in the acquisition of an æsthetic pose, it is decidedly aggravating to be pulled up short and, as it were, by the hair. An æsthetic pose was never intended as a companion to a normal and healthy appetite. She looked closely at Estelle's face, to detect, if possible, signs of malicious intent, but she failed to do so and admitted, with a sigh, "Well, I suppose one must eat to live."

And one admires the beautiful so much more when one isn't hungry, don't you think?"

"I should imagine that after a really first-class dinner one might feel charitable toward even corn-stacks. But you're a shining exception in some respects, Miss Ramsay. Now I'm sure that Mr. Carroll, for instance, would rather eat pumpkin pie any day than stand and gaze at pumpkins in a state of nature, or even of art."

"Oh, Miss *Gilbert*, Mr. Carroll is an artist! And just think what eyes he has!" Miss Ramsay pressed her hands to her heart and raised her own eyes rapturously.

"Do you want to bet on it?"

"Oh, Miss *Gilbert*! Do you think it would be—"

"Here he is now; I'll ask him. Mr. Carroll, you have come just in time. We were on the verge of a precipice. I had almost persuaded Miss Ramsay to make a bet."

Miss Ramsay dropped her eyes. She had very pretty lashes.

"You don't believe what she says, Mr. Carroll, now do you?"

"Since you press me, Miss Ramsay, I must confess that I *do*. Won't somebody tell me about it?"

"Why certainly," responded Estelle promptly. "It was about you and pumpkin pie. Miss Ramsay says," she went on shamelessly, regardless of Miss Ramsay's blushes, "that you would infinitely prefer gazing at the rind of a pumpkin to making acquaintance with its interior. I said you wouldn't,—not even when the article is so charmingly served up as we have it here."

"I own to preferring it without the oil—though vinegar is not such an unsuitable sauce, Miss *Gilbert*."

Estelle's eyes flashed.

"Don't you admire these works of art then?"

"I choose rather 'the kind my mother used to make.' Pardon me, you didn't paint any of these, did you?"

"I? No, I don't go in for high art. I am not gifted as Miss Ramsay is."

"Oh, Miss *Gilbert*!" The eyelashes dropped again. "I don't do much of anything, really. But, Mr. Carroll, when are you going to bring down some of your pictures to show us?"

"I am afraid my poor work would look sadly out of place here, Miss Ramsay."

"Oh, yes, geniuses are always so modest. You're an impressionist, aren't you?"

"I have not that honor."

"Oh, but really, you won't deprive us of seeing your work just because—because— Don't you ever design posters?"

"No."

"Or copy Gibson?" put in Estelle. "Come now, Mr. Carroll, you are not up-to-date in the least. We must certainly attend to his education, Miss Ramsay, after we've attended to that pumpkin pie."

As a general thing, a favorable verdict was pronounced upon the new instructor. It was the opinion of the girls that, even if he were "queer," by which they meant reserved and averse to flirtation, he could certainly teach. Estelle alone declared that she couldn't learn a thing from him.

"He rattles me so," she complained. "When he comes up and looks over my shoulder, my charcoal goes in three directions at once, and then he says, 'Your hand is not quite steady, Miss Gilbert. Have you been smoking many cigarettes lately?' He's as solemn as an owl about it, too."

The other girls laughed heartlessly.

"Imagine anyone rattling Estelle!" said Clarice. "It's my opinion he's afraid of you, my dear, if he's afraid of anything. He doesn't give you nearly as many criticisms as he does the rest of us."

"He's merely afraid I shall shock him again. He doesn't approve of me at all, you know. He hasn't since I told him I smoked. I don't smoke, by the way, but I think I won't disillusion him yet. As to his not criticising my work, the faults are so glaring that even I can perceive them and criticism would be quite superfluous. I don't know why I come here, I'm sure. I think I'll start in now on the 'Unknown Woman.' That will make him want to swear, and swearing is against his principles, of course."

"I tell you why it *will* make him mad, Miss Gilbert," said Isabel Ramsay, coming up to Estelle as she was preparing to go to work. "He said the other day that he thought it looked like your friend Miss Burke."

"Thank you, Miss Ramsay! Mr. Carroll waxes expansive, does he not? Well, I have no doubt I shall succeed in making him quite angry."

When a young and unmarried man undertakes to teach a class of girls with whom he must needs come into continual per-

sonal contact, the members of that class are never quite satisfied until his name is coupled with that of one of themselves. When this is done, the movements of the two are furtively watched and excitedly chattered about; and the young lady herself is favored with veiled hints and innuendos, which she sometimes resents, sometimes ignores and sometimes acknowledges with a blush and a smile which says, "That's very well guessed at, for *you*, but I don't tell *all* I know. Don't you wish I would?"

The girls at Exton Academy of Art had a hard time with Robert Carroll. They declared that he was as disgusted by Isabel Ramsay's tottering artistic pose as he must be by the off-hand, challenging manner of Estelle. But now he had compared Clarice to the "Unknown Woman" and it began to be observed that it was generally she with whom he talked when the lunch-hour came.

"Oh, he likes that Mona Lisa expression of hers," said one of the girls. "She's quite incomprehensible to him."

It was then that Isabel Ramsay had one of what Estelle called "her lucid intervals."

"The poor man doesn't realise," she said, "that the reason he can't understand anything about her is because there isn't anything about her to understand. But," Isabel added honestly, "I do admire her myself. I just can't help it."

Estelle and Clarice walked home together that afternoon.

"Mr. Carroll is going to have some of us come to his studio before long," Clarice said. "Isabel has been begging to see some of his pictures. He says he hasn't anything there to speak of, but he's going to give us tea and let us air our views on art."

"Frabjious day for Isabel Ramsay! But I don't suppose he'll ask me, so you'd better not have told me about it."

"Why won't he ask you? I don't see."

"Oh, only because he considers me a blot on the face of the earth. I've done my best to undeceive him and show him I'm really one of the stars in the firmament, but—Oh, he's impossible! I can't make the faintest impression on him. How do you manage it, Clarice?"

Clarice opened her eyes and blushed a little. Clarice always blushed at the right time.

"I—make an impression? You mustn't make fun of me, Estelle."



"Oh, it's the talk of the class, that's all. I supposed you knew as much about it as anyone."

"He's very nice to me. But he's nice anyhow, don't you think?"

"Then I must be the exception that's clever enough to prove the rule. He's anything but nice to *me*. Still, I'm glad you like him."

"Don't you like him, really?"

"Pride forbids me to say yes and honesty forbids me to say no. You see my dilemma. Watch me steer between its horns. Good-by, Clarice!"

Clarice went home somewhat puzzled at Estelle's attitude. She had reached a more definite opinion, however, before the day of the studio tea arrived. Carroll had asked Estelle. At first she had declared that she could not possibly go, but Clarice's entreaties at last won her over. Clarice finally decided to take Estelle at her word in saying that Carroll's presence was distasteful to her, and she conceived some half-conscious idea of using Estelle's flippancy as a foil to her own demure seriousness of mien. She was not an experienced nor a clever schemer; in fact she would have resented indignantly the imputation that she was not taking the part of a friend.

On the afternoon of the tea, she put on a large, black picture-hat which tied under her chin, feeling sure that this, if anything, would appeal to Carroll's artistic soul; although just why she wished to appeal to him she could not have told. She stopped for Estelle on her way, meaning to keep her by her side after entering Carroll's studio.

Carroll's mother was there and several of his artist friends, whom the girls knew. One of these immediately monopolized Estelle, while Clarice talked assiduously to Mrs. Carroll and assisted her in pouring tea. It was some time before the two girls came together again.

"Clarice," Estelle began, "I'm very anxious to hear the details of Bobby's infancy and early life, as you have doubtless been getting them from his mamma. But Bobby himself is working his way toward you with a get-there-or-die look on his face and I'm going to disappear."

"Silly! Don't you do anything of the sort. Probably it's you he's looking for, anyhow."

"Yes, probably. He doesn't regard me as an 'Old Man of

the Sea, or anything! Well, he shan't shake me this time," Estelle finished, as Carroll came up.

"I have a picture I should like to show you, Miss Burke,—and you too, Miss Gilbert, if you care to see it."

"He's mad as he can be," said Estelle in an undertone, as she and Clarice followed him into a side room. "And so are you, Clarice."

"Mr. Carroll," she said aloud, "what makes you think I wouldn't care to see your picture?"

Carroll turned and looked her in the eye. "Why should you care to see my picture, Miss Gilbert?"

Her eyes dropped before his; this was a new experience for her and she raised them again defiantly. "I'm sorry I can't give you my reasons, Mr. Carroll," she said, "but the fact remains that I do."

Clarice looked at her in surprise. Had she succeeded in making her jealous? And why, considering the picture-hat, should Carroll's eyes have remained so long on Estelle's face? But then, men were so easily flattered. Luckily, two could play at that game.

"I have been so looking forward to seeing your painting," she began softly. "Is it the one you told me of the other day?"

He raised a canvas that had been standing face to the wall and set it on an easel.

Clarice gave an ecstatic sigh. "Oh, Mr. Carroll! How did you ever think of it?"

He smiled down at her. "It was simple enough."

"But a one-quarter view of a Madonna! How original it is!"

He turned to Estelle.

"She is very young, is she not?" Estelle said. "That curve of the cheek is almost childlike."

"Yes, I followed there the traditions of the church and not of the artists—the little maid brought up in the temple. She was only fifteen, they say."

Clarice opened her eyes. "Really?" she said.

"Poor little thing!" said Estelle. "That makes her nobility—and her humility—all the more wonderful. I am glad the faces are hidden. That little golden head on her shoulder is suggestion enough."

"Everyone has his own idea of what the faces should be,"

Carroll said. "I have painted mine before, but this time I have left them to the imagination. Someone said the other day that it might be the portrait of almost any young mother with her child. Do you think that is so?"

He appeared to have forgotten the presence of Clarice and to be almost eagerly seeking Estelle's approval. He had always before seemed quite indifferent to her opinions.

"I do not think that it is quite just," she said slowly. "There is something—oh, there is a difference, I can't explain it—I don't know anything about art, you know."

"I do not think that I should feel as if I had failed utterly, if it were just," Carroll replied. "It seems to me that as the actualities cannot be reproduced, to represent typical motherhood is not the least of results, though of course it is not the greatest."

"I like the way you have represented the halo," said Clarice. "Just a light, and all in one. The circles are so conventional."

Carroll glanced at her with the unseeing look of one just awakened.

"I am glad you like it, Miss Burke." He placed the canvas again with its face to the wall. "You must look now at some of the pictures you don't feel compelled to be interested in because the artist is present."

Clarice smiled up into his eyes. "I know you want us to contradict that, don't you?"

"I will not trouble you," said Carroll.

But Estelle did not hear this; she only saw Clarice's smile.

Later, she moved away from them and went and stood by a window. She had had, for a few moments, a glimpse into a hitherto unimagined region; then, with Clarice's confident, insinuating smile, the veil had fallen again.

The blue of the sky irritated her distinctly. She had always been told that it was beautiful and had heretofore tamely acquiesced in this opinion. But why couldn't it be magenta or olive green? Carroll hated magenta and olive green; but then, there was no reason why everything should be arranged to please Robert Carroll. The sunlight,—well, she knew on general principles that it was bright and cheerful; but just then she failed to see those qualities in it. It seemed to her singularly dull and lifeless. Art—was there ever, on the face of the earth, anything more utterly senseless and uninteresting? She

would not go to the class again ; on that she had fully determined.

One of the young artists came up and began to talk to her. After having vainly tried to interest her in the river and hills, visible beyond the sunny house-tops, he made another attempt. "Carroll's a mighty good fellow, as well as clever."

"Is he?" said Estelle listlessly. "I'm glad you told me. You see I might not have discovered it otherwise, as I'm going to leave the class."

"I say, Miss Gilbert, Carroll will be awfully broken up. He says you're one of his shining lights. You don't mind my telling you, do you?"

Estelle laughed ; it was rather a hollow laugh. "Not in the least," she said. "Oh, I've no doubt he will be quite unfitted for work for some days after he finds out I'm going. I shall have some tactful person break the news very gently. Will you undertake it?"

Carroll and Clarice were watching her now. She was beginning to laugh recklessly and talk rapidly ; her soft hair was swept back against her hat, and glinted gold in the sunshine.

"She must have broken a good many hearts, this friend of yours," said Carroll.

Clarice hesitated a little. "I don't know," she said. "Men admire her, of course, but as to anything more—you see, under all that manner she's really, well, I wouldn't say *repellent*, but—different. Let's go over there."

She moved toward Estelle and Carroll followed.

"So has no one ever cared for her?" he asked.

Clarice shrugged her shoulders slightly. "How can I tell? But no—a life without love—that would be too terrible!"

"It's like a breakfast without coffee," said Estelle, whose ears were preternaturally sharp just then. "Stale, flat and altogether unprofitable. I know, for I've tried both."

Estelle did not go to the class again. She conscientiously accepted all the invitations that Exton society afforded and took up Sunday School work. She also planned a course of open-air exercise, for at times she told herself that she was becoming run down and therefore morbid and of an unhealthy turn of mind. This was in part true ; but her emotions did not evaporate with her anæmia.

She passed the studio once. Carroll looked down at her from



the window, stroking his chin and not smiling at all. She fixed her eyes on a telegraph-pole a block away, walking on nervously and not in the least gracefully. After that she carefully avoided the vicinity.

The girls, however, were always ready to talk about Carroll, and, incidentally, Clarice; and as far as Estelle could make out from their conversation, affairs seemed to be progressing as rapidly as could be desired. After a time she ceased to bring up the subject; but one day, upon Clarice's volunteering certain information, she said impatiently, "It's awfully tiresome having only one of you around. When you're together you don't talk about each other; at least, not in public. But you are exactly as annoying as an odd glove, Clarice."

Clarice had a vague idea that she ought to feel offended, so she looked it as well as she could and said, in a chilling but hardly convincing tone, "I'm sure I don't know what you mean, Estelle."

"Well, I do and that's the main point. Speaking of odd gloves, I've had one around for weeks and weeks, and it occurs to me I must have left the other at the studio. I think I'll go up this afternoon, about five, and see. I wouldn't go near the place if I could help it; I hate it. But I need the glove and I might as well get my other things at the same time."

If Estelle had not been quite honest in asserting that she did not wish to go to the studio, she at least had the grace to own as much, when that afternoon, after the close of the class, she saw Carroll pass the house with Clarice. In spite of the pang of disappointment and of something more poignant than disappointment that she felt, she nevertheless set out at five o'clock, for she had told herself that at this hour of all others Carroll would be least likely to be there.

The strong yellow rays of the sun were slanting through the western window as Estelle pushed through the noisy studio doors. She went directly to her locker and began a resolute search for the missing glove. No glove appeared, however, and in despair she gathered up her materials and prepared to leave.

Then her eye fell on Carroll's studio-coat, flung across a table. It was a grimy and repulsive thing to the ordinary observer; the edges were frayed and in one elbow was an undeniable "trap-door." But at that moment it was to Estelle the only object in the vicinity at all worth notice, and as she looked it seemed almost to become a living thing.

She gazed as if fascinated. Hot blood pushed into her cheeks and hot tears filled her eyes. An impulse as irresistible as it was unreasonable swept over her and she dropped on her knees and clasped the uncouth thing to her breast. She laid her cheek against the dingy lapel and buried her face in the shoulder. It was the last time she should be near anything that belonged to him—except perhaps Clarice.

There was a quick step from behind the screen that stood in front of the northern window. Estelle was on her feet in an instant. Could one of the class be here as late as this? She dared not look around, for she was disfigured with crying and still trembled; instead, she began a nervous search among the waste papers in her locker.

“Are you looking for something, Miss Gilbert?” It was Carroll that spoke.

Estelle turned desperately and, steadying her voice as well as she might, answered, “I was looking for a glove I thought I left here—black suède. Of course you haven’t seen anything of it?”

“Why do you say ‘of course?’” He crossed the room and stood directly in front of her. Then he drew from his pocket a black suède glove. “Is this it?”

“Are you a klepto-maniac, Mr. Carroll?” Estelle asked in unconcealed surprise.

“Well, yes, I am, under certain conditions. Do you want the glove back, Miss Estelle?”

“That is what I came for,” she said coldly. Was the man, after all, a mere aimless flirt?

He did not give her the glove.

“Sit down a moment, won’t you, please?” he said. “I am going to leave when the season closes and it may be my last chance to talk to you.”

Estelle turned away. There was that in his eyes she did not dare believe, much less encounter.

“Does that matter, Mr. Carroll?”

“It matters very much to me. But there is no reason to suppose that it matters to you. You can go, of course—you need not listen. What difference does it make, after all?”

She did not turn. “What is it you have to say to me?” she asked. Her voice quivered.

“Only this. And I do not tell you to flatter your vanity, or

for any other reason than that I cannot help it. Estelle, since that first day here in the studio, all this year, while you have been sometimes avoiding me and sometimes, I could not help feeling, laughing at me, I have loved you. Forgive me."

She gasped, and covered her face with her hands. He came close to her and took them gently down.

"You have been crying,—dear," he said.

And that was all, just then.

ELLEN GRAY BARBOUR.

### THE COMMONPLACE BOOK

The publishers have sent forth edition after edition of it; reviews are many and often flattering; in attractive binding it occupies a conspicuous place in the window of the book shop; its praises may be on every tongue; but when the attendant in the circulating library tells you it is out, you are half vexed and half pleased, for after all it is only a "commonplace book." Wherein lies its charm? Why do we read it? The commonplace book possesses few or none of those literary characteristics that have made immortal our masterpieces. Depth of thought there is none; its form under the test of an intelligent, impartial examination is unfavorably criticised; its sentiments do not appeal to our honest admiration or righteous indignation. And yet one hesitates before placing it in the lowest category of books, for it does not win its laurels in the field of ultra-sensationalism, its moral tone may not justly be censured, neither does it disregard all the demands of literature; but not possessing the virtues of the classic while discarding the vices of the utterly worthless book, it stands midway between the best and the worst, a type embracing much of the literature of the day. One might ask for whom the commonplace book is written, whether it has a mission, what is its effect both on its readers and in the field of letters.

To take the last first,—someone has said that the quality of literature is deteriorating; that our books are not what they ought and might be; that the popularity of that which is mediocre has made the extensive publication of better stuff a haz-

ardous venture. In spite of such discouraging statements, a cursory examination of the literary products of our day shows that we have many works of art. To be sure we cannot count them by thousands, but is every man a master workman? We are apt to compare the work of a generation with the vast inheritance of many centuries, failing to remember that the books that we treasure as classics have been slowly and laboriously accumulated, the share falling to any one age being particularly meagre.

On the other hand, is it possible that a demand from the populace shown in the increasing popularity of a certain type of book could influence the quality of the work of those who give us our best? The genius does not write to please. Often his effort embraces sentiments and forms that are in direct opposition to well-known universal preferences. The hope of reward or the probability of failure, visions of applause or censure, do not cloud his mind or direct his energy as he sets about his task. He produces his masterpiece independently of external circumstances, for "the elements of his art are in him." Thus it has been and always will be, and be the popularity of the commonplace book many times as wide as it is to-day, the inspired one will still write and the world, perhaps an unappreciative one, will receive the divinely sent message.

Although the commonplace book cannot prevent the production of classics, does the demand for it indicate a depraved taste in the reading public? Its influence is not always an unfortunate one, for it does not constitute the daily diet of all who read it. Cultured people possessing a keen appreciation of the best literature at times welcome the commonplace book. What can compare with it as a rest cure, an innocent but successful recreation, when the body is fatigued or the mind satiated with "sterner stuff?" Those able to reason and discriminate know when to lay it aside; more than a certain amount is never tolerated. To acquire a taste for such to the exclusion of that which is better is an impossibility. The hour of recreation past, without a regret the diversion is laid aside, and the mind, reinvigorated, responds to the appeal of weightier matter.

Banish the commonplace book and no literature remains for the "commonplace" people, a class whose early training or present environment makes impossible an appreciation of anything deeper. Surely they must read something, and they will



select that which not only gives them the greatest pleasure, but which requires from them a minimum of effort. They find their reading matter in the commonplace book, whose vital truths are not rendered difficult to grasp by marked subtleties in form and diction, and whose light treatment of detail satisfies the demand for amusement. Its benefit does not stop here, for often it stimulates and develops a taste for something better. Untrained minds of a certain type digest what is best in the commonplace book. To them it is a path into broader fields. The reading habit thus begun fails to find satisfaction within the limits in which it started, and now demands the best literature. Although the great majority of this class may never go further, upon them the worst effect of this book is simply negative,—a result which need not be considered baneful in comparison with the wealth of entertainment, relaxation and instruction otherwise not to be obtained, which the book brings into their lives.

Its effect on children is not as harmless as it is on the two classes of adults. Minds in the formative period do not need such literature for daily food or occasional recreation. There is available a whole library of standard books, a collection large enough to last through one's growing years, and containing books that instruct and books that amuse. Here the commonplace book is not only unnecessary but vitiating. Undeveloped minds furnished only with that which fosters an unhealthy mental growth, with that which does not appeal to the loftier emotions, readily form a taste for such a kind and for no other. The mind becomes sluggish, the emotions responsive to violent stimuli only. The commonplace book may be a harmless necessity to those adults who can appreciate nothing nobler, but the ability to appreciate something better is beyond doubt an advantage. The folly of allowing children to acquire such taste is apparent.

Most people will agree that although the commonplace book will not be handed down as a work of art to posterity, it has in its own generation a well-defined mission. Not a type of that which is noblest, its simple diction, harmless jests, light pathos, give it a charm which has made it an invaluable necessity, a treasure indispensable.

OTELIA CROMWELL.

## *TO A DEAD SEA-GULL*

Thou ocean-wand'rer, who on wing serene  
Didst graze the surface of the distant deep,  
Or dip to bathe thee in its waters green,  
Or soar to rest thee on some friendly steep,  
Has Nature, in an hour of blinded rage,  
Forgotten to protect her roaming child?  
Or would she not the tempest-gusts assuage  
That dashed thy weary wing on crag-peaks wild?

Too late she now repents her savage will.  
Tear-laden clouds are hovering round thee here,  
Where waves, thy pall-bearers, have laid thee still,  
With sea-weed gently cushioning thy bier.  
The winds, thy past companions, call to thee  
And would arouse thee from thy seeming sleep;  
Their moaning is thy dirge, whose melody  
Blends with the solemn pulsing of the deep.

CHARLOTTE BURGIS DE FOREST.

## *THE VOICE OF THE CHURCH—A TWICE-TOLD TALE*

Mistress Green's baby boy was the fairest child in all the borough, even in all the boroughs for many miles around. The people called him the "angel-child," and loved to smooth his wonderful hair that was so like the "gude red gowd." It was his hair that made his eyes look so beautiful; they had the same wonderful red-brown color and were large and soft. It sometimes frightened his young mother to think that this child belonged to her, that she was responsible for him. She looked far into the future in planning for him, wanted him to be a priest, for—she almost shivered at her audacity—she imagined the Christ-child had looked like him. When she and David were first betrothed, they had gone up to the town to see the representation of the Bible story, given by the craft-guild to which David belonged. The sight made upon Margaret an impression which she never forgot—the splendid garments of the priests as they advanced with majestic step; the sombre, pious

monks with eyes downcast ; the beautiful, pure nuns—oh, it was good to serve the Church !

She was thinking of it this June afternoon, when, her little house as neat as hands could make it, she sat in the door, making a new frock for her boy, and watching for David. The child was at her feet, playing with a stick. The late afternoon sun, falling in a dusky slant upon his golden head, made an aureole which seemed to the mother's heart, prophetic.

Some distance down the rough road that passed the house, a dark-cloaked figure was plodding slowly along. He walked like one who was weary from a long journey on foot. The child saw him first and pointed. "See, mudder, man,—daddy !" he cried excitedly.

Margaret looked up instantly. "Where, little one ?" she asked. "No, not daddy ; another man, darling."

The child, perfectly content, returned to his play, but Margaret looked curiously at the approaching stranger. He was evidently a priest and priests did not often pass that way. He must have come from the city, he walked so wearily. She was surprised and a little startled to see him turn in at her doorway, but rose with pretty hospitality to greet him.

"Peace be with you, daughter," he said in a deep voice.

"And with you, father," she returned crossing herself gravely.

"Can you tell me," he inquired, "if one Mistress Green dwell hereabouts ?"

"I am Mistress Green," said Margaret flushing a little.

"Is it so ?" said the priest, eying her sharply and looking with more interest at the baby, who, at the stranger's approach, had buried his head in his mother's skirt. "Then that is the child whom the Almighty hath been pleased to endow with such wondrous beauty ?"

"He is very beautiful," said Margaret simply.

"It is concerning him that I have travelled this long distance from the city," continued the priest. "Let me look at him."

Thus requested, Margaret gently loosened the clasped fingers from her skirts and lifted the child in her arms. He looked shyly at the priest from under his long lashes and patted his mother's cheek.

"H—um," observed the priest a little uncomfortably. "He is beautiful. What age is he ?"

"He had his third birthday in May," Margaret answered, proud of the attention he was attracting.

"It is well," said the priest. "You are no doubt aware, Mistress Green, that yesterday was Trinity Sabbath. Thursday, therefore, we shall have a grand feast-day in the town, to celebrate the festival of Corpus Christi."

"I have heard it rumored," said Margaret.

"The Marshalls," continued the priest tactfully, "will represent the blessed Virgin and Joseph fleeing with the Holy Babe into Egypt. They are desirous of securing the most beautiful child in the country to impersonate the Sacred Infant. He will be clothed in pure gold,—even now the gold-beaters are preparing the garment. Learning that this child has been favored above other children, I myself have come to ask for him."

"For my baby?" gasped Margaret. "But he is so young."

"Of necessity," said the priest briefly.

"Oh, I cannot let him go away from me even for one day," objected the mother.

"The Marshalls expect you as well, daughter."

"But what will they do with him, holy father? I fear lest some harm—"

"Daughter," interrupted the priest quickly, "can you think anyone would willingly injure an innocent lamb like this? If you will let him go, the priests will grant you and him an indulgence of one thousand days." He regarded her keenly.

"Father," Margaret spoke with dignity, "I care nothing for myself. It is for fear of harm to my child that I hesitate."

"My daughter," urged the priest solemnly, "you have just acknowledged that this child is very beautiful. Has it ever occurred to you that this same beauty is an added responsibility for you now, and for him later, when he shall have attained to years of discretion? What if it were a duty that you should let this boy go, to be a part of the blessed representation?"

"If it were my duty," answered Margaret slowly, "and I were sure of it, I should let him go."

"And how may you judge?" he inquired sharply. "When the Church speaks, the people should obey. A woman like you has no right to judge for herself. I am come to bring you the behest of the Church, and it grieves me sorely to find you so unwilling to receive it."

"You did not tell me that it was the behest of the Church," said Margaret gently. "On the morrow I will carry the child to the city, if his father be willing."

An unpleasant gleam which Margaret did not see lighted the



priest's small black eyes. "It is well," he said again. "Bring him immediately to the Priory of Holy Trinity in Mikel-Gate, the sisters will care for him. You may come for him at sunset on Thursday. The Church will be grateful. Fare you well." And turning, he slowly retraced his steps cityward in the gathering twilight gloom.

Mistress Green watched him for some minutes and then hugged her boy until he was almost breathless. "Mother's little man," she said tenderly, and the child nestled in her arms.

"Would laddie like to be all dressed in a bright, pretty frock and see ever so many big men and little boys and girls and pretty things? Will laddie be a good boy and not cry for mother?"

"See pitty frings," agreed the baby tugging at her hand. "Go."

"No, no, not now," said Margaret smiling. "We must wait for daddy first and go another day. Come with mother now and go hush-a-by in the house. Daddy will be here soon."

She led him into the cottage and closed the door to keep out the dampness that would soon creep up from the sea. Then she undressed him slowly and thoughtfully, and covered him with kisses before laying him among the snowy furnishings of the rude little crib. It was a fancy of hers to have everything connected with her baby of the purest white she could find. He fell asleep immediately and she sat by his bed, feasting her eyes hungrily on the perfect face of the child, listening to the sea and pondering over the event of the afternoon.

David was late this evening, but after being deceived by several noises, Margaret finally heard the familiar scuffle on the pebbly walk, that could mean no one else. She started up and reached the door just as he opened it. He took her in his arms as he always did, and in giving her the hearty kiss, noticed immediately that something was troubling her. He did not interrupt her while she was telling him of the priest's call, but received the news with a delighted smile and a proud glance at the sleeping child. When she had finished, he asked, "Well, sweetheart, what is there of sadness in the priest's call? Are you not glad of the honor the Church does our child?"

"Oh yes, David, that part is very nice, but I have such a feeling of dread about it. I am afraid."

"Nonsense, Peggy, no harm will come to the child,—the old rascals wouldn't dare—"

"Hush, dear," she said, laying her hand over his mouth.

"They are the servants of the Church and we must respect them. I will trust them too. They surely could not be unkind to our beautiful boy."

Together they went and stood by the crib, looking down at its occupant with infinite tenderness. He stirred, flung out one chubby arm and smiled.

"See," said Margaret, "the angels are whispering to him."

And David murmured, "Bless his little heart," as Margaret covered the little restless arm and tucked the quilt in at the sides.

The morning broke glorious and cool. Margaret rose early, preparing herself and the baby for the journey before them. David borrowed a cart and an ancient horse from an obliging neighbor and was going to take them up to the gate of the city.

They started when the sun was well on his way,--the strong young father, the slight girl at his side and the beautiful boy in his mother's lap. He was fresh and sweet as the morning itself in his simple white frock and bare golden head.

The news of the good fortune of "David's and Margaret's angel-child" had preceded them, and from every door as they passed through the village, women waved their aprons and shouted blessings after the child; while the children ran behind the cart to get a glimpse of the little baby that was going up to the city to be in the wonderful procession.

Margaret's foreboding had passed with the night, and she chatted gaily with David and smiled her pride and gratitude at the attentive neighbors. The child was filled with all the excitement of going somewhere and called attention to everything with an imperious forefinger.

The city gate was not reached until the middle of the afternoon; there David had to turn back after a cheery good-by kiss to Margaret and the boy. They passed inside the gate and turned toward the Priory near at hand; Margaret remembered it from her former visit. She readily gained entrance upon explaining her errand, and holding the child in her arms, lifted the knocker of the great front door. A pure-faced nun opened it, welcomed her as if she had been expected and looked with evident admiration at the child. His big eyes followed her as if charmed, and he responded to her smile by seizing the shining cross that dangled at her side and exclaiming, "Pitty frings."

The action pleased the nun and brought tears to her eyes. It

pleased Margaret, too, for she saw that the child would be interested and would probably not cry for her. It hurt her at the same time, but she choked down the feeling and said to herself that the Church was very good to her baby.

A long conversation between the sister and Margaret explained the performances of the next day; Margaret learned the route the procession would take, that she might follow it and, as well as she could, keep watch over the child. The nun told her that she would find a room ready for her at the house of Robert Harpham in the next street, and that the baby's duty would be over the following evening. She strained the child to her heart in passionate love and, holding back the tears she would not let him see, she waved him a cheerful good-by; then with a smile that burned itself into the heart of the nun, she left the room and hurried away.

Robert Harpham's door was readily found and Mistress Green was glad to go immediately to her room and relieve her pent-up feelings by weeping. She was angry at herself for her weakness, provoked at her misgivings, disgusted at her jealousy of the sweet-faced nun, disappointed at her unwillingness to please the Church, and most of all, homesick for her husband and child. The tears came hot and fast at first, but she gradually grew quite calm; and during the evening was interested in hearing more from Master Harpham about the grand preparations for the following holy-day.

The procession started from the Priory in Mikel-Gate, promptly at eleven o'clock, on the morning of Corpus Christi. Margaret was there waiting a full hour before the appointed time, trembling with eagerness to see the Marshall's pageant, which would come in about the middle of the procession. Her face was concealed behind a thick veil, that her boy might not recognize her and defeat the plans of the Church. She strained her eyes anxiously when the pageants began to move, but appreciated none of the magnificence of the displays that came first. At last she saw the Marshall's pageant, but she could hardly believe her eyes. Even she had not imagined the possibilities of her boy. He stood straight and strong between a beautiful girl and a fine-looking old man, and was gazing with wonder-wide eyes, upon all the strange scenes around him. He was not clad in a golden dress, he was covered with gold from head to foot, all except the pure little face that could not be hid. His hair floated around it like a golden cloud and his lips

were parted in a smile of angelic sweetness. Margaret's bosom heaved and her heart beat like a trip-hammer. Was this vision hers? Did this little golden angel belong to her and David? She thrilled all through as a murmur of admiration passed along with the pageant. Exclamations of wonder and even tenderness burst from the lips of every one. She followed like one in a dream, not seeing where she went nor knowing how far she was going, her eyes fixed on the shining child ahead.

As they neared the Jubir Gate, the Mary of the pageant took the child on her lap, and Margaret's heart warmed toward her, for she knew the little fellow would be getting tired with excitement and the unusual position. And so she followed him for several hours; at the pause at Girdler Gate she saw her child sleeping quietly in another woman's arms, while still the people wondered at his beauty.

Finally the pageants all stopped, and upon looking around, Margaret perceived that they were back at the gates of the Priory. She rushed forward to claim her baby, but before she could reach him, he was handed over to the sweet-faced sister, who, receiving him, glided swiftly into the building. Margaret followed; the nun had passed on, but a little novice told her that she would return with the child in a few minutes.

For nearly an hour she paced up and down impatiently, her heart warm with pride in her beautiful boy and burning to have him back for her very own and David's once more.

The door opened and the nun, with streaming eyes, entered, carrying the still sleeping child, dressed again in his little white frock.

"The Church"—she began brokenly,—“the gold leaf will not—we did not think—”

Margaret snatched the baby passionately and pressed her lips to his brow,—then lifted a face terrible in its agony of dread. The little form lay limp and heavy in her arms and a tiny gold hand hung helplessly over one side. The gold leaf had done its work perfectly. She looked again at the still, white face. A low moan escaped her. She flung at the nun a meaningless look in which there was no recognition nor reason; then half-crooning, half-moaning, dragged herself wearily out of the house and away toward the gate of the city.

REBECCA ROBINS MACK.



## CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Mrs. Van Tuyl leaned back in her chair on the shaded end of the porch and gazed contentedly toward the turn in the walk, around which a red parasol was vanishing

**Mrs. Van Tuyl's** ing in company with a pair of white  
**Campaign** ducks. Yes, it really was turning out better than she had expected. Mr. Van

Tuyl had been right after all. Lone Hill was a nice place to spend the summer in. Of course, as far as he was concerned, any place was nice provided the fishing were good; society made no difference. Still Mrs. Van Tuyl prided herself that she too could dispense with society if only she could have her finger in a love affair. So she contentedly leaned back in the arm chair and watch the disappearing couple, for a love affair had turned up.

The people most interested called it a Platonic friendship, or rather Ted did. Margaret was beginning to have the least little bit of doubt on the subject, though she refused to admit it to herself.

"Do you know, Ted," she was saying as they came down onto the shore, "You're such a comfort, because I don't feel as if I had to talk to you all the time."

Ted laughed pleasantly; as he said, it was worth while being one of Margaret's friends because you knew she meant just what she said.

Just now he was wondering why the dickens he didn't fall in love with her. To be sure she was far from being pretty, and she didn't even possess that nameless charm which stands the story girl in place of beauty. Still she was a mighty nice girl, in fact he liked her as well as any girl he knew, but he didn't love her.

"A penny for your thoughts," said Margaret suddenly.

"I was wondering why I didn't fall in love with you," he answered frankly. Platonic friendships are apt to be almost brutal sometimes.

Margaret blushed painfully, hoping he would think it was a reflection from her parasol. She herself had taught him to be outspoken and now there was no way but to go on, so she replied gayly, "Probably for the same reason I'm not in love with you."

"What's that?"

"We know each other too well."

"Perhaps," admitted Ted. "You never can tell though; old friends do fall in love sometimes and the seashore will bring it about if anything can, so we'd better be careful."

Margaret changed the subject hastily.

After the sun began to set they walked home across the dunes, and Margaret hurried to her room, locked the door and sat down to think it out.

It isn't very pleasant to have a man tell you he isn't in love with you. Plain friendship is a very nice thing while there is a spice of uncertainty about it. She was angry with herself for caring, and angriest of all with Ted because—well, she didn't know just why. She wouldn't let it make any difference though. People do talk so much at the seashore.

But there was a difference and Mrs. Van Tuyl noticed it even if Ted didn't. Outwardly, therefore, she was in despair; inwardly, delighted. Here was a chance to show her genius. So she watched at dinner, watched in the evening and watched at breakfast, taking time for nothing except her afternoon nap, and finally she arrived at a conclusion. Margaret must be spoken to. Her aunt who was chaperoning her was worse than nobody and blind as a bat. Margaret was so extremely reserved and self-contained that it would be a hard job, but she went about it tactfully.

The girl was alone on the porch when Mrs. Van Tuyl bustled up to her. "How charming you look to-day, my dear; that tan of yours is immensely becoming." As Margaret didn't speak she went on, "This certainly is an ideal place to spend the summer in, one does meet such pleasant people—people that really amount to something. Look at Teddy Heath for instance. He is one of the smartest men I have ever known."

"Yes," said Margaret, inwardly rebelling.

Mrs. Van Tuyl went on. "Of course he's rather frivolous sometimes, and you're much too sensible to like that, but then people have to make allowances." She leaned over confidentially and laid her white, jewelled fingers on the girl's tanned hand. "Come, my dear, there is something wrong between you two. Do let me help you. I'm old enough to be your mother, so let me take her place. What has Ted done?"

Margaret drew back.

"Nothing," she said quickly.

"Then you oughtn't to be so hard on the poor fellow; evidently he thinks a great deal of you."

"No, there is really nothing the matter," and Margaret beat a retreat, inwardly heaping maledictions on the head of the old busybody.

Mrs. Van Tuyl was mystified, but confident. She could make everything all right in time. Hadn't she patched up matters between Susie Hedge and Robert Low when even Mr. Van Tuyl said there wasn't any use in bothering about it? Then look at the way she had managed her daughters' love affairs. Her experience was wide, and in the light of that experience she decided that the best thing to be done, in the present case, was to throw Ted and Margaret more often together. This was easily accomplished by walking, sailing and fishing parties so arranged that Margaret could not well refuse. But the state of affairs didn't improve. Ted was as happy-go-lucky as ever and Margaret more and more reserved.

However, Mrs. Van Tuyl kept up hope and was certain, even through the darkest days, that the end was approaching, and finally it came.

A party from the hotel had decided on a visit to what was left of the "Great Western." A few twisted pipes and a pile of broken machinery lay just beyond the breakers two miles up the beach. Margaret and Ted had gone ahead of the others, or rather the others, under the leadership of Mrs. Van Tuyl, had lagged behind.

It never would have happened, in spite of Mrs. Van Tuyl, if little Tommy Hearn from station twenty-five hadn't decided to walk to the lighthouse. He was only three and it meant a five mile walk; but then he was firmly assured that there was a big bright dollar buried at the foot of the tower,—his sister had said so. But five miles turned out to be very, very long, more

than he had imagined twenty miles would be, and the lighthouse moved away as fast as he went after it. Finally he sat down on a bunch of sea-weed to consider. It is hard to cry when there is no one around to hear, but he was very tired and miserable and two big tears rolled down his cheeks.

Margaret was the first to see him and she gathered the poor little mite into her arms and kissed the tiny, wet face. Poor little Tommy was so glad to find somebody, that he forgot to be bashful and managed to confide his name. Of course they took him home, but that is neither here nor there. Ted had known Margaret for years and had come to understand her so well that he had never been surprised at anything she did, until that day. Never before had he seen her break through her reserve enough to show the tender, pitying heart she hid so well. But now as she stood beside the big, lonely ocean, comforting the miserable, dirty little morsel of humanity in her arms, the Platonic friendship toppled over and broke into a thousand pieces, for Teddy Heath promptly fell in love.

Mrs. Van Tuyl was jubilant. Hadn't she known all the time she could bring them to their senses? It only needed a little tact. Tommy Hearn never put in his claim, so Mrs Van Tuyl scored another victory in the eyes of society, and strove to bear her hard won honors with becoming modesty.

HELEN ISABEL WALBRIDGE.

#### A SEA FANCY

Once, as the red moon rose from out the sea,  
Upon a rock a mermaid sat, alone,  
Slender and wondrous fair beneath the sky.  
Over her head her lithe white arms she raised,  
Dreamy, her dark eyes rested on the sea ;  
The night wind, stirring, touched her motionless.  
Then, on a sudden, from her silent lips,  
Into the air there floated forth a song.  
Softly at first, the music of night-dews  
Falling upon fresh rose-leaves ; louder then,  
Wild sweetness like the note of a young bird  
That thrills with all the springtime's happiness,  
Till, melting in soft merriment through strains  
Of winsome witchery and laughter sweet,  
It died into the wail of the lone wind



That wanders over seas mysterious.  
 And all the stars glowed bright with ecstasy,  
 Yet trembled, for within the mystic song  
 She wove a strange and subtle charm of death.  
 The moon fled upward from the heaven's brink,  
 And in her flight grew pale. Still sang the maid  
 And, charmed to gentleness by that fair voice,  
 The very waves stole nearer, marveling,  
 And at her white feet cast their crowns of pearl.

ETHEL BARSTOW HOWARD.

It was Miss Pettingill's last morning in Florence. As she walked briskly down the street which passes the great Duomo, she once more lovingly raised her eyes toward Giotto's Tower and repented that she had planned to devote this last day to shopping. She even stopped short for a moment, and fervently repeated to herself Longfellow's lines,

**Miss Pettingill's  
Purchase**

"In the old Tuscan town stands Giotto's Tower,  
 The lily of Florence blossoming in stone,—  
 A vision, a delight, and a desire,—"

But here she paused. After all, it was no time for poetry. That shopping must be done. And besides, how selfish it was to think simply of her own desires and forget those dear little twins of Sister Lucy's, not to mention Brother John's large family of children, all of whom would be expecting presents on her return home next month. And there was Cousin Sue's little adopted orphan. She too must be remembered.

So Miss Pettingill resolutely turned her back on the Duomo and the Campanile, and took a side street leading down to the river and the jewel-shops on the Ponte Vecchio. As she hurried along, she set her lips with a determined air and said to herself, "Now, Sarah Pettingill, you aren't going to get cheated this time,—just make up your mind to that! Italy's the place, they all say, where tourists get swindled. But did anybody ever see Sarah Pettingill swindled? Never!—nor shall they now! Only remember your rules and you're safe. First, *Offer your man half what he asks*—that's the General Rule. Caution: *If he refuses to come down on his price, leave the shop.* Corollary: *You will always be called back.*

As she said this, Miss Pettingill looked up and found herself

only a few steps from the Arno. She was so absorbed that it never occurred to her to associate this muddy little river with the haunts of Petrarch and Dante, and she even gave a little sniff of disgust, as she said to herself, "What a dirty, yellow stream!"

In a moment she had crossed the street to the Ponte Vecchio and was walking along between the rows of curious little shops which line both sides of the bridge. Here she took her time, carefully examining the wares laid out in the windows. As the shops seemed to be very much alike, she decided to make all her purchases at the same place and strike a splendid bargain. At last she entered one which looked less dirty than the rest, and in her best French she asked to be shown the wares. A stout old Italian proceeded to exhibit his treasures, while his two tall, black-eyed daughters looked on with interest. Miss Pettingill inspected the separate articles critically. They were, for the most part, pieces of jewelry—pins, rings or bracelets, set with turquoises and other stones. She preferred not to get jewelry for the children, however. She thought it would be hardly wise, as it might promote in them a desire for ornament. When *she* was a child she had never had jewelry, and, since then, she had not cared for it. But the question was, What *should* she get? At last she espied a pretty little souvenir spoon with the Florentine lily on the handle. There was just one other like it. Now those might do! The children could eat their oatmeal with them every morning, so they would be useful gifts. Moreover, the spoons would also be instructive, for they would teach the children the emblem of Florence, and she herself might tell them historical bits of interest connected with it. Yes, these would do very well for Lucy's two children.

Miss Pettingill took up the spoons and asked the price. They were four francs each. She had expected they would be six, at least. But then, this was Italy and she must make her bargain. Cheated she would never be! She thought of her rules. *Of, fer your man half what he asks.* But here was a difficulty. She really could not expect him to give her two spoons for four francs—the price of one. She hesitated a moment,—then she said in French, "Well, that is too much, but I will give you six francs for the two."

The Italian smiled and shook his head. The daughters smiled too and shook theirs. Miss Pettingill did not smile. She did

not enjoy the situation, but in any case she must be firm and this smiling would never do.

Meanwhile, the spoons had been neatly laid in cotton, put up in a box and covered with tissue paper. And now the man was holding out the little parcel to her, with an expression of beautiful confidence on his face, and was saying, "Eight francs, madame, eight francs."

But Miss Pettingill did not touch it. She only looked her man in the face and said sternly, "I will give you six francs for the two spoons—not a sou more or less!"

The man ceased to smile, but shook his head. The two daughters exclaimed in their most charming manner, "Mais ce n'est pas possible, madame, ce n'est pas possible!"

Miss Pettingill reflected again on her rules. She saw that it was time for the Caution. *If he refuses, leave the shop.* She drew herself up with dignity and moved to the door. There she paused for a second. Did not the Corollary say, *You will always be called back?* As she passed out on the street she looked back into the shop. There stood the three Italians stubbornly immovable. But still there was time. She must not appear to waver. She walked slowly back toward the town, expecting every moment a summons to return, and a humble petition that she take the spoons for six francs. Only when she reached the end of the little bridge did she realize that her Corollary had failed.

"There is one thing that is worse than being cheated!" thought Miss Pettingill.

She spent the remainder of the day in searching for spoons ornamented with the Florentine lily. There was not one to be had. She found some delicate little Roman scarfs which would do for Brother John's children, and for Cousin Sue's adopted orphan she selected a little colored copy of one of Fra Angelico's Madonnas. She felt that it would be an appropriate gift for the motherless child. But when she thought of Lucy's twins, it seemed absolutely necessary that they should have Florentine spoons to eat their oatmeal with. Nothing else would answer the purpose.

Miss Pettingill looked tired when she appeared at dinner that evening. Her landlady remarked that shopping seemed not to agree with her. Miss Pettingill thought she noticed something sinister in the observation, and replied shortly that, on the con-

trary, she believed that it agreed with her very well indeed, and she added that she had a faculty for making excellent bargains which made it still easier. The next moment she felt a little guilty, but there was nothing to do about it.

After dinner was over, she went to her room and began to pack her trunk, which was not a long process, as she was an experienced traveler. She retired early, but could not sleep. The mosquitoes were so troublesome, it was quite impossible. So she completed her plans for the morrow.

The next morning she called for an early breakfast, which she finished more quickly than usual. Then she paid her bill and bade her landlady a hasty farewell. The good woman said little, but wondered what could be Miss Pettingill's hurry. Her train would not start until ten and it was now only half after eight,—besides, the station was near. Miss Pettingill did not see fit to enlighten her solicitous friend. She called a victoria immediately, and was soon seated in it with her luggage piled about her. After they had turned the corner, she ordered the man to drive first to the Ponte Vecchio.

In the thickly veiled lady dressed for traveling, one would scarcely have recognized the brisk little woman who only yesterday was walking through these very streets. It was but a short distance to the river. To-day when Miss Pettingill passed through the Piazza Duomo, Giotto's Tower was quite forgotten. At the fifth shop on the Ponte Vecchio Miss Pettingill told the driver to stop. She stepped out quickly and entering, asked the shop-keeper if he chanced to have any novelty in a coffee spoon with the Florentine lily on the handle. The man looked sharply at his customer. At the same time, from either side of a curtain in the back of the shop, appeared a dark head, with a pair of shining black eyes. Miss Pettingill wished that her veil was thicker and winced slightly under the sharp gaze, but she repeated her question. The old Italian moved slowly to a drawer, opened it, and drew out a small package done up in blue tissue paper, which he proceeded to unfold with great care and deliberation. A strange feeling came over Miss Pettingill, but there was only one thing to be done. She opened her purse, and from an isolated compartment drew out eight francs. When she looked up, there lay the two spoons before her, radiant in their bed of blue cotton.

"How much?" asked Miss Pettingill shortly.



"Ten francs, madame," and once more the old man looked searchingly at her from under his heavy eyebrows.

Miss Pettingill started just perceptibly. The next moment she had found two more francs and laid them with the other eight upon the counter. Then she seized the little box and left the shop.

AMY ELIOT DICKERMAN.

#### TRIOLET

When you look in my eyes  
 All the world is as naught.  
 Far above it we rise,  
 When you look in my eyes,  
 Just we two and the skies  
 With all happiness fraught.  
 When you look in my eyes,  
 All the world is as naught.

WINIFRED CLAXTON LEEMING.

#### POETRY

Only a bit of broken glass, gleaming gold in the rays of the sun;  
 Only a cobweb spread on the grass,—'tis the mesh which the fairies have spun;  
 Only a lassie made queen by her lad, and a baby crowned king by his mother;  
 Only this common old world where we live; it has borrowed the grace of the  
 other.

HELEN OBER.

"Down in Bakersville they say that the people in Little Rock Creek are planning to make a raid on the darkies up here in the hotel."

**The Turning of** Miss Jessamine withdrew her attention  
**the Worm** from the young man from New Orleans,  
 who was talking to her from the next table,  
 and turned toward my cousin.

"A raid, Mr. Elliott? What do you mean?" she demanded.

"Well, you know, Miss Jessamine, the mountaineers hate the darkies like sin. They've run them all out of the settlements down on the North Carolina side and now the Little Rock Creek people want to run them off the mountain."

"How foolish," remarked Miss Jessamine. "They never

could do it. They're too good-for-nothing. Individually and as a race, they're quite worthless. Don't you think so?" she added, turning to Mr. Gaillard.

Now Miss Jessamine was wantonly provoking Mr. Gaillard to a conflict, for she was perfectly well aware that these were not his views of the mountaineer character.

"No," he said slowly, "I think you do them an injustice. Below that cover of indifference they are really dangerous animals. They yield to impulse in a way—"

"Oh diddle," interrupted Miss Jessamine, "I don't believe it. I met one of these dangerous animals down the trail a piece to-day, with a miserable looking yellow dog at his heels. I remarked that it was a fine looking beast he had with him, and he replied with a perfectly stolid countenance, 'Thar hain't nary nuther like him in these hyar mountings,' and went on. Question,—did he know that I spoke ironically and did he move on in order to restrain the fierce nature struggling within him?" Miss Jessamine glanced mischievously around the table.

"You will at least admit," returned Mr. Gaillard rather stiffly, "that they showed a certain amount of energy and determination in running the colored people out of their settlements and keeping them out."

"Well, *that*," said Miss Jessamine, "is a very different matter. They might run them out of a place where they lived, but they never would march up the side of a mountain and attack a hotel."

"On the contrary, under certain circumstances, it seems to me quite possible," said Mr. Gaillard with rather more emphasis than the occasion demanded.

"Oh, very well," said Miss Jessamine, as she rose from the table, "when they do come we shall appoint you to go out and fight them," and with a swish of muslin skirts she walked out of the dining room, turning to bestow a charming smile on the young man from New Orleans.

Miss Jessamine was the only one of the little company of summer guests who ever appeared in gowns of diaphanous material. The rest of us, out of respect for mountain coolness and mountain dampness, were content to wear sombre gowns which bore the marks of service. But it seemed eminently fitting that Miss Jessamine should dress in organdies and muslins,

for Miss Jessamine was engaged in a campaign and these were part of the accoutrement of war.

The campaign had been long drawn out, for Mr. Gaillard had been making love to Miss Jessamine for some three years or more. It was very evident that she was averse neither to Mr. Gaillard nor to his attentions, but she was much younger than he and in no haste to treat him with the seriousness which he desired. We wondered sometimes at the patience with which he endured her wilfulness and her caprices, but he was evidently too deeply in love to resent them. My cousin and I exchanged glances of amused sympathy over the characteristic outcome of this last skirmish, and left him to the solace of a cup of strong coffee.

It was one of the nights when the cloud folded about the hotel like a great white wall, and we were glad to hear the intermittent clicking of the telegraph instrument, which was our one connection with civilization and the railroad, fourteen miles away. A high wind rattled the loosely built windows and whistled through knot holes, and the lamps flared dismally in the draughty corridor. When we left the dining room we joined the group already gathered around the log fire in the little assembly room. Miss Jessamine was there before us and had evidently been giving an account of the prospective raid, for as we entered we heard her say, "Mr. Gaillard, you know, has constituted himself the noble defender of the rights of the oppressed, and has been appointed to lead the defending army."

There was a general laugh and then as some one called for a promised story, the subject of the raid and the joke at Mr. Gaillard's expense slipped into the background and were for the time being forgotten.

We had been talking until the logs in the fireplace had burned down and been once replenished, when suddenly we heard, strangely muffled by the fog, the reports of three pistol shots, followed in a moment by others fired in quick succession. For a second we sat motionless, waiting, and then some one cried, "The raid!"

In a flash we were upon our feet and making our way to the front doors, but Mr. Craik, the manager of the hotel, was there before us.

"Stand back, all of you, stand back," he shouted.

As he opened the door and went out, we caught a glimpse of

the dense white fog outside, and we turned back shuddering, filled with that sudden terror which comes from unseen danger. I looked around for my cousin, but he had disappeared, and at that moment Mr. Gaillard came striding down the hall toward the door. Miss Jessamine sprang forward.

"Where are you going?" she demanded.

"Out to fight," he answered grimly.

"But you shan't!—Morris—Morris!" Her voice rose almost to a shriek as he pushed by her and closed the door behind him. She snatched it open.

"Morris!" she called, but the wind flung her voice back into the hallway and there was no response. Some one pulled her away from the door and closed it.

"You might be shot standing there in the light."

She burst into tears and covered her face with her hands.

"Oh, Morris," she sobbed, "Morris, Morris!"

I went to her and put my arm around her.

"Don't," I said softly, "don't,—I do not believe there is any danger."

She shook me off almost fiercely.

"He will be shot," she cried, "and I sent him."

"Nonsense!" I said. "He would have gone anyway."

"But I sent him," she moaned, "I sent him!"

"Perhaps it isn't the raid," I said, trying to reassure her. "Perhaps it is only—"

But Miss Jessamine was not listening. She was no longer crying. She had sunk down upon one of the chairs close to the door; her face was white and drawn and her wide open eyes were staring straight ahead at the closed door, out of which Mr. Gaillard had passed. Her head was bent forward a little, as she strained her ears to catch the slightest sound from beyond the door. Unheeded, I stood watching her, forgetting my own fears in my wonder at this sudden transformation of our gay, saucy Miss Jessamine. As the minutes dragged by, and we heard no sound and no one returned, the look of agonized suspense deepened on her face, until I could stand it no longer. I took her hand gently in my own.

"Jessie," I whispered, "come with me,—come away."

She sprang to her feet, but it was not in response to my words, for the next instant I too caught the sound of voices outside which her quick ear had heard first. She did not go to



the door, but stood there waiting, while the voices of the men grew more distinct, and they came tramping up the steps and over the porch. Breathless we waited and then, as the door opened, I heard my cousin's clear laugh.

Miss Jessamine gave a little cry and took a step toward the door. I only waited to see Mr. Gaillard enter and then I turned to my cousin.

"What has happened?" I cried. "Are you hurt?"

"Hurt? No," he answered, "it was nothing but a couple of moonshiners trying to sneak some whiskey up here to sell to the servants. Mr. Craik found out that they were coming and he's had so much trouble with them that he decided to scare them. Several of us have been waiting down on the trail a piece. We meant to stop them as they came up, but they ran, and so we fired our pistols into the air to speed 'em up and give 'em a good scare." My cousin paused, chuckling at the recollection.

"Then it wasn't the raid at all," I said uncertainly.

My cousin laughed outright. "My dear child," he said, "as a matter of fact there are just six able-bodied men down in Little Rock Creek and they're drunk most of the time and won't speak to each other, and they could no more make a raid on the hotel than—"

"But how was I to know that?" I interrupted indignantly. "We all supposed of course it was a raid, Mr. Gaillard himself thought so."

"Begging your humble pardon, ma'am," returned my cousin, "he thought no such thing. He knew as much about it as I did."

"But when he went out of the door,—" I began.

"He must have been mad because he missed the fun. He meant to go down when I did, but he was late and didn't get there until it was all over and we were picking up the pieces of a jug they dropped."

"Richard Elliot!" I gasped. "Do you mean to tell me that he knew all that and then let Miss Jessamine think—" I stopped.

My cousin looked at me curiously. "I don't know what Miss Jessamine thought, but 'pon my honor I speak the very truth."

"The old hypocrite!" I cried.

"Hypocrite?" repeated my cousin. "What do you mean?"

When I met Mr. Gaillard in the hall the next morning, he was smiling to himself and there was ill concealed happiness in his voice as he spoke to me.

"Miss Elliot," he said, and then paused a moment, "I—I want you to congratulate me."

CAROLINE MARMON.

VERSES

At parting, just a bit I pressed your hand,  
And lo! the rose of morning flushed your cheek;  
It needed not for me to ask you why,  
It needed not for your dear lips to speak.

I guessed it all before your hand left mine;  
You were betrayed without a single word.  
What cared we for the language of the crowd?  
Your heart had spoken and my heart had heard.

FLORENCE CORA WHITE.

## **EDITORIAL**

The catalogue for the present college year is one of unusual interest. A comparison with that of last year shows an increase of equipment afforded by the chemistry hall and the new academic building, the addition of three scholarships with an aggregate income of three hundred and thirty-seven dollars, and a slight but important increase in the number of the faculty.

The announcement, however, which is of greatest interest and importance is that concerning the degrees which will in future be conferred by the college. After the year nineteen hundred and four, instead of three different degrees conferred upon completion of three separate courses, only that of Bachelor of Arts will be conferred for undergraduate work. This is a step which has long been desired. It has been felt that outside of our own college the degree of Bachelor of Letters, which is given upon completion of the literary course, does not carry the weight which the work expended in gaining it deserves; it has been questioned whether it would not be better to change the requirements of study sufficiently to grant in place of B. L. the much more effective degree of A. B.

This has now been done, and the most immediate effect, the change of entrance requirements, is announced in the present catalogue. Since three separate courses leading to different degrees will no longer be pursued, the present system of fixed requirements for students entering these courses will no longer be available. The new system, by division into groups of absolute, alternative and optional requirements, is made sufficiently elastic to cover as much ground as the present system. The certificate privilege is not withdrawn from preparatory schools, but steps are taken to make the work presented of a more thorough and scholarly character. In some cases, as in Botany and Physics, the required standard is raised; on the whole, however, the standard remains the same, but the line of work

for the entire period of preparation is laid out with such care and attention to detail that a better grade of work will in many cases be the result. The advantages of the certificate system are such that we are glad to have it thus strengthened and retained.

It is impossible to consider a subject of so great importance to the students themselves without speculating a little about the changes which will necessarily be made in the curriculum. There are certain unfortunate results of the elective system as it now exists in the two upper classes which will presumably be prevented by the readjustment of courses. One of these is the combination of too many courses of few hours each. Within a twelve hour minimum, it frequently happens that six two hour courses are combined. Whether this is a fault to be remedied by offering fewer such courses, or requiring the election of longer courses, the fact remains that it would be better for the students, and better for the work, if it were made necessary to combine fewer and longer courses. Again it sometimes happens that a student does not do her best work because she is carrying too many courses which are similar in character. A rather more serious feature is the tendency to dabble in many courses, without pursuing any for a very great length of time. A thorough knowledge of some one or two subjects is replaced by a somewhat vague and sketchy knowledge of a number. If the election of a course in one's sophomore year, for instance, meant the pursuance of it through the remainder of one's course, much greater care and forethought would necessarily be spent upon the choice of studies, with better and more scholarly results. I think that it will scarcely be denied that in some ways the elective system is abused, and that every year a certain amount of work is elected simply on the ground of its popularity, or because it is easy, or because it fits conveniently into one's schedule of hours. Such a statement is by no means a condemnation of the elective system, because it does not touch the very evident and indisputable advantages of such a system. It is simply made in the expression of the hope that the future system, whatever it may be, will, by requiring greater care and forethought in the choice of studies, prevent the misuse while retaining the benefits of the elective system.



## EDITOR'S TABLE

The Educational Review for December contains a number of articles of interest, two of which we shall review briefly here.

In "The Relations of School and College," Mr. R. E. Jones replies to those critics of our educational system who are urging with growing insistence that the small college will soon find itself crowded out of existence between the high school and the university, and that it ought to be so crowded out unless it can furnish some good reason for its present position. Mr. Jones is convinced that he offers such a reason in showing what the peculiar work of the college should be, as distinguished from the work first of the university, second of the technical school. It is with his treatment of the first of these relations only that we shall attempt to deal. The first necessity for the college in relation to the university is, in his opinion, that it should "accept its subordinate and disciplinary functions" and should "teach vitally and individually." The great mistake made to-day in the conduct of many colleges is made by young professors who, proud of their learning and disdaining "preparatory school methods," seek to educate raw boys fresh from the high school by "pouring over them floods of erudition" from the lecture platform. It is necessary that they should recognize that, as Mr. Jones well says, "an institution is not a university, whatever it may call itself, until not only its method, but its material, is of university grade;" that the peculiar work of the college is to effect the development of the "immature, unsettled boy" into the "well organized, purposeful man;" and that this can only be done satisfactorily where classes are small enough to admit of personal relations between instructor and student, and where the former is ready to meet the latter on his own footing, and gradually lead him on to the discovery of his own true powers and interests.

Mr. Jones's treatment so far seems to us thoroughly able and convincing. His comparison of the German gymnasium with

the American high school and college is also interesting and yet, in our opinion, somewhat unsatisfactory. The decided advantage of our system is, he says, that while the German boy is kept under the rigid discipline of the gymnasium until he approaches the age of twenty, and is then suddenly launched on the turbulent sea of university life, the American boy, when he leaves the high school for college, is at once entrusted with a considerable degree of freedom and subjected to influences designed to mould his character as well as train his mind, and is thus, at a slightly more advanced age than the German boy, turned out a man, fully competent to regulate his conduct in the university or elsewhere. This implies what Mr. Jones elsewhere distinctly affirms, that "the gymnasial course covers the period which we divide between the high school and the college." Yet, according to the statistics offered by Mr. A. Flexner in his article in the November Educational Review, the average age of the American college freshman is nineteen, so that the age of our high school graduate would seem to correspond more nearly than does that of our college graduate to the age at which the young German leaves the gymnasium. Mr. James thus fails to meet the very difficulty which he recognized at the outset when he says that in this country "school, college, university and apprenticeship carry a man close to thirty before self-support is reached—" a state of affairs which, he asserts, demands "reform and readjustment." For he offers no solution to the problem, beyond the suggestion that "all lower institutions must put themselves into relations contributory and subordinate to the university." If his view that college is an essential part of the preparation for advanced and professional study be accepted, this subordination can mean only one of two things: a shortening of the college course or a change in secondary school methods which should make it possible to prepare students for college at an age considerably earlier than the present.

"The Constitutionality of a National University," "a report submitted at Washington, November 2, 1899, to the committee to investigate the project for a national university, appointed by the Council of Education, National Educational Association;" this title and foot-note sufficiently describe the character and purpose of the second article which we wish to review. Its

author, Edmund J. James of the University of Chicago, after a thorough historical study of the question, comes to the conclusion that the establishment of such a university is well within the implied powers granted by the constitution to Congress, and hence that there is no need to obtain an amendment permitting it. He advances several arguments to support this position, of which we note the two which seem to us most forceful. Congress, he maintains, has the right to found and support an institution for the education of officers for the United States Civil Service; for this right is as clearly implied in the explicit right to establish a civil service department as the right to establish military and naval academies is implied in the explicit right to regulate the army and navy. This being granted, he next shows that it is by means of a university that the last training in civil service can be gained, as is recognized in Germany, where "the universities are declared by law to be primarily academies for the preparation of men for the civil service;" and to a less extent in England. Further, since Congress has for many years been in the habit of making large grants of land and money to the individual states for purposes of education, there seems no good reason why it should not have an equally good right to grant money for a national institution of learning; especially as that institution would be located at Washington, in the district over which Congress is given exclusive power. For these reasons, and since most of our early presidents, and many prominent public men of later times have agreed in regarding the establishment of such a university as constitutional as well as highly advisable, it would seem to be safe to conclude that the committee will meet with no further difficulties along this line, and that, though many unknown dangers may beset its way, we may look forward hopefully to the final establishment of a great national university.

## ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

Even the most enthusiastic of the *alumnæ* admit, although oftentimes reluctantly, that Smith is too large,—at least for her present endowment,—and that something must be done. The admission

### The Certificate Privilege A Protest

is generally followed by the query, "What shall it be?" "The standard must be raised," is the answer most frequently heard, and that is invariably followed by the query, "How?" To this there are various answers. Only one shall I take up; not that I think it the only one, not that I am sure it is the best one, not even that I think it an answer at all, but that I do think it may be a partial one. It is this;—withdraw the certificate privilege granted to preparatory schools and thereby require all students to pass the same entrance examinations and raise rather than lower the standard of those examinations. But that is a step in the wrong direction, that would be retrogression rather than progression, many claim. I do not think so. Let us take up the reasons for granting the certificate privilege. That they were good once we will admit, but are they now?

First, there was the expense of the journey to Northampton, which was very great in the case of western girls. That did hold, but does so no longer. Examinations will be held in any city where there are two applicants. This surely will bring a place of examination within reasonable distance of any student, unless it should be one of the far west. Probably arrangements could be made for such students, as there are many *alumnæ* scattered all over the country from the Mississippi to the Pacific who would gladly serve as examiner for even one student.

This in nine cases out of ten removes another reason, that a student in strange surroundings finds it harder to concentrate her attention and do her best work. Such a one must be of the class of girls referred to when it is claimed that some students cannot do themselves justice in an examination and should have the benefit of the teacher's knowledge of their ability. I have never been able to understand how the substitution of an examination given by the preparatory school for one given by the college could help the student materially if the school fulfils its part of the compact with the college and maintains the standard of examination required. The student must make the same grade on each and no teacher's recommendation is taken if the student does not make it. There is a slight gain from a student's familiarity with a teacher's manner of stating a question, but that is certainly of very slight assistance. There is another advantage, however, which is surely



a violation of the spirit of the compact between college and school, but by means of which many girls enter who otherwise could not,—that is, an opportunity is given to make as many trials of the examination as they wish. I know of instances where, within a month, a girl tried six times before she made the required grade.

Another reason very frequently given is that the certificate method lessens the nervous strain. This demands serious consideration and has received such evidently from the faculty. For not only has the arrangement been made that those taking the examinations may do half the work one year and half the next, but the time of taking them has been increased from two to four days. And surely if the student cannot stand the strain under such conditions, she is not ready for college work. Daily work cannot count for much in many departments of college and the grade must depend largely on the examinations. So within six months of entering college the student must pass as severe, often more severe, examinations than her entrance ones. Can six months of college life make that possible which twice six years have failed to accomplish? No. The twice six years must not only have given her a specified knowledge, but it must also have trained her to command that knowledge. The preparatory schools can do the work if they must, because many are doing it. And the danger of laxity in regard to preparation and examinations in schools already holding certificates will be done away with. That there is such a laxity is evident from the statement made by students, and often by their teachers, that if they had had to pass the college examinations, they never could have gotten in.

And what is the advantage to be gained? The shutting out of students not fully prepared mentally and physically, for the physical is growing to be recognized of great importance, and consequently more uniformity of work from the beginning of the four years. The closer relation of secondary school and college, as always, results from an acceptance of college standards as the test of the work of the school, and from this results a higher standard in the preparatory work.

Great strides have been made in the last ten years in secondary schools and greater ones will be made. There is where the radical changes should come. Regular exercise and games that train a girl to think and act quickly, to control her muscles and nerves and emotions are giving our students sounder bodies and clearer brains. And with proper training they will no more go to pieces over their Smith examinations than do their brothers over those of Yale.

MARIA WOOLLEN '93.

To the proposition that Smith—or any other self-respecting college—should wish its gain in the quality rather than quantity of its students there can be no denial. But on the mode which shall best

**The Certificate Privilege**  
**A Reply** secure that end, there is, and probably always will be, wide difference of opinion.

The one aim either of entrance examinations or certificates from preparatory schools is to ascertain whether or no a given pupil is qualified to do and to profit by college work. If the entrance examination is the most just and accurate means of determining this, of course no

question of convenience such as the difficulty of a long journey to Northampton can be a determining factor in the case. It is doubtful, however, whether this ever had much weight in developing the certificate system, and now when entrance examinations are held from Portland, Maine to Portland, Oregon, its value is nil. Even the question of the nervous strain of examination, despite all our traditions, must be subordinated to the one point at issue. "Is this girl fitted to do creditable college work?" If the examination will best answer this question, she must take the examination and stand the strain. But just here comes the point of departure for those of us who believe in the certificate system.

The very severest of entrance examinations is after all a lottery. It is impossible to *cover* in two hours the work of two or three years. The main dependence is that the pupil will not dare to leave anything undone for fear of the chances on examination. If certificates were granted by the schools simply on the basis of their final examination, there would be no real gain in a certificate. But the certificate represents the totality of the student's work and in few schools is this even predominantly determined by examination. In fact, some very good schools do not invariably give "finals," while from no school does the college accept certificate on work which it have simply examined. The present form expressly states, "A certificate should be granted to no student who has not spent at least one year in the school and who has not shown by thorough review the adequacy of her preparation in the subjects specified." Of the teacher who offers a certificate, then, the college asks an estimate of the student's capacity for "all round work," and, if confronted with the alternative, would probably always prefer the student who does good recitation work but is not at her best in an examination, to the student who shirks daily work but can cram for a brilliant examination.

The college offers no such violent transition from the preparatory school as is often supposed. The change from recitations to the semi-independent work of senior year is a gradual one. It is natural to reason *a priori* from the increased size of the entering classes that the day of testing individual students by daily work is past. But I have taken pains to consult, I think, all the departments which have freshman work and I find that almost the whole stress of first year work falls on recitations. Of course if any one regards this as an unwise principle in education and believes that the stress should rest chiefly on examination, that opens up an entirely different question. The point at issue now is, "How shall we secure pupils best fitted for the work we do—or want to do?"

That there are defects in the working of the certificate system, no one can deny. Perhaps the most serious has been the pressure upon teachers to give undeserved certificates in subjects which are to be dropped at entrance. Knowing that in these cases the college has no means of testing the work, too many weak teachers have succumbed to the temptation. Though such courses form only a small part of the work represented on the certificate, the college proposes in the near future to guard itself against risk by requiring examination in subjects which are not to be further pursued in college.

As to the bulk of her work, the student who "entered on certificate but could never have passed an entrance examination," has a dilemma before

her. Either she is a good recitation student, in which case she can soon show her calibre, and will, we trust, also learn to pass examinations, or else she will show her incapacity in class and her school is likely to be deprived of its certificate-right. For this right is imperiled not merely by conditioned, but by low grade work.

Perhaps, however, there is no dilemma. When, every semester, the best of college students affirm with fervor that they know they'll be conditioned, the corresponding statement on the part of a freshman that she never could have passed an entrance examination may be accepted with a grain of salt.

Even the examination system is not without its failures. For example, an accredited school once refused certificate to a certain student. She spent the summer cramming, came up to college in the fall and passed an entrance examination so extraordinarily good as to offer no possible pretext for refusing her admission. Yet her subsequent career in college,—you will not find her name in the *Alumnæ Register*,—showed that the estimate of her preparatory teachers was a more accurate criterion of her capacity than the entrance examination.

I cannot count among the defects of the certificate system the responsibility which it throws upon the preparatory teacher. That this is burdensome I know well from my own experience. It would be simpler far to say to both student and college, "You may take your own risks." But the gap between college and preparatory school is not best bridged by freedom from responsibility on either side. That the college should receive students from the schools as the universities receive them from the college is at least ideal. Is it impractical?

The problem of a successful certificate system is after all very much that of the American banking system. Its foundation is confidence, its maintenance depends on good book-keeping and incessant watchfulness. The banks of Northampton cash for the students every year thousands of drafts, or even personal checks, on the most remote banks. Probably they take in some worthless paper. But a bogus check now and then does not destroy their confidence in the system. That the certificate system is as yet imperfectly organized no one can deny. But within the memory of men now living the banking system was even more chaotic. It may take time to make the case clear to the conscience and enlightened self-interest of teachers and schools. But I hope that before many years it will be as safe for the registrar to accept the certificate which a student offers for entrance as it is for the treasurer to take the draft with which she pays her term bill.

JULIA HARWOOD CAVERNO '87.

When the request came for a word on journalism and I saw that I was expected by this time to have formulated a theory, perhaps several, I cast about in my mind for principles and convictions to set

**Practical Journalism** forth. Somehow there did not seem to be any.

Finally I went to the bottom of an old trunk and pulled out an essay on the subject, written in No. 15 Washburn, seventeen years ago. There they were, principles and convictions, all as they should be. I might send them along, but you probably wrote out their doubles yesterday



or last week. All that I can add, all that you can add is—individual experience. From this it is possible to prophesy the development of certain instincts which will tingle down to the tips of your fingers whenever you take up a pen and will say to you *don't* or *do*. One is the instinct of humility; you will write less for your own satisfaction and more for the interest of others. Coupled with it goes sympathy, turning the small spirit of you out of doors to get breathless and awestruck before the immensity of the things which cannot be expressed. Another instinct most helpful is that which hardens sensitiveness to blame—or praise. And another, the business instinct, will put a cover on emotion and ask coolly, “Does it pay?”

Great is the temptation to think a thing is valuable because we have worked hard over it and to think it will sell because it is valuable—to us, whereas no publisher on earth will take the word of a contributor on these matters. It is much safer to begin with the market and work back, letting the demand dictate terms to the supply.

Another hint; training can be obtained outside of the newspaper and the magazine, and there is another door to publication. The lessons they teach,—conciseness, directness, daring on the one hand; completeness, finish, atmosphere on the other,—are indispensable; but editors persist in reckoning their mission to their contributors of less importance than their duty to themselves. Fortunately for many who practice it, this is a trade which may be carried on anywhere. In the club essay, in letters, in the despised journal, it is possible to learn the lesson of the newspaper, something to tell, and the lesson of the magazine, a way of telling it; and when your book is read and voted worth while, no one will care whether you have ever been in print before or not.

A. W. B. '83.

Contributions to this department are desired by the second of the month in order to appear in that month's issue, and are to be sent to Emily P. Locke, Wallace House.

A dinner was given by college girls at Hotel Marquery, Paris, on Thanksgiving day. The Smith girls present were Elizabeth Dike Lewis '95, Marguerite Welis '95, Ethelyn McKinney '95, Elizabeth Reeve Cutter '96 and Janet Roberts '99.

- '83. A book by Alice Ward Bailey entitled, “Outside of Things. A Sky Book,” has been published by E. P. Dutton & Co. It is a collection of verses for children about what goes on in the sky “outside of things.”
- '87. Elizabeth D. Pinkerton is assistant matron at the Holyoke City Hospital, Holyoke, Mass.
- '88. Anna Carter Adams has returned to her home in Beirut, Syria, after spending the summer with her parents at New Hartford, Conn.
- '90. Elizabeth M. Seabury is teaching in the St. Margaret's School, Buffalo, New York.



- '92. A marble drinking-fountain was dedicated at Lee, Mass., November 17, as a tribute to the memory of Amelia Jeannette Kilbon. Miss Kilbon was an untiring worker in the interests of the town of Lee. She began the work of raising funds for the erection of the fountain, and after her death, which occurred in March, 1897, the work was completed by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Christine T. Mansfield is teaching in Dedham, Mass.

Etta A. Seaver is teaching in Somerville, Mass.

- '93. Ellen B. Bradbury took courses in English and Pedagogy at Columbia last winter. She is now teaching in the High School at Paterson, N. J. Mabel Sanford has a confidential position as reader with Small, Maynard & Co. of Boston.

Florence May Scovill is teaching English in the Erasmus Hall High School in Brooklyn.

- '94. Helen S. Browne is studying designing at the Art Institute in Chicago. Marguerite E. Chapman is teaching at the Hathaway-Brown School in Cleveland.

Teresina Peck returned to this country in September, after a year spent in Rome.

Clara B. Platt was married July 4, to Mr. Arthur Herrick, at Burlington, Vermont.

- '95. Mabel Hurd, who has been studying for two years at Columbia for her Ph. D., is now giving a series of thirty lectures on Economics, at the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences.

Caroline M. Fuller is spending the winter at Southern Pines, N. C.

Mabel A. Paine is at present teaching Greek and Latin in the Chicopee High School.

Florence Lord was married November 9, to Mr. Landreth H. King.

Augusta M. Madison took, last May, her degree of M. D. from the Woman's Medical College of the New York Infirmary. She is now holding the position of interne in the New England Hospital for Women and Children, Dimock Street, Roxbury, Mass.

Allou W. Royer was married in Denver, Col., November 1, to Mr. William Thompson of that city.

Elsie S. Pratt is studying medicine at Ann Arbor.

Margaret E. Hyde is teaching in Morristown, N. J.

Nette Dustin '95 and Litz Dustin '96 are teaching at Franklin Academy, Malone, N. Y.

- '96. Mabel Genevra Bacon is instructor in Latin at the Abbott Female Seminary at Andover, Mass.

Grace Lathrop Collin received the degree of A. M. at Columbia last June. Miss Collin spent last summer traveling in Europe.

Margaret Coe and Susan Emily Foote spent the summer in Europe.

- '96. Emma Florence Eaton is studying Literature at Oxford this year.  
 Mabel Giles is studying at Columbia this winter.  
 Fanny Seymour Hillard is teaching Psychology and History at St. Margaret's School, Waterbury, Conn.  
 Edith H. Howe is again in Tokio, having returned from her trip to Australia.  
 Zephine H. Humphrey is spending the winter in New Haven, Conn.  
 Elizabeth King is studying music in London.  
 Grace Greenleaf Lyman is teaching science in one of the public schools of New York City.  
 Jennie C. Sibley is teaching in the High School in Austin, Ill.  
 Miriam Webb spent last summer traveling in Great Britain and Germany.  
 Mary Abby Wheeler is teaching in the Friends' School at Uxbridge, Mass.  
 Florence Paine is studying at the Albany Library School. This is her second and last year.
- '97. Emma Lootz and Alice W. Tallant are still studying at the Johns Hopkins Medical School. Miss Lootz spent the summer in Norway.  
 Anna H. Branch is studying at the Sargent School of Dramatic Art.  
 Dorothea R. Caverno is teaching at the Burnham School.  
 Anna B. Woodruff, Louise Peloubet and Elizabeth S. Mills are spending the winter abroad.  
 Laura A. Lyman was married in July, to Rev. Austin Rice.  
 Grace Whiting and Alice P. Goodwin have returned after a year of travel abroad.  
 Mary E. Bushee was married November 29, to Mr. James Hope Arthur.  
 Mabel L. Hersom has returned from abroad.  
 Gertrude B. Harris has received the professorship in German and French at Alfred University, Alfred, N. Y.  
 Ellen Dodge is in Europe.  
 Clara H. Phillips has returned to this country from a fifteen months' stay abroad.  
 Mabel A. Harris is teaching English and Music in Houlton, Maine.  
 Josephine Hallock sailed September 30, for Genoa, expecting to travel in Europe two years.  
 Harriet P. Hallock was married June 28, at Algona, Iowa, to Dr. Thomas Waterman Moore. Her address is Huntington, West Virginia.
- '98. The engagement was announced at Commencement time of Leila S. Holmes to Mr. Dudley S. Vaill, Yale '96.  
 Ruth and Alice Duncan have returned from Europe where they have been traveling since their graduation.  
 Julia C. MacAlister is taking a course in cooking at the Drexel Institute, Philadelphia.

- '98. Maud Breckenridge has been traveling in Europe since last May. She returned in November.
- Frances D. Dailey is teaching at her home in Council Bluffs. She spent the summer in California.
- Katherine Ahern received the degree of M. A. from the University of North Carolina last June.
- Alice Clark is teaching in the Chevy Chase School, Chevy Chase, Md.
- Effie Comey was married October 18, to Mr. Daniel Edgar Manson. She will live in New Haven, Conn.
- Cornelia S. Harter and Frances E. Comstock were traveling in Europe last summer and will remain for some months longer with Cara V. C. Burch and her mother.
- '99. Blanche Ames has announced her engagement to Mr. Oakes Ames of Boston, Mass.
- Margaret Putnam has resigned her position in the Grammar School at Medway, Mass., and will be at home for the rest of the winter.
- Bertha Cranston was married December 1, to Mr. Edward Philips of Wilmington and is now keeping house in 8th Street in that city.
- May E. Tillinghast has been traveling since her graduation in Canada, Washington and California. After going to Texas, she expects to return to New York, where she will spend the rest of the winter studying music.
- Lucy Warner has the position of demonstrator in Astronomy at Smith College.
- Eloise B. Santee has charge of the French and German Departments in the High School at Hornellsville, N. Y.
- Emily I. Stanton expects to remain abroad until after the Paris Exposition of 1900.
- Emilie C. Tomlinson has given up teaching in Bethlehem, Conn., and expects to spend the rest of the winter at her home in Woodbury, Conn.
- Elizabeth C. Ray is pupil-assistant at the Forbes Library and is doing post-graduate work in Literature at the college, preparatory to entering a library school next fall.
- Elizabeth Hall is studying French and Music in Brooklyn.
- Mary Hopkins is studying Music in Brooklyn.

## BIRTH

- '95. Mrs. Charles E. Bronson (Amey Taintor), a daughter, Katherine Taintor born October 11.

## ABOUT COLLEGE

It seems absurd to lament the lack of class spirit in a college where the students are reputed to be over-enthusiastic in class affairs. Perhaps the reputation has been justly earned, for it is true that a large ma-

**Class Spirit** jority of each class participates in its social affairs and that these are not few. But whether or not the social side of our education is over-balancing the other elements is beside the present question. One thing is certain. Under the existing conditions, class spirit demands a more complete manifestation than that shown in attendance on the Sophomore Reception, the Junior Promenade, the Sophomore-Senior and Junior-Senior Entertainments. It must go back of all this and cause the members of each class to be equally loyal in attendance on class business meetings.

There is always a large attendance at the first class meeting of the year, when enthusiasm with respect to the candidates for class offices is at white heat, but responsibility for the class at large does not end with the election of competent officers, as the majority of students seem to think. Our constitutions and by-laws do not admit that matters shall be settled by less than a quorum of the class members. Election of officers is the first step towards organization, but before class organization is complete, a second step is necessary, involving the loyal support and interest of every one concerned, and the most definite way of showing this,—more important even than serving on committees,—is by being present at the class meetings.

One argues that this takes time. Yet it rarely occupies more than twenty minutes or a half-hour at the most, with the exception of meetings for elections,—provided that the members of the class are on hand at the time scheduled for the meeting, and this is an important provision. That meetings do last longer than this is due to the one fact that “there is not a quorum,” and it is necessary to spend valuable time in searching the campus and the adjacent streets before business can be transacted. Again one argues, “I am only one.” But somebody else is thinking of herself as “only one,” and so on. The result is obvious. “Only one” is likely to be multiplied by two or three hundred as the case may be.

If we look upon the matter in its true light, we shall be forced to see that failure to add our “one” vote in class matters is a form of genuine selfishness, whose disagreeable influence is directed toward the class officers, our chosen representatives, and the faithful few who waste their time and patience waiting for a sufficient number of the unfaithful many to be brought together in order that a vote may be constitutional.

To be sure, we can obviate the difficulty by doing as has been done in other



colleges, that is, by adopting the roll-call system and imposing a fine on the absent members, but would this not be a pity, when the spirit of unselfishness and a consciousness of individual obligation will answer the purpose as effectively?

FRANCES CROSBY BUFFINGTON 1901.

The Candy Sale for the benefit of the Students' Building, held in the Gymnasium on Saturday, December 16, showed the ability of the college girl to get great results from a comparatively small amount of

**The Candy Sale** work. The sale was less elaborate than previous affairs of the kind in regard to the wares offered, but "the stunts" were as numerous and as good as before.

The three large booths where candy was sold were decorated in the colors of the three higher classes, while the green of the freshman class was used to decorate the table for the fancy-work which the alumnae, mindful of past labor, most kindly sent. The calendars, the gift of Miss Maude Adams, and the songs collected this year by Miss Galacar were sold at smaller tables. The usual crowd in attendance on such occasions, besides adding to the gala appearance of the gymnasium, wandered around from one table to another, ate the ices and drank the lemonade or the delicious Colloquium coffee, served in shining glass beakers from a table whose decorations of holly and flowers made it particularly inviting. Many people, attracted by the "bunny posters," found their way behind the screens to eat the hot rarebit which we wish might be called typical of the college, or, maybe, they crossed the palm of the fortune-teller with silver and had the future revealed.

The entertainments, side-shows, "stunts," or whatever one chooses to call them, were, however, the most attractive part of the fair; for, besides the fact that many of them were really funny, familiar faces among the actors gave an added pleasure. A procession led by Sousa himself and followed by the entire band in new uniforms, and the Vaudeville troupe, attracted the admiring public to the theatre. There they were entertained with selections by the band, funny stories, and songs about "college characters" who could not be offended at songs so charmingly sung. The Baby and Mr. Richard Mansfield's impersonation of Cyrano were especially good.

The Intelligence Offices of the A. O. H. proved to be a rendezvous for those "queens of the kitchen" who had reigned over prominent college households. With the true brogue and wit they told of their various disagreements with their employers. One cook had been dismissed because she mixed the professor's "hockey balls with the fish balls." The Biological Society introduced us again to our old friends Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit, in a new guise. Some of these shadow pantomimes from "Uncle Remus" were irresistably funny.

The lecture on Dress Reform by "one who is not new to Northampton" was heartily welcomed. The college audience, always appreciative of any reference to the private life of a celebrity, was particularly pleased that the lecturer, like her former friend Mr. Davis, put so much of herself into her work. She won so many admirers that should she ever again visit Northampton she would not have to dine "à la carte at the meadow city."

When it was time to go home an auction was held. The auctioneer's witty remarks were scarcely needed to win buyers for the artistic signs and posters. This sale has been the means of adding about five hundred dollars to the Students' Building Fund.

FRANCES LYNCH 1900.

The Glee, Banjo and Mandolin Clubs of the college gave their annual "exclusive" concert in Assembly Hall on the afternoon of Wednesday, December 13. At this concert the outside guests

**The Christmas Concert** are all feminine, coming rather by chance than special invitation, and the lack of excitement beforehand is in noticeable contrast to the elaborate preparations which precede the spring concert: but since we do not intend this for a "function," the performance, as such, is quite as enjoyable as the other.

The first point to be noticed in the work of the Glee Club for this year is its nearer approach to the spirit of men's glee clubs. This masculine quality is hardly to be analyzed, but certainly elements of it are harmony, perfect union of voice and oneness of the true "glee" spirit. Formerly, comparisons with men's clubs have not been to our advantage, but in this concert the evident enjoyment of the performers themselves in their work made it just so much more artistic and gave greater confidence, as well as pleasure, to the listeners.

One technical improvement to be noted in the club is the subordination of the altos: before, either there have been too many of them or they have been allowed too great prominence. The selections as a whole were of a suitable character for a glee club. This principle of suitability becomes more prominent when trespassed than when observed, and makes our club worthy therefore of especial commendation for its habitual choices. The old glee "Estudiantina" showed this suitability, sung with unusual fervor and very well received. One suggestion to the Glee Club is that it use the chant effect of one of its encores more frequently. This would be very appropriate for local hits where narrative is required, and the one we heard was well sung.

The Banjo Club played with its usual zest; it does not attempt anything beyond what it can do well, and for that reason is perfectly satisfying. Music of the march character suits it, and it is usually content with that.

The Mandolin Club has an advantage here which it does not fail to appreciate; a wider range of music appropriate to the tone quality of its instruments is permitted to this club than to the Banjo Club. Its three selections were remarkably well chosen and successful on this account. In the "Love in Idleness," a new effect was gained by giving the melody to the violins and guitars, while the mandolins were subordinated in the accompaniment.

The clubs, by this concert, will gain practice, confidence and actual experience for the next concert, which, all are willing to acknowledge, is the more important on account of the many guests and strangers for whom an unusually favorable impression is desired. But still, we are willing to be used as "dress rehearsal" critics, if the rehearsal is always as delightful as this.

FLORENCE BROOKS 1900.

Considering the inconvenience, vexation and disappointment we have so often met in this connection, it is strange that no arrangement has yet been made to facilitate the purchase of tickets by students of the college for public entertainments given at the theatre in town. Whenever, as frequently happens,

**Theatre Tickets** a play or concert attracts many of us, we have a repetition of all our difficulties in securing tickets. A single unfortunate custom of ours, that of standing in line for hours waiting a turn at the box office, is the cause of many ills that plague us for days after, including everything from chills to the grip. True, this custom seems forced upon us by necessity since the method of selling tickets is the same in Northampton as in other places and we have to meet the rule of "first come first served;" but it would certainly be worth some pains to make provision for a change in the present practice, which, by the way, is one that would probably be forbidden us in our own homes.

It might serve all requirements if the purchase of tickets for members of the college could be transferred from students to persons hired for the purpose. This, of course, has been tried by those who pay boys for keeping places for them in the line, or men to buy the tickets, but unfortunately the cases of unreliability are so many that the hire is always attended with some risk of disappointment to the student. In this connection there also appears another evil associated with ticket selling, that of sales at premium prices. There is not only the speculation of the usual sort practised by agents when there is great demand for tickets, but also the kind so popular with small boys, that of taking places in the waiting line and selling them at premium. It seems a pity that this sort of thing should be encouraged by students when it is possible for them to discourage it altogether by refusing to buy the places so offered. But at present, on account of its convenience for some, the custom prevails, though it often causes the disappointment of many who are unable and unwilling to pay a dollar or more merely for a place in the line.

Now to put an end to all this, some one has suggested the appointment of an agent for the college, through whom students can obtain tickets for public performances in the theatre, either by special sale, at some convenient time, of a fair number of seats of different prices to be kept in reserve for them, or by private orders to be filled by the agent at the box office. Though such an arrangement has never been tried, it is probable that it could be carried into effect with the consent of the management of the theatre. Until it has once been attempted, no one can be sure of the practical benefit to be derived from it, but in view of the defect of the present system it would seem desirable to make at least a trial of some new method. This would provide a remedy for the inconvenience we wish to avoid and in this respect would seem to promise satisfactory results.

E. B. H. 1901.

The following is taken from a letter of Dr. Myers, the college missionary to China. Dr. Myers wrote with no idea of publication, but this seems the best way of reaching the many girls interested in her.

STEAMER "DORIC," Dec. 4, 1899.

I read the last one of all your lovely steamer letters to-day, and then I wished and still wish that there were just as many more to read over again.



I am going to start and read all these once more and then I am going to make a few notes as I go over them so that the next letter I write you, which will probably be mailed from Amoy, may be in some degree an answer to them.  
\* \* \* They are not only welcome, but eagerly looked for and I assure you I shall be much disappointed when a mail comes that does not bring at least one letter from Smith.

I should like to send each of you a separate answer to your nice letters, but how can I? \* \* \* Since we left Honolulu we have had beautiful weather, a smooth sea and a clear sky and the air so warm one would think it August instead of Thanksgiving time.

I wonder if you would like to know how I spent my Thanksgiving. In the morning we had a service in which all of the six missionary gentlemen took part. In the afternoon we had various sports—egg and spoon races, potato races and such—and we got gloriously out of breath and one or two covered themselves with glory, but not I. Then we had a glorious dinner in a gorgeously decorated saloon. But somehow I could not eat very much. It was people, not turkey, that I wanted and I almost wished it had been Thanksgiving day that we dropped into the water when we crossed the line 180° longitude.

\* \* \* I wish I had time and ability to give you an adequate description of Honolulu. We had a beautiful day there though rather dusty, but I was so enchanted with the the place that a little thing like dust could not bother me. No description or picture can do justice to the bay and mountains, the quaint narrow streets, or the beautiful, wide, palm-bordered ones of the residence portions, the tropical fruits and foliage, and above all, the people. It was like being picked up bodily and set down in the midst of a fairy tale and I was afraid I should wake up the next morning and think it all a dream. If I had to pick out one thing that fascinated me more than all, I should say it was the children, the little toddlers, native Japanese and Chinese, the last the cunningest of all, I am inclined to think. I knew I should enjoy the Chinese babies, but the reality surpasses my wildest dreams. When I get settled and have a good opportunity, I will send you some pictures which will prove this to you. On Friday or Saturday we expect to reach Nagasaki and there I shall stop over a week and visit my brother. In my next letter I can tell something of my first impressions of China and Japan. Until then, good bye!

Every college feels devotion for its song, but more than college feeling enters into our fondness for "Fair Smith." All who hear it must own that

"Fair Smith" has more beauty than falls to the share of

**College Song** most college songs. There is another side to the question of its beauty, however, that is—its difficulty. There is nothing of the catchiness of a popular air; moreover, the fact that it is a part song, incomplete without all its parts, makes practice necessary. Unfortunately, this practice is reserved for the last of senior year. At rallies and such occasions, where, after the various class songs, the college would like to join in a rousing song, we are apt to make but a sorry effect.

There is a recognized need of a song which is in no way to supersede "Fair Smith," but which will fill another place,—a song whose words and music alike can be easily remembered. The council hopes that many of the girls



will write such songs and hand them in to the committee which has been appointed to receive them. If there is any one happy in the possession of the genius to write a new and catchy tune, so much the better. If not, new words to an old tune must answer. That the new song may be sung at the rally on February 22, the songs should be handed in to Anne Sanborn 1901, before February 10. May every one who reads this remember all the exhortations to self-confidence and all the appeals to class spirit which have been made her since she was in college, and then, in the proper spirit, write a song.

There is a general move on the part of the colleges to unite on a common date for the Day of Prayer, and in accordance with this, Smith will observe the day on the second Sunday in February instead of the

**Day of Prayer** Thursday before examinations. The disadvantages arising from the change seem to many of the students to outweigh the advantages, but it lies in our power to make the spirit of the day even more helpful than in the past. Those who look back upon the students' meetings held in the morning in Music Hall, and think of the inspiration that has come from them, may at first feel disappointed that the corresponding meeting this year will come in the evening. However, with the change of day there comes necessarily a change of services, though the same central thought will run through them all. It is probable that there will be small informal student meetings in the campus houses before church Sunday morning in place of the regular Bible classes for that day, which will in part make up for the loss of the old service. Let us all try earnestly to make this truly a Day of Prayer for colleges, and for our college, Smith.

FLORENCE ALLEN WHITNEY 1900.

Miss Maude Adams has sent a large number of her calendars and her edition of "Romeo and Juliet" to the college. Miss Adams says that the reception given her by the Smith girls, when she appeared here in "The Little Minister," was so pleasant to her that she wished to make some return. All who have seen Miss Adams, however, will agree that our appreciation of her was no kindness on our part. The calendars and books are to be sold for the benefit of the Students' Building Fund.

On the evening of January 10, the Morris House held a reception for faculty and students in the Alumnæ Gymnasium. Twelve scenes were given, each one of which represented a person's name. The initial letter of the twelve names formed a charade. Some of the scenes were exceedingly amusing, such as Kaiser Wilhelm, Noah, and the scene between Pyramus and Thisbe. Others were very pretty and effective, especially the dance which represented the whole charade—Twelfth Night.

The alumnæ and undergraduates who have wished to own copies of the chapel hymnal, will be glad to know that an arrangement has been made by which they can be secured. The books in present use are to be superseded by new ones, and the old copies will be forwarded to any address on receipt of fifty cents and postage. Orders may be sent to Mabel Milham, Morris House.

On January 9, Mr. Charles F. Warner, principal of the Mechanics Arts High School, Springfield, delivered a lecture in City Hall, under the auspices of the Chemistry and Physics departments in Smith College. The subject of the lecture was Liquid Air. Many novel experiments were given.

The last week in January, Dr. and Mrs. Brady leave Northampton for a trip abroad. They will be away until September. Miss Sumner, who has been tutoring here for some years, will take part of the work. Professor Coles of Amherst will have some classes, also.

The History department has received an addition in Miss Mary Fuller '94. Miss Fuller is to correct the written lessons given each week in the Nineteenth Century and the United States History courses.

An English presentation of the "Trinummus" of Plautus will be given by the junior division in Latin, January 20, in the Alumnæ Gymnasium.

Mr. Brownell Gage, who is a member of the well-known "Yale Volunteer Band," addressed the missionary meeting Sunday evening, January 14.

The Students' Building has received a gift of three hundred dollars from Mr. G. W. Whitin of Whitinsville.

Through the efforts of Dr. Blodgett, Paderewski has been secured for a concert in Northampton in May.

## CALENDAR

- |      |     |  |
|------|-----|--|
| Jan. | 17, | Dannreuther String Quartette.                |
|      | 18, | Biological Society.                          |
|      | 20, | The Trinummus.                               |
|      | 20, | Phi Kappa Psi Society.                       |
|      | 22, | Philosophical Society.                       |
|      | 23, | Colloquium.                                  |
|      | 24, | Examination Week begins.                     |
|      | 31, | Examination Week ends.                       |
| Feb. | 3,  | Alpha Society.                               |
|      | 5,  | Philosophical Society. Open Meeting.         |
|      | 7,  | Green Street and Belmont Avenue House Dance. |
|      | 10, | Phi Kappa Psi Society.                       |
|      | 11, | Day of Prayer for Colleges.                  |
|      | 13, | Colloquium.                                  |
|      | 15, | Biological Society.                          |

The  
Smith College  
Monthly

February - 1900.

Conducted by the Senior Class.

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THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY is published at Northampton, Massachusetts, on the 15th of each month, during the year from October to June, inclusive. Terms, \$1.50 a year, in advance. Single numbers, 20 cents. Contributions may be left at 3 Gymnasium Hall. Subscriptions may be sent to L. M. Paxton, 23 Round Hill, Northampton.

Entered at the Post Office at Northampton, Massachusetts, as second class matter.

GAZETTE PRINTING COMPANY, NORTHAMPTON, MASS.



THE  
SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

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*Vol. VII.*

*FEBRUARY, 1900.*

*No. 5.*

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*THE CRISIS IN A PROPHET'S LIFE*

The Jews are a people who, from the very beginning of their history, have been imbued with the conviction that they are God's chosen people, whom he has commissioned to keep alive his truth through the ages, and to act as an example for the other nations of the earth. The thought of the ever-presence of Jehovah has been a constant factor in their lives, and especially in ancient times they turned to Him for guidance in their every act. But it was not always easy to discern His will, and the people naturally sought for an interpreter, for one who knew God more intimately than they. Here was a distinct need, and in response to it the order of prophets arose.

This was a peculiar institution of a peculiar nation. There were heathen prophets then, and there have been prophets since, but none of them regarded this office as the Hebrews did. The prophets of Israel were not merely wise men or seers ; they were men who thought more deeply than the majority of Israelites on the things of God, who were vitally interested in the course of the "chosen people," and who pondered earnestly on the social and political problems of their day, always applying to them "the touchstone of Jehovah's approval." It was to these men who were prepared to understand Him that God gave the mission of teaching His will to the people. Many false

prophets arose, who claimed to be Jehovah's servants, and who brought the name of prophet into disrepute; and in Samuel's time or before, there was an order of prophets formed, whose duty it was to increase and stimulate the patriotism of the people. These men were also students of the great prophets and served to spread their teachings through the land. But it is the inspired prophets, the men who communed with God, whether they belonged to the organized prophetic orders or not, whose lives are to be considered.

From the middle of the eighth century B. C. to the Babylonian Exile in 586 B. C., we know of only eight or nine of these true prophets, and each one of them was called forth by some crisis in the nation's history. Whoever was fitted to fulfil the mission, no matter what his social condition, received the call. When the thinker reached a solution to his problems, when he became so convinced of the will of God that he felt he must go and tell it to the people,—this was the crisis in his life, this was the turning-point which changed him from a passive philosopher into an active prophet. Sometimes the answer to his questions came as the result of meditation; sometimes it came so swiftly and with such overwhelming conviction that he became unconscious of everything else and seemed to see and hear it in a vision.

The call came to Amos in the quiet of the fields, where he was tending his flocks. We have no record of a vision, but the message was so urgent and forceful that he left his lowly occupation and, peasant that he was, went to the very stronghold of the nobility and spoke in such eloquent, burning phrases that he compelled their attention.

To Isaiah the call came in a vision. He has been described as "an uncrowned king of men," and certainly no one of the prophets stands forth with such a strong and wonderful individuality as Isaiah. He was of noble blood, a born leader, an orator, a statesman, a patriot, whose heart burned within him when he saw the moral corruption, greed and hypocrisy which were sapping the life of his country, outwardly so fair, so wealthy, so prosperous. He longed to reform the nation, to awaken it to a better life. He had read the word of Amos and Hosea, and had meditated on their work; and doubtless the significance of his own name, "The salvation of God," was an inspiration to him.

So Isaiah was ready, when suddenly the glory of the Lord

burst upon him in a vision. Oh, if he could only tell this to the people, surely they would turn from their evil ways. But he was a man of unclean lips; how could he speak of the majesty of God! And in anguish he cried aloud. Then all at once he became conscious of a flood of words, and he knew that he could speak; the necessity was so urgent, that it seemed as if one of the angels—an impersonal message from God to man—had touched his lips with a live coal. And when he heard the Voice asking, “Whom shall I send?” he answered eagerly and without a moment’s hesitation, “Here am I; send me.”

Nor did his zeal and courage lessen when he heard the message was one of desolation and destruction to Israel, with hope only for a tenth. He named his son Shear Jashub, “A remnant shall return,” and in every circumstance of his life his mission was his leading thought. All through the long, hard years of his ministry, he remained faithful to the call, and though he does not again refer to the vision, except when he says, “For the Lord spake thus to me with a strong hand,” the memory of it must have been a living source of inspiration within him.

In Jeremiah’s case, the call was even more of a crisis than in Isaiah’s, for by it the whole course of his life was changed. His was a nature as passionate and tumultuously emotional as Isaiah’s, but with delicacy and shrinking sensitiveness, where Isaiah had vigor and fire. Jeremiah belonged to the priesthood and to the aristocracy, and was in the best possible position to see the mockery which religion had become and the sin and oppression in which the wealthy indulged. “The spoils of privileged iniquity were ready to be shared with him,” but Jeremiah hated the sins he saw around him and brooded over the condition of the people. He was only a youth, however, with a most humble opinion of his own ability, and he could not nerve himself to a definite course of action. He exclaims, “A wonderful and horrible thing is committed in the land; the prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means, and my people love to have it so, and what will you do in the end thereof?”

The answer came with overwhelming directness. He saw in a vision the Lord calling him and telling him that he was the one appointed to go unto his nation “to pluck up and to break down; to build and to plant.” His whole being shrank back at the call and he cried aghast, “Ah, Lord God! behold, I cannot

“speak : for I am a child.” And again the Voice came, comforting and reassuring him and repeating the command to go forth—“Thou therefore gird up thy loins, and arise, and speak unto them all that I command thee. \* \* \* For, behold, I have made thee this day a defenced city, and an iron pillar, and brazen walls, against the whole land.”

The Lord did not give his trust to one unworthy of it. The modest, meditative youth became a public man, a politician, a preacher, and stood firm when king, princes, priests and people turned upon him and called him traitor and imprisoned him and sought to kill him. On every side failure and disappointment met him ; and still he labored on among the people whom he loved so tenderly, so devotedly, and who so cruelly misjudged him. He passed with them through the darkest hour of their history, and in his old age chose to remain among the handful of peasants who were left in Jerusalem after the exile, a calamity which had fallen upon them because they had not listened to him.

Many times he grew weary and cried to God against the persecutions he was undergoing and determined to speak no more. But the call and his message were like “a burning fire shut up in his bones,” and he could not contain himself. Is there a more touching and inspiring picture in all history than the sad figure of Jeremiah, reviled and unappreciated, but upheld in his heroic work of self-sacrifice by the inspiration of Divine Love ?

The prophets of Israel were deeply religious men, but unlike the orders of almost every other sect, and especially the early Christian monks, they were not satisfied with the attempt to cast sin out of their own lives and to “save their own souls.” This was but the necessary preparation for their life-work, which began with the call to go out and tell the self-satisfied Israelites that they had sinned and that Jehovah would purify them by scourging. They did not retire to a place of refuge and denounce sin from afar ; they went among the people and fearlessly, in the streets, in the market-place and in the temple, proclaimed God’s will as it had been revealed to them.

God called such men as these to guide his people, and they stand out in the nation’s history like “bright and shining lights,” the beacons which served to keep the Hebrews together through all their sufferings and tribulations, till the great Guide should come to redeem them—the Messiah.

ELOISE MABURY.



## *THE VANQUISHED*

He has gone down to wrestle with the shadows,  
And he has gone alone,  
While I must learn that e'en my love  
Cannot protect its own.

I who have fought that useless fight  
And know the needless pain  
Can only break my heart, as I pray,  
"God, send him back again."

For many lie, where the shadows crouch,  
Self-vanquished in the fight,  
And many conquer the darkling host  
To gain eternal light.

But I would see my child again  
Here on this weary earth.  
I want to hold him close to me,  
To the mother that gave him birth.

CORNELIA BROWNELL GOULD.

## *THE NOISES OF NATURE AND MAN*

The stars are still in their shining, and in the making of a million acres of grass and intermingled blossoms, or forests of giant trees, there comes never a sound from the magically muffled machinery of Nature's power-house. And where is the ear so fine that it can hear the feather-fall of the snow-flakes, that build the miniature mountains of winter? Even the deep hollows in the hardest rocks were sculptured with no harsh grating sound, but softly water-chiseled through long centuries.

The few rarely occurring exceptions to Nature's silence come very much like the studied discords with which a composer heightens the effect of the harmony of his composition. Earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, cyclones, thunder-storms and the break of the ocean tides upon the shore, are the exceptions; but

in all these there is such sublimity that *noise* seems too mean a term to be used in connection with them. Rather do they seem like the majestic gavel-thumps of the Almighty to call the attention of a world grown deaf and blind to the silent every-day miracles of creation.

In the early days of chaos, when worlds were making, there was undoubtedly a season when there were cosmic crashings not meet for ears of flesh and blood ; but this did not matter so long as no finite ear was near to be deafened by them, and long before man was allowed to appear, the divine fiat, "Let there be silence," had gone forth. "The whole earth is at rest and is quiet," wrote the prophet Isaiah. But the lesser world of man's creation is yet in a semi-chaotic condition and the law of silence, though it has been passed, is only partially enforced, so that a varying amount of bang, whang, clang, grate, grind, rasp, jingle, whirr, whistle and clatter accompanies the manufacture of everything man makes, from the generation of the force that runs the cable-cars, to the simplest device for sharpening a scythe.

Little by little, however, man is "catching up" with nature (to invert Mr. Whistler's *bon mot*). He is slowly learning to eliminate, as she does, audible or other evidence of effort in his works, and those who have watched this gradual diminution of noise in the operation of man's inventions can no longer doubt that the time is coming when man shall have made his machinery and the streets of his cities so noiseless that the transition to the New Jerusalem will be no abrupt change to totally different conditions, but a natural and easy gradation to a blessed country where even the jarring sounds audible to the spirit only will be absent.

The advent of the rubber-footed automobile, with its stealthy whirr, the asphalt pavement, and the almost perfected air-ship, marks a good mile-stone in man's progress towards the elimination of noise. Nor are these the only successes in this line. Compare the noise of the wheels of the latest-modeled Pullman coach with the deafening rumble of the first steam-cars, or the subdued hum of the most modern sewing-machine with the fearful threshing tread of its crude prototype, and the same story is told. In fact, it would seem that no machine is perfect so long as it makes a noise.

In Nature's world, which is God's, the unsurpassed model for

noiseless perfection of mechanism is the human body, in which all the parts are fitly joined together so that a hundred complex processes are going on simultaneously in this marvelous laboratory, and yet no sound is heard. Bones, blood, hair, tissues and countless secretions and excretions are being manufactured in absolute silence. Even the semi-voluntary movements of the body involved in breathing or bending the fingers, arms, legs or toes, are noiselessly performed. But in the still finer forces of mind and heart, which are stronger than all the other powers of man's world, one finds the acme of noiselessness. For who can hear a thought or catch the varying heart vibrations that make or mar the happiness of the world? Or who but a spirit can hear the swift, wingless flight of the imagination, or the firm, footless tread of the will?

Soundless also are nearly all the material translations of what is called genius in man. The imagination and whatever is noble in the soul of the painter is transferred silently to his canvas with the soft strokes of a brush. The author's fancies, scarcely less noiselessly, are clad in the delicate gauze of verbal vestments, whose fabric is silently woven of symbols fittingly immaterial as the thoughts they cover. Even in sculpture, though the first stages of rough outlining require the noise of chipping, all the last finishing work, that reveals the artist, must be done with so fine a touch that it is next to noiseless. The other sister art, music, above all triumphs over noise by means of regular vibrations changing the noise of irregular vibrations to a concord of sweet sounds.

In society's long-accepted canon that no lady or gentleman is ever loud-voiced or boisterous, one discovers again the instinctive human protest against noise, a protest that grows stronger the higher one mounts in the scale of civilization. "The loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind" speaks a great many other vacancies as well, and the same may be said of the loud, harsh or strident voice, or the voice of the alarm-clock variety, whose tones are delivered in jerky staccato.

"Don't you think," says the heroine in *Aylwin*, "the poor birds must sometimes feel very much distressed at hearing the voices of men and women, especially when they all talk together?" \* \* \*

"The rooks mayn't mind," said the little girl, "but I'm afraid the blackbirds and thrushes can't like it."

In obedience to the laws of a beneficent evolution, the modern sane and quiet style of pulpit oratory has superseded the old style of ecclesiastical eloquence in which a prodigious amount of thundersome declamation and desk-thumping was considered absolutely necessary, a notion whose logic resembled that of the man who imagines that emphatic oaths give force to his remarks. Some people with mental and emotional requirements, which nothing but the loud hosannas of a camp-meeting can satisfy, find occasion for alarm in the quieter tone and temper of the modern pulpit; but such fearful folk should meditate upon the words of Isaiah, when he declares that the effect of righteousness is quietness. It is only among people so morally benighted that righteousness comes as an exciting novelty that religious fervor gives noisy evidence of itself, like the first frothy fermentation of the yeast in liquors; but when the yeast has thoroughly worked, the bubbling and fermentation cease.

ELLEN BURNS SHERMAN.

### THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL

There lived a wife at Usher's Well,  
And a wealthy wife was she;  
She had three stout and stalwart sons,  
And sent them oer the sea.

They hadna been a week from her,  
A week but barely ane,  
When word came to the carline wife  
That her three sons were gane.

They hadna been a week from her,  
A week but barely three,  
When word came to the carlin wife  
That her sons she'd never see.

"I wish the wind may never cease,  
Nor fashes in the flood,  
Till my three sons come hame to me,  
In earthly flesh and blood."

It fell about the Martinmass,  
When nights are lang and mirk,  
The carlin wife's three sons came hame,  
And their hats were o the birk.



It neither grew in syke nor ditch,  
 Nor yet in ony sheugh ;  
 But at the gates o Paradise,  
 That birk grew fair eneugh.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Blow up the fire, my maidens !  
 Bring water from the well !  
 For a’ my house shall feast this night,  
 Since my three sons are well.”

And she has made to them a bed,  
 She’s made it large and wide,  
 And she’s ta’en her mantle her about,  
 Sat down at the bed-side.

\* \* \* \* \*

Up then crew the red, red cock,  
 And up and crew the gray ;  
 The eldest to the youngest said,  
 “ ’Tis time we were away.”

The cock he hadna crawled but once,  
 And clapped his wings at a’,  
 When the youngest to the eldest said,  
 “ Brothers, we must awa.

“The cock doth crawl, the day doth daw,  
 The channerin worm doth chide ;  
 Gin we be mist out o our place  
 A sair pain we maun bide.

“Fare ye weel, my mother dear !  
 Fareweel to barn and byre !  
 And fare ye weel, the bonny lass  
 That kindles my mother’s fire.”

Of all the old ballads that I know, there is none that appeals to me as being so intensely dramatic as this one of the “Wife of Usher’s Well.” Not that it has developed dramatic action ; it merely presents a series of tableaux—just sketches, at that,—but it presents them so freshly, so vividly, that by a sort of reflex action our minds fill in the details for themselves. Nowadays, a minor poet would make an elaborate word-painting out of this theme, pages upon pages long, glowing with color words and full of curiously devised compounds whose meaning none might know with certitude, save the minor poet himself. In

the days when the people was the Poet, things were not done in that way. None of the ballads contain many descriptive words, and this one has even fewer than most. Each is used for a definite purpose, and owing to their very scarcity, the impression left by each one is strong and clear. The carline wife's anguish of spirit is no whit alleviated by the fact that in bodily estate "a wealthy wife was she." The contrast is vivid between the "large, wide bed" the mother makes, and that cold, narrow one to which her sons—those stout and stalwart sons—must return when the long, mirk night all too soon shall come to an end.

Many is the time I have cried over this ballad when I was a child, and even now it affects me far more than the newspaper account that "yesterday, at 4.30 p. m., John Johnson, colored, shot and killed his sister Arabelle in Shadyside Park, Simmsville, Ohio. The murderer was taken under arrest and will be tried, etc., etc." Yet John Johnson is a real person—a poor, terror-stricken darkey who ought to awaken more sympathy than these ghosts, who, as I used to assure myself quite without effect, in the midst of my tears over their sad fate, "never were born, so how *could* they die?" Why is it that we accept the supernatural in this ballad with scarcely a word of question? Partly, no doubt, because of the manner of its telling. Emphatic asseveration or attempts at explanation only draw forth criticism and challenge where simple, straightforward narration allays suspicion. But the chief reason that the ballad rings true to us, despite its supernatural element, is that it has to tell of a soul-tragedy, that it is a drama of emotion rather than of action. Even with the mother, who is a real person throughout, we are not concerned to know what she did at any time; it is what she thought, what she felt, that we ask. This fact, that the ballad deals with souls rather than with bodies, explains also why the characters are developed so much more fully than in most ballads. There is no action to interest us. There is just the story of a heart that loves and loses. That we may feel the tragedy of the loss, we must be made to see the depth and genuineness of the love.

The mother's character is, as is natural, the most fully developed. We get a valuable light on it in the first stanza. An old woman—and a wealthy, too,—she has the strength to send her sons from her over the sea, the wisdom to know that if she keeps them at her apron-strings they will not be strong nor stalwart

long. The love that was beneath this sternness appears in her grief at the news of their death, but far more in her joy at regaining them. She does not say much. We know enough about her already not to expect frantic, hysterical manifestations of joy. Her boys must be cold; they must be hungry; for they have come from far. She will make them comfortable instead of sobbing upon their shoulders and telling them how glad she is to see them home. But when at last she has them quietly in bed, she asks nothing better than to sit beside them in the dark and feel that her three sons are well.

While the sons are scarcely differentiated, we are told enough about them to know that they were worthy of their mother's love. They were strong, stalwart young men, to begin with; and they were obedient to their mother's will, and they went to Paradise when they died. But the real touch of life comes in the ninth and tenth stanzas. The warning cock has crowed, and they can stay no longer in the "large, wide bed." But there sits their mother beside them, all unconscious of the dread meaning of that signal. She has her lads again, and she is happy and croons a little song that she has not sung since they were babies. They whisper to each other, "'Tis time we were away." "Brother, we *must* away." And between the lines we read, "How can we break it to her?" In another version of the ballad this reluctance is expressed:

"Lie still, lie still, a little wee while,  
Lie still but if we may:  
For gin my mother miss us away  
She'll gae mad or it be day."

But to my mind the reticence, the suggestiveness, of our version is more beautiful as literature, and stronger and more English as character. The simple words of the farewell, in the same way, suggest deeper feelings behind them than the most impassioned speech could have displayed. It is quite in accord with the mother's character, as previously developed, that she should remain silent at her sons' farewell, should make neither reply nor outcry. Her sorrow, like her joy, she hides in her inmost soul. Outward activity could partially express her happiness; with her grief she sits silent, at the side of the empty bed.

The hardest thing in the ballad to explain is the introduction,

at the very end, of an entirely new character, the bonny lass that kindles the fire. For one thing, however, she adds human interest to the sons. They are mere phantoms now, but here is proof that they have lived and loved. There is enough suggestion in this dozen words for a volume of romance. Moreover, the introduction of the bonny lass does not make the ending of the ballad incomplete, for her character is not brought out enough to make us think of her romance or of her sorrow. Our attention and sympathy is not drawn away from the mother, and if we think at all of the bonny lass it is to be glad that the mother is not left alone in her sorrow. One grief, and two hearts to struggle with it and sustain each other—a less hopeless ending than if the mother were left to wrestle with her grief alone.

In order fully to recognize the virtues of this ballad, one should read the version known as the “Widow Woman of Scotland.” This was handed down by word of mouth through generations of Shropshire peasants, and was taken down from the lips of one of them some years ago. It will suffice to quote the opening stanzas :

“ Sweet Jesus arose one morning quite soon,  
And arose one morning betime ;  
And away he went to fair Scotland,  
And to see what the good woman want.

‘ It’s you go rise up my three sons,  
Their names be Joe, Peter and John ;  
And put breath in their breasts,  
And clothing on their backs,  
And immediately send them to far Scotland,  
That their mother may take some rest.”

Of no value in itself, the “Widow Woman” shows the beauties of our version in high relief, and its crude imagery and grotesque superstition, in contrast with the delicate suggestiveness of the “Wife of Usher’s Well,” are a striking illustration of the difference in nature between the unlettered, among whom the ballad had its rise, and the illiterate, through whom it has been handed down.

JEAN SHAW WILSON.



## **SOLITUDE**

"My life had a joy for itself alone,—  
A dream of a wild, free, boundless plain,  
A rushing of wind and a shiver of rain,  
And the beat of the great sea strong and rude.  
Share you my dream that was all mine own ;  
I have painted for you my solitude."

"I have no joy in your wild, dark sky,  
And I dare not turn me to look behind  
For the fear of the rush of the mad, mad wind  
Through the infinite spaces, pitiless.  
And O, for the sound of a human cry  
In the terrible, utter loneliness!"

"Yea, but the joy floods high in me,  
A mad, sweet joy to be all alone  
Where the soulless winds do strangely moan  
And the storm clouds brood and drift and brood.—  
But how should you know the mystery?  
I can never paint you my solitude."

CHARLOTTE LOWRY MARSH.

## **BEYOND THE SWITCH LIGHTS**

The occupant of the end compartment of the Pullman cast down "Richard Carvel," heaved an impatient sigh and rose to her feet. She glanced at the maid who was peacefully sleeping in one of the cushioned chairs, her head drooped forward at a decidedly ludicrous angle, and then, opening the door, she stepped out into the vestibule. The scene without was not inspiring. As far as the eye could reach from the windows of the vestibule, nothing was visible but a gently undulating expanse of arid plains; not a human habitation, not a tree even, varied the soul-wearying monotony. If it had not been for the telegraph poles which every second flew by, it would have been hard to believe that the train was moving at all. The occupant

of the end compartment gazed listlessly outward for a moment, and then suddenly her face brightened. Far ahead, the locomotive gave forth a deep, hoarse bellow, and at the sound her thoughts went traveling backward until she saw no longer the sterile land before her, but, instead, the peaks of the Rockies towering snow-capped and serene against the intense blue of the sky, while beneath her and around her was the rush and throb of a great locomotive. A straight, slim girl, with a long flaxen braid that reached below her waist, leaned from the cab window or manipulated the valves and levers with all the skill and coolness of a veteran, while the real engineer looked on with ever-increasing pride in so apt a pupil. For a moment, that girl with the flaxen braid lived again in the well-dressed young woman with her face pressed against the vestibule window. She inhaled once more the fresh mountain air as it beat against her hot cheeks; she felt again the eagerness, the childish delight and fearlessness of those old, free, glad days,—but only for a moment.

Another sound brought her back to the present, back to the parched plains and the maid asleep in the end compartment. It was not a loud sound, seeming to come beneath, rather than above the roar of the flying train. It was the feeble, complaining wail of a sick child. No mother who has once heard that sound can ever pass it by unnoticed. It smote on the ears of the young woman in the vestibule like the voice of an accusing conscience, crying out against her because she had dared to rebel against her present situation and long for a return of the past,—she, the most fortunate and blessed of women!

It was perhaps some dim half-consciousness of reparation that gave her the impulse to leave the vestibule and cross over into the ordinary day-coach, which was next to it. There was a little spice of danger in leaving the shelter of the vestibule and dashing across the open platform, with the train rushing along at the rate of fifty miles an hour; and when the door of the day-coach slammed behind her, her blue eyes were dancing with excitement and her fair hair was tossed about beneath her hat. The rush of hot air that heralded her entrance with the sudden slamming of the door caused everyone in the car to look up, and as she advanced slowly they continued to gaze, for there was something about the slim, graceful figure, quite apart from its perfect gown or self-reliant air, that held the attention after it was once attracted.

Yet there was one passenger who, after the first glance, turned away a pair of tired eyes and bent them downward once more. This was a little woman dressed in black—new black,—whose newness made its cheapness all the more evident. She occupied the end seat, and on the velvet cushion beside her lay a little tumbled bundle which, at the first glance, no eye but a mother's would ever have taken for a baby. Its tiny, pinched face was of the same chalky grayness as its travel-stained garments, and its minute hands protruding from its dingy sleeves seemed more like a bird's claws than anything human.

It was the wail of this forlorn bit of humanity that had attracted the attention of the new comer, and now as the piteous cry was raised again, she turned quickly and went back until she reached the side of the little woman in black. The mother's attention was fixed upon the baby, and it was some seconds before she was conscious of the faint perfume of violets and the soft rustle of silken linings. Then she lifted her dark, weary eyes and was met by a pair of sympathetic blue ones. What she saw in them caused her pathetic mouth to straighten out of its piteous curves and something like a welcoming smile to replace them. The other passengers watched the scene with interest, quite forgetting how much they had been annoyed before by the baby's wails. The two women were a strange contrast; neither of them needed to look far back to find her girlhood,—the one so tall, so fair, so full of the self-reliant something which caused the world generally to make way for her; and the other so small and sombre and downcast.

"Your baby is ill," the new-comer said, and without another word took up the miserable bundle and seated herself in its place.

The baby's mother in a thin, tired voice, began to relate the story of her journey; how Baby had been ailing for days, but she had been so "taken up" she hadn't had time to "tend him much." Here a glance at her fresh black gown and a quiver in her voice told her auditor something of what had caused her to be "taken up." Now, she went on, she was going to her mother, and Baby had grown worse ever since she started, until now—the poor voice broke altogether—she was afraid he would die before they could reach a doctor.

The other young woman said little during this narrative, but there was a suspicious moisture in her big eyes. She smoothed

the baby's wrinkled garments and lulled its complaints with a skillful hand.

"I know a good deal about babies," she explained simply. "My own has been sick a good deal, though he's perfectly well now, I'm thankful to say."

Just here the train came to a standstill so suddenly that the passengers were nearly thrown from their seats. Most of the men crowded out to see what had happened and the young woman from the Pullman rose also, the baby still in her arms.

"I am going to take you into my compartment," she said to the astonished mother. "We can undress the baby there and make him more comfortable. Hurry up, before the train starts. You needn't bother about your things. I'll send the porter after them."

Almost before she could realize it, the little woman found herself in the depths of a big velvet chair, while her self-constituted guardian and the maid ministered to the wants of the sick child. As she busied herself at this task, the face of the proper occupant of the compartment grew each second more grave and her commands to the maid were given in tones of growing anxiety. It was very evident that the limp, wailing little object beneath her skillful hands was a very sick baby indeed, and more than once her eyes grew dim as she looked at the pinched face of the worn-out little mother, outlined against the chair-back.

The three women were so busy that it was fully ten minutes before they realized that the train had made an unusually long stop. They had been talking, as mothers always will, whatever the difference of their temperaments or social station, and the tall young woman had said, "My boy's eyes are brown—like his father's." Then she had seen a sharp contraction of the other's face and, guessing at the sore place she had touched, she had turned toward the window to give her guest a chance to regain her composure.

Something she saw outside made her start suddenly to her feet, and in another second she was out of the car and down the steps. Most of the passengers were gathered in anxious groups beside the track, and near the locomotive a knot of white-faced men was gathered around something which lay on the ground. She hurried toward this group and saw with a quick realization of what had occurred that the engineer was lying on the grass,



his face, livid beneath its coat of cinders and tan, upturned upon the knees of his fireman, who bent over his apparently lifeless chief in an agony of grief, the tears tracing white furrows down his grimy cheeks. The trainmen, gathered around, parted silently as the young woman approached.

"Is he dead?" she asked in a hushed voice.

No one answered; only the fireman's whole body was wrenched by a heart-breaking sob. The conductor thrust his hand inside the blue blouse that some one had torn open and shook his head.

"There isn't a doctor on board," he said slowly, "nor a man that dares run the train in, neither. An' it's forty miles to the next station."

The engineer stirred a little and his blue lips moved.

"It's a fit," said the fireman choking. "He never drank nor had a sick day in 'is life. Oh, Lord, and he's got a wife and six children!"

The fireman was only a boy and his grief was very real, yet the young woman regarded him with some impatience.

"Can't you take the train in?" she asked, quite as if such emergencies were every-day occurrences.

"No," the boy replied sadly, "I ain't been on but a week, and it was all I could do to stop 'er when 'e bowled over."

"There's only one thing ter do," the conductor said, with mournful emphasis, "and that's ter wait for Bill Simmon's train, an' that won't be along for more'n two hours."

The young woman's eyes traveled over the bare plains all about them, lying hot and parched in the afternoon sun, then up to the big locomotive and rested there reflectively. She thought of a certain big, brown-eyed baby waiting for her, where they would find help and doctors and all that was so sorely needed here, and then of that other baby back in the Pullman, that would perhaps never laugh or crow again, unless some speedy help came to lift the shadow from its little face. She seemed to see another pair of brown eyes that were watching so eagerly for her coming, and then like a flash came the thought of the engineer's wife who was also waiting and hoping.

Without further consideration she turned around and climbed up into the cab. Once inside, rather white and trembling at her own boldness, she inhaled a breath of the old, familiar odor of

machine oil and cinders, and in a second she was again the flaxen-haired girl who had more than once guided the big express engines from the snow-capped Rockies to within sight of the spires of San Francisco. She pulled off her gloves, and put her hand, small and white and looking strangely out of place, upon the throttle.

"I will take the train in," she said to the group of astonished trainmen.

"You!" they cried in chorus, amazement and incredulity mingled on their faces.

"Yes, I," she replied, a trifle scornfully. "Do you suppose I would take the lives of a whole trainful of people into my hands if I had any doubts about my ability to run an engine? If you will put that poor fellow in the baggage car, I'll have him to a doctor in less than an hour, if it isn't too late."

Even as she spoke she had pulled off her gray jacket and cast it down, quite unmindful of dirt and oil, and was rolling up her sleeves from her round, white arms. There was no mistaking that self-reliant attitude, there could be no questioning of that commanding air. The men gathered up their silent burden and a second later a shriek from the whistle sent all the passengers scurrying to their seats. The fireman, almost overcome by grief and amazement, climbed to his place and flung open the furnace door; once more the whistle awoke the silence of the plains and the big locomotive gave a lunge forward, moving slowly at first, then faster and faster until one could scarcely count the telegraph poles as they flew by the windows.

The astonished negro porter had carried the strange tidings to the end compartment, and the maid and the little woman in black huddled there in silent terror, as the day drew to a close and the baby's face upon the pillow grew ever grayer and grayer, while the train still thundered on its way. Once a solitary telegraph station broke the awful desolation, and here the train came to a halt. What the operator saw in the cab caused him to compress his lips, but the peremptory orders he received there sent him flying to his instrument, and as the train vanished into the darkness he bent over it, his lips still pursed, but not a whistle had escaped them.

A little later they came to a forlorn hamlet straggling along beside the track, and here the train slowed up enough to allow a big man, dressed in riding clothes and cowhide boots, and

covered with dust from a hasty ride over the prairie, to leap on board. It was quite dark now and the locomotive left a trail of sparks behind it as it thundered on, while the fireman swung back and forth between the glowing cavern beneath the boiler and the ever-decreasing heap of coal behind him. On, on, on, while the hot wind beat in the face of the volunteer engineer, loosening her hair and tossing it about her shoulders. At last an occasional light began to flash out of the darkness; they were getting into the region of civilization once more; the desolate wastes gave place to brown fields—fields brown because they had been laid bare beneath the reaper. The clustering lights of little villages were visible now, the outlying suburbs of the city, and then, with a gasp, the woman in the locomotive saw before her the first switch-light and realized that the worst part of her undertaking lay before her.

She slackened speed a little, but the track was clear ahead, and as the train rolled by, the operator in the switch tower shouted out a greeting which she realized was intended for the engineer lying back there in the baggage-car. She began to feel frantically anxious to know what the doctor in the cowhide boots had been able to do for his patients, and then another passenger train rushed by on the outward track and her heart almost stood still with terror, for she had forgotten that they had left the single track.

Now there were four tracks and then six, then an infinite number stretching away on every side. They were in the yard, amid confusion indescribable, yet with the track still clear ahead. She recalled the yard at San Francisco, and as an exile returned after long wanderings hears and comprehends the language he thought he had ceased to recall, so she, in a sort of dazed amazement, read and acted upon the long forgotten signals, until the shadow of the train-shed fell over the locomotive, and she knew that her mission was ended.

As the train came to a standstill, a man with a red and green lantern, climbed into the cab, shouting, "You're late to-night, Bob! What—" and then, "My God! Who are you?"

The young woman thus addressed did not answer. She rose from her seat and swayed a little as if she still felt the motion of the train, and the fireman caught her in his strong young arms and lifted her to the platform. The fresh air revived her and she looked around wondering to find herself the centre of

a confused crowd. There were doctors hurrying about and the little woman in black was crying for joy because they were sure the baby would pull through, and from somewhere the wife of the stricken engineer had appeared and was calling down the blessings of heaven upon her head, though for what she could not tell. She reflected in an entirely unimpassioned manner that she had ruined her gown and her hands were unrecognizably black; that Jim, indeed, would probably not like it and would say she had disgraced the family, and—

The crowd around her parted suddenly to allow a young man, followed by a groom, to approach. Something in his stern, set face hushed the clamor of the people around her, but the young woman sprang toward him with a glad exclamation. He did not seem to notice that she was covered with grease and cinders, he did not seem to heed the crowded platform or the curious eyes fixed upon them. He took her in his arms, but the brown eyes could not meet the blue ones and he hid his face against her shoulder.

"You aren't angry," she said coaxingly. "When I thought of you and Tommy I couldn't let the man and the baby die, you know."

He did not answer, only his arms tightened about her.

"You aren't angry?" she repeated.

"No, darling."

His voice sounded strange and far off. A horrible fear seized her. She freed herself and lifted his face with her hands.

"What is it then?" she cried. "Has anything—is it—oh, Jim! Tell me, tell me!" For he had turned away, his face convulsed with the emotion he could no longer suppress.

"It is the boy," he said brokenly. "It was croup or something. He died this afternoon."

AMY STOUGHTON POPE.



## CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

### SONG

The hour is late and we have drifted far—  
Far into the enchantment of the night ;  
The starlit maze of bloom upon the shore  
Melts into one white line, and soon the wave  
That bears us on shall hide that too from sight.

The hour is late, and see, a flock of dreams  
Follow, all drowsy-winged, the wave where dips  
Our shallop's prow. Ah, Sweet, sing on, for then  
The bandit dreams will flee the beckoning Dawn  
Nor hush my joy, the song upon thy lips.

LAUREL LOUISA FLETCHER.

SCENE. *An attractive reception-room in a Beacon Street house. Tea things, and a large bunch of Jacqueminot roses on the table.*

*Enter MR. SMITH, with a large bag.*

**The Book Agent** *Mr. Smith.* I know the kind that will appear now — frigid, and lorgnetted to give the frigidity more point. I'd almost rather stay up in the country doing the farmers. They at least have some kindness in their composition, and if you do happen to strike the wrong disposition, it's the kind that's thorough-going and sets the dog on you, and not the aristocratic iceberg kind. I am not in the mood to-day—never am in the book-agenting mood, though. How I hate it ! I shall make a few automatic, conventional speeches, and then get kicked out—very figuratively speaking, of course, for am I not in Boston ? Bah ! Well, it's part of the day's work, so—

*Enter KATE CONNING, extremely pretty and in fetching gown. MR. SMITH starts to bow but Kate comes forward holding out her hand.*

*Kate.* Mr. Smith, I am delighted to see you at last. Parkins (to man), take Mr. Smith's coat and hat. Oh (laughing at MR. SMITH's expression), please don't look so astonished. I know

you must be a thousand times more so, but you should not show it, you know. Parkins is waiting for your hat and coat. Let him take them, please. (*Moves toward tea table.* MR. SMITH allows PARKINS to divest him of coat and hat.) I am going to serve you tea—Russian,—I know all men hate it, but you must make a martyr of yourself so far as to keep me company,—and cake—orange, which I hope will satisfy your particular soul. And now that you understand, sit down, please, and talk to me, while I get my breath and make the tea.

Mr. Smith (*aside*). For the love of my native land, what have I run into? Frigid! Great Caesar! Am I on Beacon Street? (*Aloud.*) Understand? Why, I can't say that I exactly—

Kate (*frowns slightly*). Well, I cannot explain any more, except that you are to stay with me this afternoon and take tea and let—well, the rest of the world—go on its way in the interim. (*Aside.*) I suppose it would not do to actually mention the Chi Rho to him. Dick told me they were not supposed to speak of the society to outsiders while the initiation was in progress.

Mr. Smith. Oh—er—by all means, let them go. (*Aside.*) Shades of Bedlam! I must have struck a private lunatic. (*Silence.*)

Kate (*aside*). The stupid thing! He needn't be quite so rattled, especially as he is freed from doing the agent act. But perhaps they have to do it anyway, and he doesn't know how to begin. That must be it. (*Aloud.*) Have you a book to show me? If so, produce it, please, before the tea is made, for I do not wish business to interfere with my pleasure then.

Mr. Smith (*aside*). Come now, that's sane enough. (*Produces book from bag and holds it out in silence, thinking deeply.*)

Kate. Oh, I do not want to see it. I will take one copy as a souvenir, please (*laughs*). (MR. SMITH knits his brows and shakes his head, perplexed.)

Kate. What are you thinking of now? Oh, I know. You are wondering how I found you out. Well, I like a certain amount of mystery to surround my methods. However, you may call it Chi-Rho-mancy in this case, if you like. (*Silence.* Kate looks blank.)

Mr. Smith (*aside*). "Mystery to surround her methods"—

well, there's enough mystery, but so far I fail to grasp the methods. However, the situation does not lack interest, and I won't get at it if I don't talk.

(KATE, who has regained her equanimity, now laughs slightly.)

Kate. Poor Parkins! I am afraid his "Henglish" feelings are too shocked. He is not accustomed to admitting book agents to my reception-room, but I told him to make an exception, of course, on this afternoon.

Mr. Smith. Oh, of course. (*Aside.*) She must be a parlor philanthropist or something of the kind, but why book agents only, and why this afternoon? (*Aloud.*) I am more than fortunate to come this afternoon. Thank you (*as KATE hands him a cup of tea and some cake*). How many other poor mortals have been helped by your kindness, if I may ask?

Kate. Ah, you should feel flattered, Mr. Smith. You are the only one I have ever helped in this way. I have heard of you a number of times, as you must know, but this sudden inspiration of mine was really only the effect of a fortunate accident.

Mr. Smith (*mechanically*). Fortunate indeed for me. (*Aside.*) What can she mean? Philanthropy notion gone up. Can it be that some of my old college pals know her and have found out about me? (*Aloud.*) Tell me about it.

Kate. No, indeed. I can tell no tales out of school. I must mention no names.

Mr. Smith (*aside*). That must be it. But why can she mention no names. (*Aloud.*) But I may guess?

Kate (*shaking her head*). You may not even guess—to me. I should be sure to betray, and I must be a sphinx for silence and mystery. Please let us leave the forbidden ground.

Mr. Smith (*aside*). A sphinx for mystery? Well, I should say so. For heaven's sake, where will we land next! (*Aloud.*) Lead the way.

Kate (*imperiously*). No indeed. I have been leading long enough. After you, sir.

Mr. Smith. I think that's a little hard on me. It seems so long since I have talked to a girl like this, that I need some time to get my bearings, to get back to something like the attitude I used to have. I think—(*Pauses.*) It is a rather live-on-your-nerve existence.

*Kate (aside).* Dear me! I never expected he would be allowed to refer to it so boldly. (*Aloud.*) It must be, indeed. Tell me what you can about it, will you?

*Mr. Smith.* Well, some of it is interesting, and of course there are many amusing things that happen. (*Laughs.*) Don't you think that the things which are most amusing to think about affect you quite oppositely at the time?

*Kate.* I should imagine so.

(*Silence.*)

*Mr. Smith.* I really ought not to stay any longer. Please do not think me ungrateful, but—

*Kate.* Poor fellow! Has existence actually become so compulsory as that in this short time? Well, then I shall have to become compulsory in my turn and enforce my request that you stay. You can refer the—the Fates to me about it, if you like.

*Mr. Smith.* Quite impossible to resist, especially when it is put in the form of a request. I will stay then.

*Three hours later.*

*Emily Webster.* Well, Kate, has he been here? (*Peeps into the empty tea kettle and takes the last cake from plate.*) You needn't answer, though, there is sufficient circumstantial evidence. But tell me, is he all your fancy painted him?

*Kate.* No. I wish he hadn't stayed so long.

*Emily (surprised).* Why, Kate! I was sure you would like him.

*Kate.* Why should I? He was just like other men, only a little more so. You must look at him through rose-colored spectacles, Em, just because he's a friend of Bob's.

*Emily.* Why, Kate! What did he do? What did he say?

*Kate.* He did nothing, and said rather less. When he first came, he was a stick. He warmed up a trifle later, and really seemed tremendously grateful. I wouldn't have wasted a whole afternoon on him, though, if he hadn't come so well recommended. (*Emily bows acknowledgements.*) I don't think he got out of his book-agent character very far, and that showed rather good acting powers, if it was really necessary, but—Oh, you shouldn't have said so much about him, Em. You got my hopes up too high.



*Emily.* Well, I am awfully sorry, dear. But I can't understand it, yet. And I never thought of Victor Smith as much of an actor, either. How do you mean he kept up his book-agent character?

*Kate.* Oh, when he got up to go, he looked most ruefully at his bag and I laughed and said that ten copies were none too many for a souvenir of such an enjoyable occasion—which was a lie—and told him to put me down for ten, which he did in the most business-like manner.

*Emily.* It would be a good joke on you if he insisted on your buying ten volumes really. What was it?

*Kate.* Oh, I don't know. I didn't look. Some trash or other.

*Emily.* Why, Kate dear! I am shocked and surprised at such a show of temper. And Victor is always—

*Kate.* Don't mention him again, for pity's sake. Who wouldn't show temper, I should like to know? (*Tragically.*) Results of an afternoon: Lost—and all this is your fault, miss—Lost, some good skating with Dick, the good opinion of Parkins—Oh, my dear, you should have seen his face. He will probably depart from this contaminated family to-morrow—tea and cake consumed.

*Emily.* Alas, yes (*gazes sadly into tea pot*).

*Kate.* Also, last and worst: Lost, a very pleasing picture in my "mind's eye" of a promising and quite ideal young man.

*Emily.* Well, Victor usually—

*Kate.* Do not befriend him any more. Do not speak of him any more. I have seen and—(*Shrugs her shoulders scornfully.*)

*Emily.* Well, no cloud without its silver lining. You must have gained something this afternoon. For instance—

*Kate (savagely).* I did. A headache. Now come up-stairs and—

(*Enter PARKINS.*)

*Parkins (with marked disapproval).* Another book agent, madam.

(*KATE and EMILY turn towards door. Enter a very fine looking young man.*)

*Emily.* Why, Victor Smith!

(*Tableau.*)

HELEN ECOB MCINTOSH.

## A PRAIRIE LULLABY

The noisy north wind has gone away  
 That played with the scarlet-red lilies all day  
 In the prairie grass thick and deep.  
 And the sun that shone on the wheat fields green  
 No longer out in the west is seen,  
 And 'tis time for my baby to sleep.

The flax-flowers have shut up their eyes of blue  
 Just as my little one now must do,  
 And the frogs are beginning to peep.  
 The meadow lark sings his evening song  
 As he sways up and down on a grass stalk long,  
 While I rock my baby to sleep.

The slender oat straws nod sleepy and slow  
 And the bearded wheat heads are bending low,  
 As the shadows grow dark and deep.  
 The last ground sparrow is safe in its nest  
 And the prairie wide is silent in rest  
 And my baby is fast asleep.

GERTRUDE ROBERTS.

It is, I fancy, difficult enough to give a play with all the aids that trained actors, elaborate stage settings, gorgeous gowns and calcium lights can give. Imagine then

**The Trials of a** how much more difficult to give a play  
**Chairman** with college girls as actors, half the parlor  
 of a typical college house as stage, costumes improvised from almost anything, and only a lamp or the gas for light.

On the whole, the chairman of a committee to get up a house play neither envies herself nor does any one else envy her. But she puts on a bold front and bravely faces the situation. She calls the other two members of her committee, and together they descend to the parlor, where they proceed to take the parlor furniture into careful consideration. They realize that it is absolutely impossible to make the parlor furniture fit any play whatever, hence they recognize the necessity of making the play fit the parlor furniture. If after diligent search they cannot find a play which can be cut down, enlarged or judiciously changed to fit the parlor furniture, the play-wright of the house—if it is fortunate enough to have one—is summoned and

wheedled into writing a play whose scene is : In centre, parlor sofa. To left, parlor arm-chair. To right, parlor wicker chair. In foreground, parlor table with lamp. In background, parlor palm.

When once the play is selected, the committee bend their energies to getting girls to take part in it, and more than once have reason to wish they weren't committee. The girls, strangely enough, do not seem to have a keen desire to gain everlasting dramatic fame. On the contrary, the chairman has to resort to wheedling, coaxing, bribes and threats to gain the required number of actors, but she is a determined chairman and she does it.

Next, she turns her mind to costumes. She has discovered from bitter experience that girls do not take gracefully to masculine attire. Of course, there are a few shining exceptions, but as a rule the coat is infinitely bigger than the girl. For this evil the chairman recommends the liberal use of sofa pillows and other such articles as can be utilized as padding. Then there is the trying question of the hero's hair. There seems only one way to solve the difficulty, and that is to braid it tightly and tuck it down under his collar. But it is a most unsatisfactory arrangement. It never by any chance looks like a man's hair, having, as it does, a tendency to drop down over the ears, and besides, it doesn't allow the unfortunate gentleman to move his head more than an inch in any given direction. On the whole, the hero of a house play is a mortal much to be pitied. He cannot move hand or foot without the greatest exertion, he cannot move his head at all to speak of, and he is very, very hot. What wonder that he sometimes fails to propose gracefully ! The unfeeling audience doesn't realize how much torture that proposal involves.

But with the hero disposed of, the greatest difficulty is removed. The costumes of the heroine, the Irish cook, and the maiden aunt are easy in comparison. For the first, almost any pretty gown will do. The second has only to array herself in a tattered conglomeration of colors that fight, don a huge checkered apron, and do her hair in a Psyche. The third wears an antiquated looking black dress, a huge cameo pin, and mitts or wristers as the case may be.

The chairman now considers the subject of stage furnishings. There is always the fire-place and the piano to cope with. No

matter how palatial a scene may be, the fire-place is always many sizes too big for it. The piano is equally over-powering. Hence they must be concealed as far as possible by screens, and the audience is expected to ignore the rest. So the background of the scene in the king's palace and in the beggar's hovel alike is composed of impossible birds and flowers embroidered in gilt on a black ground. Next the chairman arranges her limited supply of furniture, wishes she didn't have to be so careful of the parlor floor, and wonders if the audience will have imagination enough to supply such missing details as windows, doors, etc.

With such difficulties must the chairmain cope—to say nothing of rehearsals—and she labors unceasingly until the night of the play.

That important evening finds her flushed, but calm. She takes a last look at the scenery, turns around the beer-bottles on the bachelor's table so that the "Johann Hoff" on their labels is less conspicuous and hurries behind the screens to see how things are progressing, and to give a few last directions. A scene of much confusion greets her eye, and a babel of excited whispers falls upon her ear.

The martyred hero stands in a corner. In addition to his other woes, his shoes are several sizes too large for him. This necessitates a somewhat shuffling and most unheroic tread. The chairman hastens to administer consolation.

"Cheer up, dear," she says, "I know you're uncomfortable, but you do make a perfectly dandy man." But there are other things upon the heroic mind.

"See here," he says, "you know that place where Aunt Matilda has to come in just as I go out?"

The chairman nods. She does, only too well.

"We've just been trying it," he continues, "and there's no use, we're both that stuffed with pillows that we can't get by each other. We're like the two goats that met on a plank across a stream. I've forgotten what they did in that emergency—fell in, I guess—but the question is, what are we going to do?"

"I'll fix it somehow," the chairman assures him, as she hastens toward his beloved who is struggling with her eye-brows, a hand-glass and a black pencil.

"Laura," says the chairman, taking the pencil, "promise me



you won't laugh in that last scene where you put your head on Edna's shoulder."

"I can't help it," giggles the heroine nervously. "She—I mean he—feels like an animated sofa-pillow. I can actually smell that little pine pillow she's got her shoulder padded with."

The chairman looks severe. "Any one would think you never put your head on a pillow before, to hear you talk. If you laugh in that scene—"

"Are my eye-brows dark enough?" interrupts the heroine. "And—where is that book? I've forgotten how I begin in that scene with Lucy. Grace, have you got the book?"

The chairman sighs, and turns away to draw a few artistic wrinkles on the mild countenance of the maiden aunt.

"I'm afraid I shall spoil the whole thing," remarks that ancient spinster screwing up her face for the better reception of the wrinkles.

"Why? I should like to know," inquires the chairman drawing wrinkles vigorously.

"You see, I borrowed Mary's spectacles, and Mary is near-sighted and I'm not, and when I have them on, I can't for the life of me tell which is Edna and which is Laura, and I'm not sure I can tell either of them from the Morris chair."

"Can't you borrow some one else's spectacles?"

"No, only pair in the house," replies the maiden aunt despondently.

"Well, you'll have to carry them in your hand, then. It would be awful if you kissed that chair by mistake."

\* \* \* \* \*

Outside there is the hum of many voices, and the rustle of skirts as more girls arrive. The chairman gives one last look and slips out into the audience. She sinks wearily onto the cushion reserved for her and breathes a sigh of relief. At least, *her* responsibilities are over. The screens are drawn back. The play has begun. Will it be a success or a failure? The chairman is almost too tired to care.

SYBIL COX.

## TO MY VALENTINE

I need thee so ! What line or plea  
 Can I employ so wooingly  
 That it shall prove a potent spell,  
 A mystic, love-wrought miracle,  
 To win thy heart, dear one, for me ?  
 Life is but dull while lacking thee  
 Beside me ; wealth but penury ;  
 My longing all unspeakable,

I need thee so !  
 Thou art, and ne'er shall cease to be,  
 My soul's lode-star ; perpetually  
 Doth fancy with thine image dwell.  
 Heed thou my heart's best oracle,  
 Help me fulfill its augury.

I need thee so !

HELEN RUTH STOUT.

## FEBRUARY FOURTEENTH

I haven't forgotten it yet—have you ?  
 Just as they were, my mind can trace  
 The Cupids pink on a ground of blue,  
 And the beautiful border of paper lace ;  
 The large round heart that profusely bled,  
 The gilded arrow, the curly bow ;  
 "Be my Valentine !" all it said.  
 That was seventeen years ago.

Valentine's day is here again,  
 As you by the calendar chance to see ;  
 It suggests a theme for your clever pen,  
 And you're good enough to send it to me.  
 It's done in the style that has made your fame,  
 The line has an exquisite lilt and grace ;  
 But I wish I could feel the thrill that came  
 With the bleeding heart and the paper lace.

ETHEL WALLACE HAWKINS.

Geneve West sat eating her late breakfast the morning after the Haddington Junior Promenade. She and her friend, Miss Duncan, had both come down from college  
**The Philopena** on Jack's invitation for the Junior Promenade,—Miss Duncan as his own particular guest, while his sister danced with his room-mate, Harold Lee.

Her aunt, Mrs. Lincoln, with her pretty home in the college town, proved a convenient connection at such a time as this. How funny it was, Geneve thought, that she had never met Mr. Lee before this visit to Haddington; but then, they had more than made up for it in these hurried days of Prom time. Yes, he certainly was clever, so clever that she was never quite sure how much of it was real, and how much a pose of cleverness. Then, besides, he was so irritatingly free from the weak points of most men she knew. At any rate, she knew men felt just as she did about it; that jokes slid from the polished surface of his dignity as grinds vanished before his appreciative, critical smile. "The joke," as little Jim Esterbrook said, "was always on the other fellow;" and then their name for him, "the King," that in itself—

"Well, Gen, you might honor your own and only brother with a kind word," Jack's voice broke in on her musings rather abruptly.

"What! Jack?" she exclaimed. "You needn't try to persuade me you are as wide-awake as that tone pretends. I'm not Lillian, but only a sister. I'm really not worth the effort."

"Geneve, let me urge you to conquer that wretched tendency to youthful levity, while I lay before you my sad need. You've got to put on your togs and come around to the rooms with me right away, before I escort the inspecting brigade over at eleven. There hasn't been a woman in the place since kingdom come, and I dread Aunt Sallie's eagle eye."

"Poor thing, give her two," murmured Geneve. "It would be awful if Cyclopsy ran in the family."

"Aunt Sallie's eagle eye," repeated Jack sternly, "not to mention Lillian's interesting orbs. Now, I'll give you five minutes to finish breakfast and get ready. I'll meet you in the vestibule."

Geneve managed to evade the "eagle eye" and reached Jack without her aunt or Lillian knowing of her departure. Bowing to some men whom she knew, gave her a feeling of assured position in this caravanserai existence. So it was from another plane that she commenced to question Jack. "Why," she asked, "don't you and Mr. Lee have some woman come and take care of your rooms for you? I can't understand living like pagans as you must."

"There is a female, oh sapient sister mine, a female known

by the name of O'Malley, who mends our clothes and is supposed to look after our general well-being for a weekly pittance." Jack's attention was distracted just then by a discussion in a group they passed as to whether the "queen" were "sister." "Do you know," said Jack, "that nobody will believe you're my sister, you're so good-looking?"

"Jack," replied Geneve gravely, "my mind misgives me as to the nature of the work that lies before me. You always wax complimentary in proportion to the amount I can do for you. It's a good thing that we have reached the door, or I should have turned back in alarm."

The room they entered was unique in a thoroughly masculine way. Geneve's house-wifely soul exclaimed within her at the dust and the convenient disorder of books and papers. But she forgot that at once in the suggestiveness of the fittings of the den. The great, deep window-seat, the perfectly colored meerschauums, the steins, the few really good bits of brass and old furniture, the desks and the chairs, which were designed especially to be tilted on one leg,—all the essentials of the modern college study were to her symbolic of the joys of that life which no visitor or girl ever sees into deeply. It was with some such feeling as this that she said rather wistfully, "I wish you were more yourselves when we are here and not like other men in the world outside. You're so polite."

But Jack was oblivious to every thing but the whereabouts of the duster. "That's Hal's room," he said. "I wonder if he's up yet. Most of the house-keeping apparatus is in there."

"Oh, never mind. Please don't wake him up," Geneve exclaimed apprehensively. "I can get along all right. Will you look at this hole in your curtain! Jack, I'm ashamed to see that. Play I'm your Mrs. O'Malley." Just here the door into Harold Lee's room swung slightly ajar.

Not noticing this, Geneve went on. "Please, Misther Jack, if you'll be so good as to get me a nadle and thread, I'll be afther a-mending of your curtain."

From the inner room came in sleepy tones, "Is that you, Mrs. O'Malley? Here are my stockings to be darned. Mind they are done better this time than last."

The roll of golf stockings, negligently tossed through the half-open door, hit Jack squarely in the chest. He doubled up at once, in silent ecstasy. Geneve stood appalled, for one second. Then as



Jack's delight showed unmistakable signs of losing its silent quality, she made a dive for his corner of the room and put her hand tightly over his mouth, taking possession of the stockings with the other hand, while she whispered commands.

"Don't laugh, don't dare to! You mustn't ever let him know I was here. Look here," she exclaimed, as Jack showed every intention of audibly enjoying the situation, "I'll promise you a chance for the best joke on him, if you only will be good now. No, I can't tell you here, but it's an inspiration direct. Grab that curtain and come back to the house. I'll mend it there; the risk of discovery is too great here."

When they got outside, Jack gave vent to his delight at what had happened. "Hal," he cried, "of all people, high and mighty fastidious Hal, the lady-killer—"

"He's not a lady-killer," interrupted Geneve.

"Well, Gen, you know he's polite and attentive to the fair sex, more than most of us. But what's your idea?"

"It's a little piece of private revenge. You remember how you primed him about my never giving men my pictures and being rather indifferent generally; not putting myself out much, never making pillows or banners for college men and all that?"

Jack nodded.

"Well, the one thing your nonchalant and rather blasé roommate attempted to do was to obtain some one of these favors before my departure. Oh, no—not because he cared about me, but because I didn't care about anyone, him or anyone else, enough to give away anything which was really mine. By a foolish mistake on my part, I lost a philopena; if I pay up, I'll have to make Mr. Lee a pillow. Now I distinctly resent the direct try he made for that result and if you want to get a joke on him, collect some of your special friends in your rooms, all primed with this morning's events, ready to help him open the box my pillow will come in."

"The full beauty of the scheme is beginning to strike me," said Jack. "Gen, you're a girl after my own heart. I'll get up the celebration at this end of the line, if you'll manage the other."

Often during the days which followed the girl's return to Rockdale, when any one mentioned to Harold Lee the "stunner" he danced the Prom with, he would turn to Jack with dark hints of the pillow he expected.

Finally, one day, he said to Jack, "After all, West, girls are all alike. Here's your sister promised me a pillow and you said she never did that sort of thing."

Jack, by a tremendous effort, sobered his face to the requisite air of offended family pride. "Seriously, now, Hal, I think this chaffing of yours has gone far enough. I'm telling you the truth when I say Gen has never done this before and it's my belief—well—I hate to say so, but if she sends you a pillow or anything of that sort, I'll believe the girl's in love with you."

Harold Lee flushed, knocked the tobacco from his pipe and hurriedly left the room on the pretext of getting another pipeful.

It was the day after this conversation that Geneve's telegram, "Pillow on the way. Please notice neatness of darns," arrived. It took Jack just about half an hour to collect a crowd of fellows and tell them the beginning of the affair. "You might drop in about lunch-time," he suggested. "'The King' usually comes in before going over to the club. I'll hold the box if it comes before noon."

Little Jim Esterbrook whooped in the middle of the campus. "To think," he roared, his big voice a continual contradiction of his size, "to think that I should have a chance at 'the King,' the immaculate, irreproachable 'King.' Now I know why I came to college. Not twice in a life-time can one get a grind on our 'conquering hero.'"

"Well," Jack broke in, "he really had the grace to become embarrassed when I said I knew my sister had lost her heart entirely, if she were going to send him a pillow."

The discussion of girls and grinds was dropped here to be taken up later when the group gathered in Jack's den at noon. As Harold entered the room, Jack looked up from his study of the coming season's baseball rules, with a careless, "Box over there for you, Hal. Man just left it."

The men in the room furtively watched Hal as he picked up the box, turned it over, looked at the address, then gave a start of possible recognition when he saw the post-mark. "Rockdale!" he muttered.

"Who's your box from, Hal?" asked Jack. "Any grub?"

"Oh, it's nothing, only a package I was expecting," answered Hal.

"Expecting!" muttered Jimmie. "Now, by all the gods,

his last chance for mercy is gone." Then aloud, "I say, fellows, I'll bet it's that pillow we've been hearing about." The room took up the chorus and the men begged to be allowed to open it.

Hal, holding the enormous package high up in the air, pulled himself from their grasp, disappearing into his own room with the remark, "I think it is the pillow. You'll wish it were yours when you see it."

In the outer room there was absolute silence. Jimmie sat with half an eiderdown pillow stuffed into his mouth, Jack and Charlie Fraser standing guard, ready to quell the slightest noise. From Hal's bedroom came the sound of the unwrapping of paper.

"He must be most to them," whispered Charlie Fraser excitedly.

"Mind your grammar, my son," reproved Jack. A minute of complete quiet in the next room, and then bureau drawers were opened and shut rapidly.

"Murder!" said Jimmie. "'The King's' in a temper."

Just then Harold appeared in the doorway, a dress-suit case in one hand and a hat-box in the other. As he looked at the array of grins on the faces confronting him, a smile of comprehension crossed his face.

"Dear boy," drawled Jack, "don't leave us in a fit of rage. Let me apologize for the family."

"Does that train leave for Rockdale at 1.30 or 1.40?" asked Hal, with slow significance.

Jack sat upright with a jump. "What are you going to do?" he asked anxiously.

"I'm going up to see your sister. A girl who can darn stockings like that—Well, there's always more at stake than appears on the surface of things, and I intend to find out at once if she paid up in the spirit as well as in the letter."

"Ten to one he gets her," exclaimed Jimmie, as he turned to the window to watch Hal swing down the street with rapid and determined stride.

"I'll have no betting on my sister," said Jack, settling the subject emphatically.

MARIE STUART.

## EDITORIAL

A certain amount of dissatisfaction seems to be the inevitable accompaniment of changes of any kind, whatever be their character or importance. It may take the form either of active remonstrance against the new, or of great reluctance to part with the old. It is the latter variety which is most frequently encountered in the life of an institution of a more or less public character. Provided the associations with such an institution are in any degree pleasant, it becomes the object of a feeling of affectionate proprietorship on the part of a great number of people, which assumes as its prerogative the right of comment and criticism. Moreover, not to have it so would be in a way a reflection upon the institution.

So it seems only natural that the changes which have been made upon the college campus within the last few years, and particularly within the last year, should be looked upon with a bit of regret by the older alumnæ when they return to visit us. The mere external features of the life here are too closely associated with its joys and pleasures to be changed without a sense of loss. With the feeling of the former students who lament the eclipse of the college clock and mourn over the changed features of the college landscape, we have the greatest sympathy. It is not so long since we saw the moving of the Dewey House and the foundations laid for the new academic building upon the campus, that we should forget our own feelings upon the matter. It was with a sense of very active reluctance, to say the least, that we watched the proceedings, but it was only that which might have been expected. It needed only for the point to be reached where we should feel the benefits of the changes for the earlier feeling to be lost entirely. The necessity for the change was too great, the advantages are now too obvious, to leave room for any regret for possible sacrifices involved. The rapid growth of the college has imperatively demanded the increase of resources which is afforded by this last great addition to our



working facilities,—the new academic building, for which we are most sincerely and profoundly grateful.

The opening of Seelye Hall at the beginning of the semester made us realize by contrast how great have been the disadvantages under which we have recently labored. The work of the college has really been conducted under most unfavorable circumstances, because we have been so sadly cramped and hindered by lack of room to accommodate the growing classes and the increasing number of courses. Since it is scarcely practicable to conduct recitations in the open air, we have been forced to seek shelter in any spot which proved available, and we have flitted from place to place without other reason than the bare necessity of a roof-covering. The sensation of passing with ease and comfort from one end of a hall to another was unknown to us. We moved in a crowd, or remained immovable in it, as the case might be. With what a sense of relief and renewed dignity do we now find ourselves passing up easy and uncrowded staircases into spacious and well-lighted halls. We realize gratefully that each wandering department is now enabled to establish itself in a permanent abiding-place. The really unusual beauty of the library room, which is as yet unfinished, and the attractive recitation rooms, large and well ventilated, cannot but serve as a positive stimulus for the work to be carried on in them. Even College Hall seems changed since the congestion, which has filled it to overflowing, has been relieved by the new building.

It is small wonder then that, from the undergraduate point of view, the fact that “the old order changeth, yielding place to new,” offers merely cause for rejoicing. The very changes in the campus grounds, concerning which so many of us boded dire results, have failed to fulfill the alarmist character of these prophecies. By a most judicious arrangement of walks and roads, the eye seems compensated for the actual loss of space due to the presence of the larger building on the site of the Dewey House. To those responsible for the administration of the college affairs, to the unknown benefactor whose great generosity has made possible this welcome increase in our advantages, we owe nothing but an unbounded debt of gratitude.

## EDITOR'S TABLE

In glancing through a pile of college exchanges, one can hardly fail to be struck by the small place filled in most of them by the critical article. This seems a rather curious fact, when we consider the large amount of critical study carried on in most of our colleges. Yet that very fact may, from another point of view, explain both this lack and one of the most common faults of the college critical article as we find it. The student who has succeeded in convincing himself, during the writing of a series of "required" papers, that he is filled with a burning enthusiasm for Wordsworth's Ecclesiastical Sonnets or Dryden's Ode to Mrs. Anne Killigrew, is more likely in his leisure hours to turn with a sigh of relief to the sketching of a college episode or the composing of a triolet on the Prom girl, than to set himself seriously to work out a consistent criticism of any work of literature.

The results of this natural state of affairs are clearly to be seen in the college magazine. On the one hand we find many magazines which make no attempt at critical work, which are given over wholly to the light, sketchy material most easily obtainable; on the other, where editors have heroically persisted in securing something in the nature of a literary "heavy," we too often find the trail of the class-room conspicuously traced over all. The obvious effort to "work in" note-book material, the maintenance of the class-room point of view, are unmistakable signs of required work, and are seldom absent from any paper written on an assigned subject which has been covered in class. Such critical work, if it may be so called, suffers from the most irremediable of all faults—unreadability.

In work of a somewhat higher character, expressive of a certain degree of individuality, the most common fault is not rashness or hasty impressionism, as might be expected from the youth and inexperience of the writers. The critical paper, as

a whole, is indeed often lacking in proper proportion, the writer fondly dwelling upon some one phase of an author's work which appeals peculiarly to him, and swiftly if not very gracefully passing over with a mere suggestion equally important phases which have failed to make such an appeal. This, however, is not the most serious of faults, in that its presence implies at least a certain vigor and conviction on the writer's part. Much more frequently do we find fairly sound and well-substantiated opinions expressed with a crudity which takes away half of their effectiveness. The fault of superfluous cleverness, too often the sole claim to notice of professional critics of the lighter sort, is seldom encountered in undergraduate work. We find few coiners of phrases, but on the contrary a sad multitude of phrases conspicuously uncoined—still in the rough. Nicety and precision of expression being thus lacking, the fine discriminations whose expression is dependent on such precision are likewise lacking and a criticism of broad patches and sweeping generalizations too frequently results.

It may be of interest in this connection to mention what is, in some respects, the most striking product of the December monthlies—"Miss Clayton; a Study," in the Radcliffe Magazine. While not a critical article, it shows in its minute and searching analysis of character the very qualities of precise and vigorous phrasing and the sense of literary form which we have found conspicuously absent in the work we have been reviewing, and which are so essential to good criticism. In subtlety of expression and keenness of insight, "Miss Clayton" strongly suggests Henry James. While not altogether unassailable in its plot, its workmanship places it in a rank far above the ordinary undergraduate story.

The Educational Review for January contains two articles on the subject of college admission requirements—one the report of the Committee on College Entrance Requirements, published by the National Educational Association; the other the address of Mr. Nicholas Murray Butler at Trenton, which we noticed in this department last month. The plan of the committee is the result of four years of labor by one hundred and forty teachers representing the colleges and secondary schools of the country. It wholly avoids the mistake of its predecessor, the Committee of Ten, proposing not uniform curriculums for the

preparatory schools, but uniform courses in each subject, which may be moulded by individual schools into various courses to suit the needs of different students. The committee, indeed, recommends that certain "constants" be made the frame-work of every course—namely, one year's work in history, one in science, two each in English and mathematics, and four in foreign languages; but beyond this they would approve of the students' being left free to choose such courses as suit his individual taste, or such as are prescribed for entrance by the college to which he plans to go. In framing these courses, the Committee has been assisted in each particular case by specialists—in the case of Latin and Greek, by a committee from the American Philological Association; in French and German, by the Modern Language Association and the National Educational Association; in history, by the opinion of the American Historical Association, as expressed in the report of the Committee of Seven. Their report thus expresses the best expert judgment of the country and must, it would seem, prove acceptable to most of our schools and colleges.

The advantages of this uniformity of courses are in the main obvious. Students preparing in the same subject for different colleges will no longer be obliged to use different books or to form separate classes. The absurd distinctions between "college" and "non-college" subjects will be done away with and all students will enjoy equal advantages. Text-making talent will be concentrated on fewer books and will thus produce better results. The difficulties which meet the student when forced to change from school to school will be reduced to a minimum. An important recommendation of the committee is that four courses in science, history and literature be the maximum provision of the secondary-school program. Schools so limiting themselves would unquestionably be able to secure, with the same resources, a higher class of teachers and more thorough work than is possible while they struggle chiefly, as many now do, for a long program of subjects.

The plan of the Committee seems to have been carefully worked out to the smallest detail; yet it has not the breadth of scope which Mr. Butler's scheme, though a mere first sketch, involves. The second part of his title, "Uniform College Entrance Requirements with a Joint Board of Examiners," suggests the very practical character of his proposal. The Asso-



ciation is not merely to "endeavor to bring about, as rapidly as possible, agreement upon a uniform statement as to each subject required by two or more colleges for admission," but to "hold or cause to be held at convenient points, in June of each year, a series of college admission examinations with uniform tests in each subject and issue certificates based upon the results of such examinations," which the colleges of the Middle States and Maryland will be urged to "accept, as far as they go, in lieu of their own separate admission requirements."

It would seem as though the representatives of the Association might profitably avail themselves of some of the results of the labors of the Committee on College Entrance Requirements in deciding on the uniform statements to be adopted. Both bodies are evidently working, along somewhat different lines, toward the same end—the establishment of intelligent and sympathetic coöperation among the various colleges, and between them and the preparatory schools.

## ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

I have been invited to contribute to "The Smith College Monthly" an article giving my impressions of the college as it is now, in comparison with the college of my day. This is written from the

**Impressions of the College** standpoint of one who was a graduate of the first class and who claims Northampton

(Florence) as her old home.

I had just entered the Northampton High School, presided over at that time by Mr. Gorham, when there was launched the new educational movement represented by the Sophia Smith endowment for a college. Mt. Holyoke Seminary and Vassar College were doing their work, and doing it well; but a college for women with a standard practically identical with that of Amherst or Williams or Dartmouth, and almost equal to that of Yale or Harvard, —all this was very ambitious. Indeed, it is almost impossible for those of us who are familiar with the phenomenal success of Smith to conceive how novel, not to say hazardous, such an undertaking seemed in those days. There were people who asked incredulously, "Where are the girls to come from who want such a higher education?" And some sceptics went so far as to call the whole plan "Smith's Folly." But the trustees were selected and President Seelye was chosen to direct the great undertaking. How wise this selection has been continually and abundantly demonstrated by the marvelous growth of the college in all good ways. It is a pleasure to note that the President's last report, just received, sounds a high, clear note of further progress.

How well I remember the appearance of the old place chosen as the site of Smith College! The old Dewey House, which has taken two trips since then, used to stand on the brow of the hill and was moved back to make room for new college buildings. I remember the first time that President Seelye was pointed out to me. His very presence seemed to give

"to airy nothing

A local habitation and a name."

Well, the Dewey House was moved back, the main building and the President's house were erected, announcements were judiciously circulated and the first class assembled in the fall of 1875. The first morning in chapel stands out clearly in recollection. The platform stood at what is now the rear of the room. The singing was accompanied by a piano and the whole class occupied a part of two half-rows of seats on the right side by the west windows. President Seelye welcomed us, and Smith College was opened.

Now just picture the situation. A freshman class without any upper

classes! Never did we, as irresponsible freshmen, enjoy a rivalry with the jolly sophomore, or the support of the happy junior, or the inspiration of the dignified senior. We had to carry the responsibilities of all these classes at once and from the start; for it was impressed upon us, from the first and continually, that we were setting the standard in a great experiment and that we must illustrate, at all times, the finest scholarship, the most correct behavior and the most dignified self-control,—in short, the flower of educated womanhood. I remember well the first day we assembled. The examination in algebra was written; the others were oral and were conducted by Professor Josiah Clark in the wing of Social Hall. There were about a dozen of us at that time; two or three others came in later and after a few weeks two or three dropped out, leaving in the class eleven, which was the number graduated.

The work in language was conducted, the first year, in the little room, the second on the left from the side entrance of the main building; and this same little room was used later by Miss Whitney (German), Professor Adams (history), Professor Phelps (logic, psychology and political economy), Professor Mather (Greek), and Mr. Jessup (botany). Our work in chemistry was carried on in what is now the reading room. An increase of faculty was necessitated by incoming classes, and in this connection we borrowed from Amherst, at different times, Professors Mather, Crowell, Root, Esty and Emerson.

Students then in Amherst have told us that some of their professors, having the same work in both colleges would say, "Gentlemen, the Smith students are taking three pages; I guess we can take four." Then these same professors would come over to us and say, "Ladies, the Amherst students are taking four pages; I guess you can take five." And so we were pitted against each other till the utmost limit of work was reached.

Speaking of the quality and character of the instruction, it was always thorough, often stimulating, and sometimes masterly. In a single recitation we were frequently called upon, in turn, three or four times all around. There is a difference between retail and wholesale work. No doubt most of us, as we reflect on college life, often ask these questions, viz.—What studies had the most absorbing interest? What teachers have given the greatest help and inspiration? While the ability to answer these questions definitely is possible in a small college, it must become increasingly difficult in a larger one, especially as regards the personal influence of the teacher.

The city's opportunity for offering homes to college girls was not then the tremendous business that it is now. The Dewey House became the home of the first class. The lady in charge had much to do with the home life of the girls, and cottage management was an unsettled problem. One little incident I recall just here. One evening we were seated at the supper table. A quiet formality prevailed. A newly arrived member of the class, an irrepressible one,—thank Heaven, we had one or two such,—on seating herself burst out with a loud laugh, at the same time calling attention to the fact that the college linen was marked "Smith Collodge." We had all noticed this before, but were too prim or too timid to comment openly upon it. The laugh relieved the situation though it did not make the new member a favor-

ite with the housekeeper. This was before the advent of Mrs. Hopkins, who appeared shortly afterwards and set a bright and shining example of the essential qualities required of a matron. I presume it was by no mere accident that the college policy sought out and shaped, with wise forethought, the plan of many houses for the home life of the girls, instead of following the old-fashioned custom of grouping all students in a large central dormitory, to the unnecessary waste of much nervous energy.

After the first two years, a teacher of social culture was not deemed necessary. Many appreciative words have been spoken of the lady filling this position, regarding her interest in brightening the cottage life of the girls. Unfortunately, some of those, living at home, did not share this keen admiration. She used to bother some of us dreadfully with tracts; and I remember once when, in the innocence of my heart, I invited my father and uncle, both gray-haired gentlemen, to visit our gymnastic exercises, how she rebuked me for the unladylike impropriety of my conduct in exhibiting the class in short dresses. On this occasion she was sustained by a large part of the class. I wept over it, but as I think of that episode and then of the golf and bicycle suits which the girls wear now so commonly, so freely and so innocently, I can only exclaim with old Cicero, "*O tempora, O mores.*"

I cannot speak in detail of the cottage life of the girls, as I roomed in college only a part of one year; but the large majority in our class, as I recall them, were girls who loved study, but, at the same time, were natural enough to know how to amuse themselves if they had the leisure. We used to be told that glowing and possibly exaggerated reports were in circulation regarding the character and scholarship of that first class. While it is probably true that there were some very gifted students, yet it is also equally probable that no class as a whole in Smith College ever worked so hard and so continuously, nor ever will. I would never want any other class to work as we worked. College life meant hard work, but we were setting the pace.

Often did I hear that the first class was very stiff, starchy and self-satisfied. I will not for one moment deny the fact of our stiffness and conceit. An Amherst student once told me, in a confiding moment, that he would sooner attempt to flirt with Pallas Athena than with a member of that first class. But would not pioneers in any such undertaking, from their very ambition and determination, naturally be liable to a pardonable self-esteem and dignity? If later classes have changed in this respect, it may be noted that increase of numbers always tends to distribute and hence to dissipate the sense of responsibility. Again, larger numbers, already having assured success, disarm idle criticism and more easily gain and hold a position of dignity which may have been won by their predecessors only by great effort.

Our social privileges grew as other classes came in and as other cottages were built. The early classes were always allowed to receive callers in the parlors without that exasperating espionage and belittling supervision so common in many other institutions; for, from the beginning, Smith College treated her students as young women. But there was not that strength, wealth and color of social interchange which, to a casual observer, seem to be main features of college life of the present. Our class had some few good times. We all remember the trip to Mt. Holyoke Seminary, when one barge



sufficed to hold us all. On returning to the Connecticut river, we found that the ferry-boat was on the other side; the ferry-man was summoned, after some waiting, by the call of "ship ahoy" in the stentorian tones of President Seelye, assisted by our feminine voices in upper diapason. Again, we went to Amherst. Of course the younger generation will laugh at the prosiness of these "good times," but they partially served to relieve the monotony and drudgery of our really hard life.

I know that you will smile at our receptions, for we did ourselves. At first, these were held weekly in the Dewey House parlors and they were something awful. I hope some day to forget them. Later, we assembled once a month in the main building. The wildest pleasure allowed was a promenade through Social Hall and at ten o'clock the janitor sent us home by turning out the lights. Do not think for one moment that that was our ideal of unlimited pleasure. But college authority set the bounds and I guess it was right, all things considered; though in these days it is most pleasant to go back and find you enjoying all sorts of delightful receptions, pretty teas and jolly sports. You have all this with a freedom which seems perfectly spontaneous, happy and trustworthy.

The comparison between the college life of the early classes and that of recent ones may be facilitated by a comparison between the society life of twenty-four years ago and the society life of to-day. Since that time there has been a great development in society itself; for example, look only at the changed views of many thousands of good people as regards the theatre, dancing and cards. College life shares in all such progress. No doubt as compared with those of the present, our class felt an unnatural sense of restraint; but considering the newness and the uncertainty of the great experiment, considering the great stakes involved, I have only most unqualified admiration and praise for the seemingly ultra-conservatism shown by the college management of those early days.

Thus far I have indulged mainly in reminiscences of the former times. To pass from those to the Smith College of to-day,—especially for one who has visited it only at rare intervals,—is to pass to a large subject, bewildering from its very largeness and brilliancy. Large and brilliant and strange it is even to the casual visitor; but it is still more impressive to the old graduate. Even familiar things seem partly strange to her. A new generation has appropriated her place and monopolized her rights. She feels as one might who visits the scenes of a former incarnation. In spite of all the hard work, in spite of all the restraint, the genius of those first years was as "the spirit of old-fashioned roses" which can not be brought back by "the charmer, charm he never so wisely." The new college has all the variety and luxuriance of a vast and lovely tropical garden. In the great contrast we are prouder than ever to be *alumnæ* of Smith College, with her increase in material wealth, with her increase in the number of students, and especially with her increase in the faculty; for it is the scholarship, character and earnestness of the faculty which primarily constitutes the college, and it must always be so. It is this reputation for high scholarship which has brought that army of girls, an army which seems to have taken possession of the whole city, even to the

partial absorption of my old home at Florence—in connection with the Northampton Golf Club.

I shall never forget the superb appearance of the last graduating class. We note with joy and approval that the Smith College senior, as she comes up for graduation, a legion as compared with our small number, presents herself in the simplicity of maiden's dress.

One away from Smith would judge the senior dramatics to be the most prominent affair of the college year. The presentation of *Electra* some years ago showed to the public, at one stroke, the genuine nature of the strength, thoroughness and art of college culture for women; and the annual Shakspeare plays have invariably maintained this sense of a high standard. It is probable that no other single feature has ever contributed so much to make the college well known throughout the country at large, always excepting the work of the graduates.

There is another phase of college life at the present with which I was deeply impressed, viz.—caste in social relations. A college offers its advantages not alone to the rich and exclusive on the one hand, nor to the poor and democratic alone on the other, but to both. It is a fine thing that the girls from different stations have the chance to mingle and know each other well in the democracy of class-room and campus, before their sympathies shall have become limited or their prejudices unyielding.

Among the problems suggested by the change from the old to the new is one on which I will venture a word, and that is the ideal course for women. If any such course is ever to be made known, it will only be found by such experiments as the college is now offering. And if such a course is to be natural, it will be only worked out by the college girl herself, in response to inward aptitude and outward opportunity or necessity. President Seelye has never advocated a "career" as a main argument for the higher education of woman. She is taken from the home and is expected to go back to the home; and under these conditions we can leave the problem there, in the hands of the college and in the hands of the Smith girl.

It may not be out of place to introduce here a word in regard to the value of separate colleges like Smith for the education of women, in contrast with coeducational institutions. Almost all institutions west of the Mississippi are coeducational. This is entirely in accordance with the theory and spirit of the great, young and vigorous West. The same plan which provides for the higher education of young men must provide with equal freedom for the education of young women. In almost all parts of the West unavoidable economy dictates this policy, at least for the present; but here the theory of equality for both sexes strangely overlooks the differences between them. It is probable that coeducational institutions will learn in the future to care for the social life of their girls better than they do at present. Woman's chief mission is that of refinement. This influence must be guarded and protected in every way, and this can be done best, at present, in separate women's colleges; for "if gold ruste, what shal iren doo."

The writer has endeavored to present the impressions of one graduate; but it does not follow that these are entirely accurate or complete, though I know they are both honest and loyal. Like the old Dewey House, the old gradu-

ate "has been moved back." She no longer estimates things from the centre of the campus. Take her impressions for what they are worth. As we revisit Smith, the first great impression is that which comes from the large number of students. The first query concerns the social connection or isolation of the individual in the throng. The first hope is for the maintenance of the unity of college life; a social life which we old graduates did not enjoy in its fulness, mainly because of the lack of adequate numbers. Numbers naturally conceal the more retiring personality, but offer a tempting field for the more aggressive one. Numbers hide the single independent one, and allow the freer action of the self-centered student. A friend recently met in succession in Colorado four graduates from the same class of a large eastern institution. Not one of these four knew any one of the three others, nor even remembered that there were such members in his class in college, and yet all of the four were strong, intelligent, active men. Will such indifference sometime begin to sap the life of the common interests at Smith? Do all the students still feel the oneness of class spirit which makes up college spirit; or are the natural and perfectly excusable cliques the beginnings of the disintegration of the unity of college spirit? And if there shall inevitably follow, at some future time, the separation of the general college life into many smaller circles or centres of social activity, how will this change affect the life and character of the average girl, both in college and in after life?

We cannot answer any of these questions, but they certainly imply changes, whether desirable or undesirable,—marked changes, as contrasted with the old days when all girls might at least know the name and face of every other student. For the present, we turn to recent articles on college life, such as that which appeared in *Scribner's* (July, '98), by Miss Alice K. Fallows, a paper at once bright, intelligent and timely, and we are assured that the college spirit is still preserved. Your studies are the basis of your college life; but add to this quick sympathy with, and large helpfulness for, your class as a whole and your college as a whole.

Your life work will be measured largely by the scale you adopt in your present appreciation and use of your class life and your college life; for there is one thing which never changes and that is the heart of a girl and the heart of a woman. Let us modestly strive now and always to exert the influence and to merit the honor implied in the old gallantry,—

"From woman's eyes this doctrine I derive;  
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;  
They are the books, the arts, the academes  
That show, contain, and nourish all the world."

HARRIET WARNER PALMER '79.

Boulder, Colorado.



The day is past when a college girl is looked on as an abnormality or a blue-stocking, and is expected to be out of harmony with the practical life about her. To-day she is expected

**The College Settlements Association** to accept her place in a social system where her influence counts

**A Plea** practically for larger culture, for

the womanly sweetness and the light of that altruism which is the highest evidence of the Christianity and the culture of our era. In the crowding of duties and services that life brings, a cause to be espoused must not only be compelling, but it must belong peculiarly to us. It is because the cause of the settlements seems to me to be both of these, that I make this plea before the *alumnæ* and members of Smith College.

A mother should care for her children and Smith is the American mother of settlements. Ten years ago in Rivington Street, New York, the first settlement in America was started by members of Smith College. The College Settlements Association was organized in the following year (1890), to support this and other settlements. Individual members of the college have been most instrumental in carrying on both the practical and the organization work of this movement. We have two head workers in New York settlements to-day, and the president of the association is a Smith alumna. But as a body the *alumnæ* are not fulfilling the hopes created by their early support of this work. Our *alumnæ* lists are enlarging almost fifteen per cent each year—our association subscriptions remain almost at the same level, year after year. Comparison between our *alumnæ* subscriptions and those of other colleges do not bring satisfaction even if the amounts we give are larger, on account of this increase in our numbers.

Washington Gladden said in an address to one of our graduating classes. "No man is truly educated unless his sympathies have been broadened and deepened, and his sense of social responsibility has become quick and keen. The one thing needful is that men and women who have had the advantages of the higher education should be able to put themselves into friendly and sympathetic relations with all the people round them. Love is the only medium through which sweetness and light can be communicated." Surely then this work belongs peculiarly to us to do,—to us as initiators of the movement; to us as women who have had the joy and development of beauty and peace and culture in our lives. Since many of us cannot engage in the practical side of this work, can we not show our interest in it and the consciousness of our duties by a helpful coöperation with the others? It seems as if lack of interest must be due to lack of knowledge of the workings of a settlement, not to any opposition to its principles. Miss Addams said at the recent tenth anniversary of the founding of Hull House, that "it was opened on the theory that the dependence of classes on each other is reciprocal. I believe that there will be no wretched quarters in our cities when the conscience of man is so touched that he prefers to live with the poorest of his brethren and not with the richest of them that his income will allow." "The settlement is an experimental effort to aid in the solution of the social and industrial problems which are engendered by the modern conditions of life in a great city."



It is almost impossible for us to realize without experience what these problems are, or what the settlements mean to the people among whom they are situated. As an example, however, let us take the Rivington Street Settlement in New York. It is placed in the most thickly populated ward in New York, where the population is 482,496 to the square mile,—an average of over fifty-four inhabitants to each tenement. Here are all the problems of modern society. New York opens her doors every year to over 178,000 immigrants—a motley assembly from every nation and station in the world. In five years those men may become so-called American citizens. A lawyer, whom I asked the length of time it took to become an American citizen, said, “That depends; in Tammany Hall you can do it in twenty-four hours.” How will this man know what citizenship means, if he is left to the tender mercies of a ward politician or a Tammany boss? He is not apt to learn any law but that of the boss, or any freedom but that to do wrong. The settlement stands to these people as an educating, really Americanizing influence, so far as it is possible to be. Its debating clubs and good-government clubs, its “street-cleaning departments” and its penny provident societies teach many lessons of freedom under the law, of thrift and good-will. But more than all these, the settlements are *friends*—friends to the sweat-shop workers, friends to the shop girl, who gets two or three dollars a week and has to live on it.

The Consumers' League reports prices paid for work in tenement houses, that mean worse than starvation, for they mean idiocy and criminal tendencies as a result. Here are a few, in which it must be remembered that a percentage comes off for boss sweaters and a deduction for cost of cartage.

Cambric dresses, with lined waists and some trimming, \$1.20 a dozen.

Nightgowns, with tucked yokes (thread furnished by the maker) and insertion (cut out by the maker), \$1.00 a dozen.

Silk waists, 98 cents a dozen.

Women's wrappers, 49 cents a dozen.

Coats are being “finished” at 36 cents a dozen.

Shirts, 30 cents a dozen.

Aprons, 22 cents a dozen.

Neckties are being made at \$1.25 a gross.

Knee pants, 50 cents a dozen.

Vests, \$1.00 a dozen.

Trousers, 12½ cents a pair.

Coats, 32 cents each.

To these poor sisters of ours the settlement often means their sole place of peace, comfort or common decency. The Chicago Commons quotes from a letter of a man who is living in the slums of New York:

“My sister and I have been living in a huge tenement ‘upstairs over the saloon,’ as I have been accustomed to saying to my friends who want to look me up. There are five entrances to the building and twelve families to each entrance, besides the ones who live in the stores. This way of living is limited, however, to Chinamen, Italians and undertakers. In the whole house there are about three hundred people. The worst of it is the rooms. They are very small, dark and close. There are windows in the extreme front and

rear rooms, but the rooms between are dark, save for the light that comes from the windows in the far end rooms. In these six little rooms that we have, seventeen people were living when we took them. By reason of the two series being in a row there is absolutely no chance of thorough ventilation. You can imagine the stifling heat. The rooms are so small that it is awful. How can there be any modesty when people live in such quarters? How can there be any charm of family life when you are constantly surrounded by so many people? No wonder, then, that there is a saloon for every 390 people in my district! One block has a saloon for every 223."

The criticism that the college settlements are anti-religious is one that I have heard of late, but that I cannot understand. They must of necessity be anti-sectarian in a community made up of a dozen different nationalities and religions; and the amount of definite religious instruction depends on the individual worker. But how can a movement be called anti-religious that is based on exactly the greatest and most vital element of the purest of religions—that of Christian *love*—love for our brothers, whom we see and yet toward whom our eyes are sometimes blinded.

Settlement workers invariably find great benefit to themselves in the broadening and deepening of the sympathies that come from this life. I have purposely left their part of the work aside, because I wanted to try to appeal to those who are not able to give that service. Henry Drummond shows us how all the history of the world and of man evolves, as its most precious result, love for others—the altruism that puts another before the self. This is the greatest word of our era. "History is but the record of the process of this evolution of the divinity out of humanity," Lyman Abbott says. Is there any more beautiful service for any of us than this of giving, as far as in us lies, the glory and joy of our lives for even the momentary brightening of such lives as our sisters live?

In November, Charlotte Stone MacDougall was obliged to give up the work of elector for the College Settlements Association. In taking her place, it is necessary for the present writer to make every effort for the carrying out of Mrs. MacDougall's plans for the success of the work.

The contributions from the alumnae have been declining in comparison with our growing members:—

Whole number of Alumnae.		Amount of subscription.
'96-'97	1160	\$536.17
'97-'98	1340	518.67
'98-'99	1487	593.00

If any alumna finds it possible to increase her subscription or to become a member of the Association, the interest will be most gladly welcomed.

SUSAN E. FOOTE '96.

Port Henry, New York.

The Executive Committee of the Alumnae Association held its semi-annual meeting in Boston on January 5. All the members were present, Miss Gane coming from Chicago and Miss Whiton from New York to attend.

Contributions to this department are desired by the second of the month in order to appear in that month's issue, and are to be sent to Emily P. Locke, Wallace House.

'87. Eleanor L. Lord is teaching in the Woman's College of Baltimore.

Clara M. Hubbell is studying this year at Yale.

'88. Florence K. Bailey is taking a special course in English history at Radcliffe.

Florence Leonard is teaching music in New York City.

'89. Agnes Carr is teaching at the school of Dr. and Mrs. Bellows, Boston, Mass.

'93. Grace B. Field has announced her engagement to Mr. George C. Spottiswoode, of Orange, N. J.

Annie L. Morris has announced her engagement to Mr. Roland E. Stevens, a lawyer of New York.

'94. Laura L. Evans is teaching at Miss Gilman's School, Commonwealth Avenue, Boston.

Olivia Howard Dunbar is doing journalistic work in New York City.

Mary D. Lewis is teaching in Kemper Hall, Kenosha, Wis.

Bertha Lizette Noyes is teaching English in the Academy at North Wilbraham, Mass.

'95. Mabel L. Beecher is doing library work.

Margaret Long is in the third year class at the Johns Hopkins Medical School.

Harriet Denham was married in February, 1899, to Mr. Robert L. Lovelace of Worcester.

Bertha Allen is spending the winter in Washington.

Edith S. Mott was married January 9, to Mr. Herbert E. Davis of Newark, N. J.

Emma Beard has returned from an extended trip in Egypt, Greece and Turkey.

'96. Mabel F. Giles is studying sociology at Columbia University.

Elizabeth Read took her master's degree at Columbia last June.

'97. Belle Gertrude Baldwin was married January 3, to Mr. J. Robert McColl. They will live in Knoxville, Tenn.

Grace M. Kelley is teaching elocution, English and calisthenics at Miss Kenyon and Miss Arnold's private school, 123 West Seventh Street, Plainfield, N. J.

Franc Hale Wales is in Berlin with her husband, who is studying medicine there.

Anna G. Carhart is teaching in the High School at Rutherford, N. J.

Katherine Priest Crane is doing settlement work in Philadelphia.

Ruth Huntington is spending the winter in New York.

Susan Sayre Titworth is teaching in a high school in Milwaukee.

- '97. Mabel Farrington is attending the University of Wisconsin.  
Florence Low sailed on January 25 for a three month's trip in Egypt.  
Alice Maynard is traveling in the South.
- '98. Mae Dillon is teaching in the Mary Institute, St. Louis, Mo.  
Ethel Dickinson was married January 1, to Mr. Edward W. Beattie,  
Yale '95. She is to live in Butte, Mont.  
Maud Jackson is teaching in the Audubon School for Girls in New York.  
Nettie T. Blaine was graduated from Cornell last June.
- '99. Edith V. Buzzell is teaching in the High School at Amherst, N. H.  
Lily Gunderson is teaching French, Latin and geometry in the High  
School at Holden, Mass.  
Anna Dodge is teaching at West Woodstock, Vt.  
Louise Mitchell is teaching French, English and arithmetic in Miss Leon-  
ard's private school, New Bedford, Mass.  
Ethel James is studying art at Pratt Institute, Brooklyn.  
Grace Tobey has been traveling in the South, where she expects to spend  
the remainder of the winter. She is now at Pass Christian, Miss.  
Elizabeth Beane is tutoring at her home in Newburyport, Mass.  
Francis E. Wheeler is teaching in a grammar school at Northbridge,  
Mass.  
Mary Pulsifer sailed for Europe in November. She is spending the win-  
ter in Paris, attending lectures at the Sorbonne.  
Mary B. Nelson is teaching school in Boxborough, Mass.  
Myra Booth is teaching in the High School at Providence, R. I.  
Virginia Frame and her mother sailed January 12 from Philadelphia for  
San Francisco via Cape Horn. They will stop at several places in South  
America and expect to reach San Francisco the last of March, where  
their address will be 207 Larkin St. In San Francisco they will be  
joined by relatives and will go to Nome City, Alaska, returning some  
time in August. Miss Frame will be engaged in journalistic work during  
part of the trip.  
Harriet Lane is spending the remainder of the winter at St. Augustine,  
Florida.  
The engagement of Ethel H. West was announced, at Christmas, to Mr.  
Ferdinand Blanchard, Amherst '98 and Yale Theological Seminary 1901.

## BIRTH

- '96. Mrs. Howard Clarke (Clara Whitmore Gates), a daughter, Muriel  
Whitmore, born January 5, at 374 Washington Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.



## ABOUT COLLEGE

Semi-annual Report of the Proceedings of the Council from September, 1899, to February, 1900 :

The first meeting of the college year was held October 8. As Miss Groesbeck had been elected president in June, according to an

**Council Report** amendment made to the constitution last spring, the other officers were then chosen as follows : Miss Sanborn 1901, secretary ; Miss Otis 1902, treasurer.

Owing to the inconvenience of one small bulletin board for the use of all the students, the Council obtained permission to have separate boards put up for the different classes. Also, at the Council's request, a seat has been built in the alcove near the entrance to chapel.

When, on October 25, it was announced that the faculty had decided to shorten the usual Thanksgiving recess to Thanksgiving Day only, the Council, realizing how great the disappointment of all the students was, held a special meeting on October 25, to discuss the subject. Inasmuch as the complaints of the students seemed justifiable in some ways, it was voted that the Council was willing to represent them in any reasonable action they might take in the matter. By October 29, when more than half the student body had petitioned the Council to request a reconsideration of the decision of the faculty, another special meeting was held and a vote was taken to request a meeting of the conference committee for presenting the petitions. This meeting was held October 31. The arguments were presented by Miss Groesbeck, and the Council pledged themselves that, if the half-day (Friday A. M.) were granted, comparatively few excuses would be requested for a longer time. On November 2, President Seelye stated in chapel that the faculty had reconsidered the question of the Thanksgiving recess and had voted to grant the half-day which the students so earnestly requested.

An attempt has been made to establish a Press Club with the hope that, by having a definite organization of all the students who report for papers, it would be possible to investigate and suppress, in part at least, the sensational newspaper accounts of our college life. So far, but few names have been handed in to Miss Groesbeck, but the Council urgently requests that every one who reports for a paper will join the club and thus help in trying to secure a just representation of Smith College life to the world at large.

As the former fines on the property-box—fifty cents for retaining the key, twenty-five cents for not returning costumes—seemed unjustly great, it was voted that both these taxes be reduced to ten cents each.

After the plans for the Sophomore-Senior Entertainment and for the decorations for the Junior Promenade were presented to the class officers, President Seelye stated in chapel that the faculty felt that the social duties and expenses

of the sophomore class were disproportionately heavy and onerous ; that the Sophomore-Senior Entertainment ought either to be given up or so changed in form that the expense to the individual students should be much lessened, and finally recommended that the matter be taken up by the Council. Accordingly, a special meeting was held and it was voted that, since all the plans were definitely settled and were entirely in accord with the constitution, the request be made that the entertainment be held this year as formerly and that, rather than change the form, it would be wiser to give it up entirely. It was also requested that, if it should be abandoned now, it might be revived again, perhaps, after the completion of the Students' Building, when another form of entertainment will be possible and desirable. The resolutions as read in chapel are as follows : —

Whereas the Sophomore-Senior Entertainment in its present form no longer fulfils the original design of bringing about a closer relation and friendship between the two classes :

And whereas the present social duties of the sophomore class seem disproportionately heavy in comparison with those of the other classes : Wherefore,

*Resolved*, That the Council recommend that the Sophomore-Senior Entertainment be given up, at least until a time when it can be given with more of its original purpose, and with less of a burden on the committee and the individual members of the class.

*Resolved*, That, whereas definite arrangements for this year's entertainment have already been made, at the expense of much time and labor on the part of the committee, the Council recommend that the present class give the entertainment as planned and that the change go into effect next year.

At the conference meeting held October 31, the Students' Building entertainments were decided upon. The faculty approved of lectures—not to exceed three—and a candy sale with simple impromptu entertainments. A few weeks later, Miss Adams's gift of two hundred calendars to the students was referred to the Council, and, at President Seelye's suggestion, it was given to the Students' Building committee to be disposed of at the candy sale in whatever manner the committee should see fit.

An attempt is being made to have more college songs and the Council has requested that students write songs and hand them to the secretary.

It is also hoped that the students, instead of regarding the work of the Council from the standpoint of outsiders, will identify themselves with it as much as possible and will suggest to the councilors improvements or changes in the work they are doing ; for only in this way can the end for which the Council stands be accomplished.

ANNE LOUISE SANBORN 1901, Secretary.

In spite of many delays and postponements, Seelye Hall is at last ready for use. There is such general rejoicing at the opening of the hall with the second semester, that we are glad to put up with such tempo-

**Seelye Hall** rary inconveniences as the lack of blinds and the absence of flooring in the vestibules, where we will soon have mosaic work. Who would not cheerfully enter Seelye Hall always through the basement door and forego the use of blinds forever, rather than postpone the en-

joyment of the large, airy recitation rooms with all their modern conveniences?

Seelye Hall is by far the best of our college buildings. It is built of brick, finished with a peculiar kind of Indiana gray stone and is colonial in style; while the interior decoration is very tasteful and the tinting of the walls harmonious. The building is ventilated by a new and interesting system,—one large electric fan in the basement drawing the fresh air in, while another on the third floor expels the bad air,—a system which will be appreciated by any students who have felt the conflicting draughts of the Old Gymnasium or who have ever suffocated in the top floor of College Hall. The recitation rooms are all lighted by gas and the rest of the building by electricity.

Beside the two large lecture halls and nineteen recitation rooms, twelve of which have offices connected with them, there is a large central reference library which intentionally occupies the most important position in the building. Its plan is that of the Congressional Library at Washington and the circular arrangement not only produces effective outlines, but also economizes space. Six double stacks, running the whole height of the two stories, furnish a capacity for about seventy thousand books, and the space between the stacks, both on the floor and in the gallery, will be occupied by small reading tables. The room is amply lighted by large windows on all sides and from overhead, and there will be electric lights running up through the large central table and through each of the smaller ones around it. The dark green of the walls and the white stacks produce an effective contrast, and indeed its whole appearance is so attractive that we long for spring term when the library will be completed and we can read by individual electric lights and climb the winding staircase to our heart's content.

The Old Gymnasium is no longer used for recitations and while some of the smaller classes still recite in College Hall, the bulk of the work is carried on in the new building. Miss Knox is to keep her office in College Hall, but it will be enlarged. President Seelye also retains his room there, at least for the present. The large faculty room in Seelye Hall is a great improvement over the old one, with its many windows, more ample space and pleasant fireplace. The twelve offices already mentioned are for the special use of the teachers of the different departments and supply a long-felt want.

Our lamentable need of more recitation rooms would have made us appreciate the hall for the sake of the gain in space alone; but Seelye Hall is more than spacious and convenient, it is an imposing addition to the college, satisfactory in every way to teachers and students.

The needs of the college are many and urgent; that one of them has been so generously supplied, arouses the deepest gratitude of the college and surely justifies the pride it feels in such a gift.

MARGUERITE CUTLER PAGE 1901.

On January 20, the junior class in Latin gave an English presentation of the *Trinummus* of Plautus in the Alumnae Gymnasium.

**Latin Play** The cast was as follows :

LVXVRIA cum INOPIA PROLOGVS .....	{ Ruth Eleanor Slade
MEGARONIDES SENEX.....	{ Helen Maud N. Parsons
CALCICLES SENEX.....	Ethel Barstow Howard
LYSITELES ADVLESCENS ( <i>filius Phyltonis</i> ).....	May Alice Allen
PHILTO SENEX.....	Edith Forepaugh
LESBONICUS ADVLESCENS ( <i>filius Charmidis</i> )....	Julia Post Mitchell
STASIMVS SERVVS ( <i>Charmidis</i> )....	Emma West Durkee
CHARMIDES SENEX....	Mary Balberine Fisher
SYCOPHANTA.....	Marie Stuart
TIBICEN.....	Ethel Young Comstock
CANTOR .....	Marie Louise Strong
	Ruth Eleanor Slade

The performance of the *Trinummus* is the first of its kind since the Latin play given three years ago under Dr. Brady's supervision. From its very novelty, therefore, it was unusually interesting, but its claim upon the attention of the audience was based upon something better than mere novelty. Evidence of careful and thorough preparation was shown in the work of the different actors. They had seized the spirit of the comedy and presented it with a freshness and zest which was most enjoyable.

The part of Lysiteles, taken by Miss Forepaugh, was especially satisfactory on account of the distinct enunciation of her lines and the ease and dignity with which her "stage presence" was marked. Miss Fisher handled a part, which might easily have been turned into buffoonery, with great discretion and success. The differentiation and characterization were excellent in the parts of the old men—parts in themselves difficult to present.

The stage-setting was, of course, extremely simple, modeled upon that of the Roman stage. An altar wreathed with myrtle, placed in front of the doors of two dwelling-houses, was all the scenery needed to suggest the Grecian street. The stage, however, did not seem in the least bare, owing to the careful attention that had been given to the costumes and their color-scheme. From the entrance of the red-robed Tibicen, the flute-player, whose quaint music preceded the play, down to the very end of the performance, there was a constant succession of delightful color-effects and contrasts. The spectators were especially grateful for all absence of the "draped sheet" effect so often regarded as a successful imitation of an antique costume.

Much credit is due to Dr. Brady, the promoter of this performance. The play formed a wholesome addition and variety to the list of lighter dramatic performances of the college stage. As a direct outgrowth of the work of the class-room and as a really scholarly performance, it brought out elements not usually seen in our house dramatics. If the report be true that the *Trinummus* was a substitution for an examination, surely the college at large wishes that examinations in this form might be oftener enjoyed.



"The Woman's Education Association of Boston is desirous of encouraging the pursuit of advanced courses of study among women graduates of colleges, and, since 1892, a committee of the Association has raised money each year for Foreign Fellowships.

The twenty fellowships already given, attest the success of the experiment. For 1900-1901 the committee will give one fellowship of \$500. Applications for this Fellowship will be received by Mrs. N. P. Hallowell, West Medford, Mass., Chairman of the Committee. The testimonials of all applicants will be submitted for examination to a Committee composed of the Committee of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae, having a similar duty, and two members appointed by the Woman's Education Association. The candidates must be graduates of the colleges recognized by the Association of Collegiate Alumnae. All applications for the year 1900-1901 must be received by March 1st, 1900.

By permission, the following statement of qualifications is quoted from the circular issued by the Alumnae Association :

'The fellowships will be awarded only to candidates who give promise of actual distinction in the subject to which they are devoting themselves. It will be the aim of the Committee to appoint the candidates who are best fitted for the position through original gifts, previous training, energy, power of endurance and health. To this end they will receive applications in writing from eligible candidates, who will present, as clearly as possible, their claims to the position. A competitive examination will not be held, but the bestowal of the Fellowships will be based upon evidence of the candidates' ability, and of their prospect of success in their chosen line of study. Such evidence will naturally consist of (a) their college diplomas; (b) testimonials as to superior ability and high character from their professors and other qualified judges; (c) satisfactory evidence of thoroughly good health; (d) a statement of what work they propose to engage in after their return; (e) last, and chief of importance, examples of scientific and literary work already done, in the form of papers or articles, or accounts of scientific investigations which they have carried out.'

These Fellowships are intended only for students who are already prepared to pursue advanced courses of study, and may be granted upon equal terms to any students who are intending to take up the practice of any of the three learned professions, or who are looking forward to positions as teachers, professors or investigators, or to any other literary and scientific vocation."

The Association of Collegiate Alumnae is actuated by the same motives as the Woman's Education Association of Boston. It therefore proposes to devote five hundred dollars every year toward paying

**European Fellowship** the expenses of some young woman who wishes to carry on her studies in a foreign country. Applications for this fellowship will be received by any member of the committee having it in charge. The candidates must be graduates of colleges belonging to the Association, and applications for this year were due by February 1. The statement of qualifications has already been given in the preceding article.

The fellowship will not usually be granted to those who are intending to take up the practice of any of the three learned professions, though such are not formally excluded from the competition ; it will rather be bestowed upon those who are looking forward to positions as professors and teachers and to literary and scientific vocations. Preference will be given, other things being equal, to graduates of not more than five years' standing. The fellowship will, in general, be held for one year ; but in an unusually promising case the term may be extended at the discretion of the committee.

Mrs. Bessie Bradwell Helmer, 1428 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Helen Hiscock Backus, 57 Livingston St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. Christine Ladd Franklin, 1507 Park Ave., Baltimore, Md.

At the first Vesper service in February, Mr. William E. Benson spoke on the work of the Knowlita Academic and Industrial Institute of Alabama.

A special plea was made for cast-off clothing.

**Missionary Contributions** The garments will be repaired and put in good condition by the students in different departments of the school and then sold at reasonable rates to the poor whites and needy colored people. The distribution of clothing is conducted on strictly business principles for the mutual interest of the school and the community. Nothing is given away except to the families that are in real need. To those who have no money, ample opportunity is given to pay in labor and produce. People come from a radius of ten miles to the "salesroom," and a carload of old shoes and clothing of all kinds could be sold each month without supplying the needs of all who come. The practical spirit of that genuine charity which helps others by enabling them to help themselves permeates this missionary enterprise and must commend itself to all. The Missionary Society hopes to send a barrel to Knowlita Institute early in March. Those willing to contribute useful articles of any description will have an opportunity of doing so at that time.

MABEL MILHAM 1900.

Great efforts have been made recently, by the Council, to obtain a new and much needed college song, and although we hope they will be successful, it is very probable that we shall never have a song as dear to

"Fair Smith" the college as Fair Smith. That this should be so popular is natural, both because of its inherent beauty and because of its connection with one of our graduates and with Dr. Blodgett. It is therefore a deplorable fact that this song, which is so representative of our highest ideals and of our love for our Alma Mater, should be so unfamiliar to the college at large. The harmonies are difficult, it must be admitted, and unless it is well-rendered the song is absolutely ruined. But, though difficult, it is not impossible to sing and every student could at least memorize the words.

At present, no class attempts to learn it until the latter part of their senior year. Would it not, then, be well to establish the custom of having the under classes practise Fair Smith at the rehearsals for the rally and basket ball songs and of having the students practise it together at the occasional mass meetings? In this way we should not only become more familiar

with the song, but we should be able to do greater justice to it. Under the existing circumstances it is absurd to call Fair Smith a college song, when only the Glee Club and choir are able to sing it.

HARRIET MUMFORD ROSS 1900.

In establishing the system of exercise cards for the junior and senior classes, the Gymnastic Department had two ends in view, to remind the girls of the necessity of exercise for mental and bodily

**Exercise Cards** strength, and also to obtain statistics which would be really valuable to gymnastic work as a whole. Now, the first could be accomplished by the giving out of the cards, the second only by having them handed in. At first, great interest was shown in the plan, and for a month the cards returned very fairly represented both classes, but their numbers have been constantly dwindling until now the significance for statistical purposes is lost. Carelessness is of course at the bottom of this, but what can be so easily mended certainly should be, when the importance of the results is considered.

BERTHA WENDELL GROESBECK 1900.

Mr. Robert E. Speer, who has for several years been a prominent speaker at the Northfield Student Conferences, will speak in Music Hall, Saturday evening, February 24. This is the only time this year when Mr. Speer can address Smith College and it has been thought best to secure him even at a somewhat unusual date, in order that the many students who are anxious to hear him may have an opportunity to do so.

Miss Jordan has edited Burke's Speech on Conciliation with America for the series of uniform English requirements adopted by the New England colleges. It will be published by the Manhattan Press.

Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie will address the Missionary Society in Music Hall at its next meeting, February 18, at seven o'clock.

At the open meeting of the Voice Club, held January 22, Mr. Austin H. Merrill of Vanderbilt University gave a reading from southern dialect stories.

Hon. John Barrett, ex-Minister to Siam, will give an address, on February 22, in College Hall. The subject is "American Responsibility in the East."

Dr. Gardiner will deliver a lecture, on February 28, at Wellesley, before the Philosophical Club. The subject is "An American Idealist."

On January 30, Mr. Patrick Geddes of St. Andrews University gave a lecture on Social Evolution.

## SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

## ALPHA SOCIETY

President, Bertha Wendell Groesbeck  
1900  
Vice-President, Martha Melissa Howey  
1901  
Recording Secretary, Elisabeth Scribner  
Brown 1901  
Corresponding Secretary, Ethel Hale  
Freeman 1902  
Treasurer, Alice Edith Egbert 1902  
Editor of the Alpha Paper, Mary Buell  
Sayles 1900

## BIOLOGICAL SOCIETY

President, Ora Mabelle Lewis 1900  
Vice-President, Frances Cruft Howe  
1900  
Secretary, Mary Hunt Brimson 1901  
Treasurer, Miriam Birdseye 1901  
Chairman of Executive Committee,  
Alida King Leese 1900

## CALENDAR

- Feb. 19, Philosophical Society.  
21, Cable-Maltby-Moffat House Dance.  
22, Washington's Birthday.  
24, Gymnastic Exhibition.  
24, Alpha Society.  
27, Colloquium.
- March 1, Biological Society.  
3, Phi Kappa Psi Society.  
5, Philosophical Society.  
7, Tyler House Dance.  
13, Colloquium.  
14, Dewey-Hatfield-Haven House Dramatics.  
15, Biological Society.



The  
Smith College  
Monthly

March - 1900.

Conducted by the Senior Class.

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THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY is published at Northampton, Massachusetts, on the 15th of each month, during the year from October to June, inclusive. Terms, \$1.50 a year, in advance. Single numbers, 20 cents. Contributions may be left at 3 Gymnasium Hall. Subscriptions may be sent to L. M. Paxton, 23 Round Hill, Northampton.

Entered at the Post Office at Northampton, Massachusetts, as second class matter.

GAZETTE PRINTING COMPANY, NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

THE  
SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

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*Vol. VII.*

*MARCH, 1900.*

*No. 6.*

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*ODE FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY*

Creator of our earthly might,  
With Heaven's aid,  
Full three half-centuries of light  
Were not enough to fade  
The lustre of thy deeds and name.  
A nation's guide, thy firm strong hand,  
Oft shielding, urged us on the weary way.  
Thy mind, fore-casting, knew a future day  
Would rise resplendent on a prosp'rous land,  
The home of those thou ledst through strenuous paths to fame.  
And now thou sleepest, Washington ;  
Still though thou sleep,  
Lead on, lead on !

—Through our noise and fret, he dreameth,  
And his soul's voice pleads with God :  
"So deep their blindness seemeth,  
Yet spare thy chast'ning rod ;  
Show mercy to my people,  
Forget them not as on their way they plod."—  
Thus still thou leadest, Washington,  
Lead on, lead on !

Struggle rose, fierce conflict raged  
 Throughout the country's peopled length ;  
 Children of one house engaged  
 In strife of strength with strength ;  
 Thou heard'st the cry, thou Sleeper, of nation rent in twain.  
 From sea to sea, divided powers  
 Relentless met with challenge hoarse,  
 Nor yielded both, till one had spent its force.  
 In the slave's stern cry for Liberty, had we forgotten ours ?  
 God heard the Sleeper's plea, and we are one again.  
 Yea, still thou leadest, Washington,  
 Lead on, lead on !

A helpless cry ;  
 For Freedom's sake, the appeal spread through the earth.  
 In our reply  
 Throbbled mem'ries of our nation's struggling birth ;  
 While thy spirit went before us, holding forth the crown of state,  
 Where shed the sister stars their pure, white light,  
 Like Israel's cloud a guide for day and night  
 To the marching throng that followed where they shone,  
 Nor needed yet to falter in the gray light of day's dawn.  
 Yet rose some lesser stars o'er distant seas,  
 Whose light, blood-red, shines not as pure as these.  
 God grant before they dim our glory's crown,  
 We see them, quiv'ring, go forever down,  
 Swung by His Hand of Fate.

—Through our tumult, still he dreameth,  
 And his soul's voice pleads with God :  
 "So deep their blindness seemeth,  
 Yet spare thy chast'ning rod ;  
 Show mercy to my people,  
 Forget them not as on their way they plod."—  
 Still mayst thou lead us, Washington,  
 Lead on, lead on !

JESSAMINE KIMBALL.

### SOME NOTES ON THE SMITH COLLEGE COURSE OF STUDY

For something like a year it has been rumored that changes in the Smith College curriculum were under consideration by the faculty. Rumor became authentic with the publication of the President's Annual Report to the Trustees. The readers of the MONTHLY may very properly be supposed to be interested



in the proposed changes, to be anxious for further details or at least to be willing to entertain some consideration of the principles involved and the results hoped for.

And first a word about the past. The original course of study leading to a degree in Smith College was laid out along the traditional lines of Greek, Latin, Mathematics, English, Science and Philosophy, and was marked by almost complete prescription during the first two years of the course, and by what would now be considered heavy prescription for the remaining two years. Smith College was the first institution for women to require preparation and training identical with the traditional college work of men. It may be said therefore to have begun with a hard and fast theory of classical education in full operation. Its history is interesting for what it supplies of experimental evidence in the evolution of a course of study in close contact with practical conditions. The first important modification grew out of the presence of a body of students who were permitted, under the name of special students, to avail themselves of collegiate instruction and social conditions without hope of the college degree. This class of persons very soon claimed attention. The incompetent and desultory among them were a source of friction and inconvenience in every branch of the college discipline. It was most important that the college should rid itself of their elusive and baneful mediocrity in the class-room and of their unacademic temper in the social life of the college. On the other hand, there existed among them admirable students in attainment and temper who were a source of friction of a far different sort. The college simply could not do justice to them with the schedule and teaching force at its command. Again and again a desperate class officer was compelled to announce to a student that the lines of work which had been provided for her and strongly recommended at the opening of the fall term, were absolutely blocked in the winter and spring terms by the necessary adjustments of the schedule for the required classes. The arrangements were at best unsystematic, at their worst unpedagogic. But the situation seemed to admit of no adjustment. Women of maturity and definite attainments refused to consider favorably the idea of going back into the limbo of college preparation. For the sake of gaining the privilege of doing, with a degree in view, what they were already doing to the expressed satisfaction of their instruct-

ors without the degree in view, they were to undertake a course of tuition in a collection of subjects that they had already discarded as hostile to their best interests or as unrelated to their purpose in study. There was a growing feeling that it was as important to the college to keep this second class as it was to get rid of the first.

Further, it became evident that as long as there was but one way of getting the degree, some persons would walk in it for that reason and for no fitness for it otherwise. Smith College was in the full stream and current of educational criticism. It was impossible to ignore the trend of public opinion. A demand everywhere existed for the recognition of ability of whatever sort, provided it resulted in right knowing, feeling and doing, and it soon became evident that if the college did not meet this demand, it would have to pay a heavy penalty, not only in what it rejected, but in what it wasted. "The still air of delightful studies" is maintained with difficulty, or not at all, when prescribed work is done in a perfunctory spirit for a result as definitely commercial as if it were a trade apprenticeship, as for instance, a diploma to help one get a living by teaching; or when the character and adjustment of the prescribed work repels the temper which later manifests itself in positive attainment and in service to scholarship. It was no secret from the Smith College faculty in those days that the college atmosphere owed quite as much to the efficient energies of the student as to the ideal excellence of a course of study on paper, or even in the affections of reminiscent professors. But neither were the faculty of that day blind to the dangers of throwing all prescription and tradition away. There was little doubt that the "old subjects," as they were called, were in general better taught, that their values and standards were better understood where education was seriously undertaken, and that they therefore attracted the ablest students. There was still less doubt that much of the popular objection to them was as perfunctory as their acceptance in certain cases had been. And there was painfully little doubt that many of the results would do as little credit to the new departure as to the old tradition. Meagre seniors would probably exist and possibly would have a right to exist under any system. So, that the meagre senior might be as infrequent as possible, and that the desultory young person might be protected from her irresponsibility, and, as far

as might be, trained out of it, and that the competent student of special endowments might be sure of some vested rights under the schedule, a plan of three courses was devised, each leading to its own degree. The old classical course was freed of some of the prescription in the upper years, the new courses were organized around certain broadly conceived ideals of literary and of scientific work. So much freedom of election and of variety in resulting combination was possible that the literary honors of the college have been carried off by a scientific student, while more than once the credit involuntarily given to a supposed classical or scientific preparation has been found to be due to the training in the literary course. Such transfers and substitutions have probably not been without their influence. Possibly they have in the long run been more influential for being inconspicuous or unnoticed. At all events the college work profited by the entire withdrawal of the mentally weak, maimed or halt, or by the compulsion they were under, as long as they were in college, of conforming in all respects that were susceptible of control to the rules governing other students. Under these conditions the college prospered numerically. In less than a quarter of a century its numbers quadrupled. And to this unprecedented growth and the changes incident to it may be traced the necessity for the changes now under discussion. Numbers are unquestionably a strain upon organization. Methods that would call for no very adverse criticism when three hundred or so students made up the college roll, became obviously inadequate for a thousand. Faults that might never have been guessed were writ large when students from all over the country carried back reports of what they had spied out. The first thing that met serious opposition was the result of misunderstanding. Smith College had planned an educational currency of three mediums and a single standard. This was contrary to the practice of other institutions, and as year by year the college grew less provincial and extended its influence over students and schools, embarrassment from this source increased. It was increasingly difficult to persuade the public that there was, or ever had been, any intention of making the preparation and conduct of work in the two differently designated courses in any sense as exacting, or difficult, or remunerative, as that of the old traditional course with a classical backbone.

The work of the New England Commission in bringing about

uniformity in entrance conditions was another obstacle to the maintenance of three distinct courses, as far as these courses called for preparation different in kind or amount from that required by other institutions of the same grade.

The emphasis of the teachers in secondary schools upon two principles of differing implication added to this difficulty. The best schools wished recognition of their work for entrance to college, but they did not wish to be held responsible for all of it in every given case. This latitude or option on the part of the student was greatly interfered with by the sharp lines of demarcation between the strictly organized courses of Smith College. The point may be made plain by an example. If a student were carefully trained in some of the studies of the literary course, they would be of no service to her, except to increase her tale of hours, as long as she had not made good the fixed requirements of the course for which she formally entered.

A very important criticism came from the conductors of these courses, after trial of the adjustments with the large numbers of students in the college. Results formally possible, but on all accounts undesirable, could not easily be foreseen or prevented, as would have been possible had the relation between students and faculty been closer or more direct. In short, careless or mistaken decisions too often took the place of well-considered judgments on the student's part. The experience or example of the upper-class students was often more influential in determining choices than it should have been, or possibly was intended to be. Inspection of the students' work for a series of years resulted in the conviction that while certainly nothing was radically wrong, there was much that might be improved.

In the independent conduct of the work of departments, too, it was found that less correlation and organization of all the work than was pedagogically desirable existed. Still further it was asserted by some sharp-eyed critics among the faculty, trainers and students, that in competition for claim on the student's time, the time unit in preparation of assigned work had ceased to have any fixed value whatever, and therefore combinations of studies could not wisely be made from simple inspection of the official circular and schedule, or from the natural fitness of things, but must too often depend upon the ability of the student to meet exorbitant demands.

This inspection further revealed the fact that existing condi-



tions permitted too much desultory work ; and in the last two years of the course the legal right to election from the studies of the first and second years emphasized this desultoriness by giving opportunity for work that should be below the students' attainments.

Finally, the attitude of the college in making the amount of French and German so large, while not requiring or indeed permitting the proffer of a so-called third language for entrance, was a constant source of friction with the schools, as it seemed to them inequitable, as well as inconsiderate of their relations to other colleges.

In view of all these considerations the new requirements were adopted, with the degree of A. B. to mark the completion of a four years' course of study under the assigned conditions after entrance. All students must present for membership in the first class the present requirements in amount in English, Mathematics, History, and Latin or Greek. The English is that called for by the New England Commission on Entrance Requirements. In History, option is allowed between Greek or Roman History and English or United States History. In addition must be offered either three years of preparatory work of the usual high school grade, known as a major, in Greek or Latin, French, German; or two subjects, of two years' preparatory value each, known as a minor, in Greek or Latin, French, German, History, Chemistry, Physics, Zoölogy, Botany, Biology or Astronomy ; and one study of one year's preparatory value, known as an elementary, in French, German, Chemistry, Physics, Zoölogy, Botany, Physiography. For this elementary requirement, a year's work of advanced grade in a major study will be accepted as a substitute. No conditioned work in minors or elementaries will be accepted and preparatory work, not to be continued after entrance, will be credited to the candidate only as the result of examination. Certificates for such work will not be accepted.

Comments thus far received from the schools show a general sense of the purpose of these regulations in bringing the college and the preparatory workers into closer accord, and in affording the college an opportunity of familiarizing the student with some forms of foresight and choice in the arrangement of her work before she actually enters college. On the whole, while there are more ways of entering college by this scheme, the

feeling is that each given way is better planned, guarded and directed, than under the old.

The number of hours required as a minimum of students in the college course will be fourteen in the first and second years; twelve, as at present, in the junior and senior years. The requirements for the college degree are:—One year each of an Ancient Language, a Modern Language, Mathematics or its substitute (Logic and Argumentation, required in the second year), Physics or Chemistry, or an alternative science in case either of these should be presented as a minor at entrance, Philosophy (all three hours a week, or in the case of a language begun in college, four hours), and History, English, Composition and Rhetoric, and Biblical Literature (all two hours a week).

In the junior and senior years, in addition to a certain amount of written work in English, three three-hour courses during each semester will be required. One of these must be continued through both years and will constitute the student's main course. One of the other two three-hour courses must be in a subject distinctly different from the main study. Except where special provision is made for carrying forward work in a more concentrated way, work of the first two years may not be elected to count within the minimum in the last two years.

The object of these provisions is to secure emphasis for some of the best ascertained principles of discipline and culture in education. These may be briefly stated as some continuity in study, some limitation in the number of studies carried on at the same time, definite recognition of the needs of pronounced specialists, a reasonable freedom for the student desiring general culture, and a demand for responsibility in making elections and independence of judgment on the part of the student.

Review and consideration of these adjustments make clear some matters that otherwise might be overlooked. And first, the value and character of the A. B. degree. It is hoped that all the work of the college will steadily improve in quality, and it has been felt that the prejudice attending the use of separately designated degrees should be avoided, but nothing can make the A. B. degree without Greek the same thing as the A. B. degree with Greek. It is therefore a complete misunderstanding of the facts to suppose that graduates of the college under the new conditions are all "classical," as the phrase is. The prejudice against a college course without Greek does not depend en-

tirely upon the belief that such a course is easier, but that it is less valuable, and this prejudice is in no way removed by the present provisions. Where the money value of an A. B. degree depends upon the part played by Greek or mathematics, or both, the degree without either or both will be less valuable. This, however, only calls attention to the importance of a careful consideration of values and standards in the combination of studies chosen. The effect of the new scheme will undoubtedly be to lessen the number of those "gunnin' for a degree" by making positive attainment requisite and making the conditions largely a matter of the student's personal will and choice.

Another effect will be to bring into more practical prominence the educational theory behind the minimum. There has been a growing tendency to accept and interpret this as the statement of the full claim made by the college in the interests of an intellectual training. This is an error. The minimum is precisely what its legal derivation would suggest. It is the least that the college will formally accept. In spirit it is supposed to be either the last resource of avowedly incompetent or unfortunate students, or the first resort of ambitious students who wish to work on the intensive plan and carry hours heavy instead of many. The new plan does not protect this minimum by making the most valuable or attractive combinations always possible within its limits. It does not take a wizard to foresee some inevitable conflicts between some developments of the present complex social life of the students and the best adjustments of the new schedule. But these conflicts are certain to bring into clearer relief the permanent values of scholarship and to make necessary some critical decisions and preferences in place of the hand to hand intellectual life that every wise person must deplore. This conflict is further valuable in making clear the essential unity of education. Neither social life nor class-room demands can be left to be purely perfunctory, conventional, or mechanical. For the fever and fret of endless and sometimes meaningless iteration, for the congestion of social functions among a comparatively small number of students, we may hope to see a fairer representation of the real resources of the college and a saner, more intelligent discrimination of values. This will minister to a purer loyalty. Something less of the enthusiasm of gratitude for leniency taken advantage of, and something more of respect for principles understood and methods

shared, is always to be desired. And in this connection the departments of instruction will contribute their share of influence, by securing a closer coördination and condition of work. Unquestionably there has been loss of force in the water-tight-compartment theory on which lines of work have been conducted. The effect on the brain structure of some students has been deplorable enough to make reform for all desirable. There may even in time be a group of students who will definitely and openly aim at living a characteristically scholarly life and who will no more feel abashed or ashamed to profess their purpose than does at present the "good friend" or the "all-around girl" among the students. In other words, we may look to the establishment of numerous, quite differentiated types along lines of culture, scholarship, and social grace. Some individuals of these types we undoubtedly have at present, but many of them fail of the kind of recognition that is their due, and others live unnecessarily laborious lives in the effort to make their paths straight.

And so we are to infer that at last everything is settled and we are to have pedagogic peace in our time? By no means. Hardly anything is less expected by the faculty or would probably in their eyes seem more deplorable than such an expectation or even than the certainty to which it might point. Perhaps the most that its most earnest supporters hope for this scheme is that it is on the right lines. But every scheme of education at present bristles with problems, as indeed, for that matter, when did it not? There was a new education in the time of Socrates, nor have the resources of heresy failed since. It may not be amiss to take account of some of the questions left unsettled, or even called into greater prominence by our new conditions. Still these are not of our raising. They are in the air, at afternoon teas, in the newspapers. The *Cosmopolitan* offers \$2,000 in prizes to students of the leading universities for the ablest presentation of the subject, "Modern education: Does it educate in the broadest and most liberal sense of the term?" We can hardly do more than contribute our share of experiment to the working out of this question. The question of the modification of the college curriculum for women, so earnestly debated by the Associate Alumne, is not directly or conclusively answered by our provisions. Any inspection of the conditions under which art is admitted to a



place in the curriculum will show that the college policy is not clearly defined along finally established values either absolute or relative. The claims of physical training and of applied or technical science are more respectfully heard at present than once would have seemed likely. Nevertheless, such recognition as they formally receive in the course of study here outlined, are certainly tentative. The last twenty-five years have done much to invalidate the assertion that a university is a place where nothing useful is taught, and the experience of all time has supported Sydney Smith's assertion that it takes as many years to be charming as it does to be learned, but from Plato's day to ours there has been no clear rule in education to show what things should be rendered to Cæsar.

In other words, questions that are unsettled in the primary and secondary schools cannot hope for cheap solution in college, nor can values that fluctuate in the educational discipline of men be at once steadied when employed for the training of women. The following extracts from the *Nation* show the lines of treatment these and similar questions are receiving :

"There is a movement on foot at the University of Michigan to so organize and coördinate certain courses in history, political science, and related studies, as to meet more perfectly the peculiar needs of certain interests or careers. The faculty of the Department of Literature, Science, and the Arts has recommended to the Board of Regents the establishment of five special courses, the titles of which are to be: (1) Diplomatic and Consular Education; (2) Higher Commercial Education; (3) Preparation for Newspaper Work; (4) Preparation for Pastoral Work and Public Philanthropy; (5) Instruction in Public Administration. Students that elect any one of these courses must see to it that, of the 120 hours required for graduation, 24 are in the field of modern languages and 40 are selected from certain specified courses in history, economics, sociology, statistics, international law, administrative law, general and commercial law, history of education, and philosophy. Except for the recognition of certain work (not to exceed 15 hours) done in the Law Department, these 'special courses' are simply groupings of a part of the regular university work of the Department of Literature, Science, and the Arts, and the student who elects one of them is a regular matriculate, subject to all the regulations and tests that other students are. The new

movement is due, in part, to a recognition of the needs of the times, and in part to a desire to avoid the defects of the system of free elections. It does not mean the introduction of the group system in place of that of free election, but it does mean (in these lines of work) the incorporation, within the elective system, of the advantages of the group system. In other words, students desiring, in their regular university course, to choose their studies in a way most advantageous to them in their future career, will enjoy the advantages of the direction offered by such courses and of the advice and counsel of the committee intrusted with their administration."

"As our readers are aware, a commission of inquiry was recently appointed in France for the purpose of determining the steps to be taken in the reorganization of *lycée* studies. The results of this now appear in a volume ('La Réforme de l'Enseignement Secondaire,' Paris: Colin) prepared by M. Alexandre Ribot, President of the Commission, in which are included the points investigated, the conclusions arrived at, and some of the most weighty opinions of educational experts on the principal issues. It need hardly be added that the names alone (Berthelot, Lavisé, Poincaré, Bourgeois, etc.,) are ample guarantee of the thoroughness with which the task has been carried out. In the direction of change, classical studies are, it seems, to lose their universally obligatory character through the admissible substitution of living languages taught chiefly on a practical basis; pupils aiming at scientific or commercial pursuits may consequently elect their studies somewhat more freely than heretofore, without the loss of academic status. This change is recommended in view of the altering conditions of modern life. M. Ribot, in the course of his exposition, goes the length of maintaining that want of Greek need be no bar to a useful medical or legal career; the victory of 'moderns,' therefore, awaits only a final sanction from Government. A more interesting question is involved in the examination of the causes of the diminution of pupils in Government institutions, with corresponding increase of the members intrusted to clerical guidance. While taking full account of the effects produced by local depressions in trade and agriculture, as well as by the raising of fees, etc., M. Ribot freely admits the influence of clerical prestige on numbers of parents who, under politically democratic conditions, still cling to social distinctions for the sake of what these imply in the after-life of their children.

But it should also be insisted that the ecclesiastical institution is fully as often sought by shirkers of parental responsibility—because of the absorbingly exclusive attention given to their young charges by men whose profession means total detachment from worldly interests.”

The part taken by the Emperor of Germany in the Berlin Conference, of 1890, for the discussion of principles and methods of education, and the remarkable address of Professor Woodrow Wilson before the New England Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools in 1899, on “Spurious versus Real Patriotism in Education,” call up another important interest of theoretical and practical education. The new plan of study does not attempt to settle these or a score of their allied interrogations, but neither does it bar the way to their settlement by the announcement of hard and fast doctrines of educational values and factors. As the candid student of the present looks over the college world, he may be allowed the mild consolation to be gained from the sage reflection, “After all, things isn’t so bad.” Faith, honor, integrity, attainment, have not disappeared from among men, aspiration and unselfishness are still possible to women and as for the scholar, shall she not be learned ?

MARY A. JORDAN.

VESPERS

Father, while the shadows lie along thy hills,  
While the sleeping meadows rest in holy calm,  
In thy mercy hold us,  
With thy love enfold us,  
And keep our dear ones safe from harm.

Father, while the evening round us softly steals,  
Lay thy hands in blessing on each weary heart.  
In our darkness reach us,  
With thy wisdom teach us,  
For we only know in part.

Father, while the darkness deepens into night,  
May we trust thy goodness when we cannot see.  
From all sin defend us,  
Peaceful slumber send us,  
Love and keep us close to thee.

HELEN ISABEL WALBRIDGE.

## *THE SHORT STORY OF THE MAGAZINES*

The natural place for the story is in the magazine. When there were no magazines there were no short stories; now that we have magazines of many kinds, stories are abundant, and thinking of these two literary movements in this way we find their development parallel. When the magazine movement proper started with the oft-quoted *Spectator* and *Tatler*, the short story began with it in such articles as the Sir Roger de Coverley papers. Though our modern stories very seldom, fortunately, have as their purpose the presentation of a model moral gentleman for the edification of degenerate times, yet in the form we can easily see a resemblance of these early sketches to those of our own day which have the simpler purpose of presenting "types."

Through the very prominence soon gained by the short story, it demanded for itself a separate class under the general head of prose literature. At first "fiction" satisfied it; then it utterly disclaimed all relationship to the novel, and though maintaining that "story," or plot, is the least essential point, it still preferred to be known as "The Short Story." It was now art, and conscious, even inspired art. It was said to be a work of creative imagination as much as music.

In this art we now notice two schools. We can distinguish them by the names so useful in painting, the "tell-a-story" and the "impressionistic." The "tell-a-story" school stands for a shortened tale, as Stevenson's, or Gilbert Parker's wonderful stories of "Pierre and His People;" a brief drama interspersed with narrative and description for setting, with Davis, Stockton, Aldrich as exponents; and the fable with a direct moral, which Hawthorne treats with a wonderful delicacy. This is the more conservative school. It contributes the bulk of the short stories in the magazines we see every month. They are the stories that have Gibson and Christy pictures, usually; the ones we read when we are tired and which we thoroughly enjoy. We seldom analyze the work behind, which really proves that the work is very well done, but we give ourselves over to being



amused, merely, thereby. But that is what we want ; it is a perfectly legitimate end that is desired, and so far as this end is accomplished well it is accomplished artistically in its degree of art.

The "impressionistic" school uses the short story as a means rather than an end ; its purpose is neither to amuse nor to instruct. As the name implies, it impresses, when successful. It appeals to something more subtle, more nearly the metaphysical than do the incident and the adventure, rather to the purely intellectual or to the intellectual nearly related to the emotions. Two methods are used by this school. One, the descriptive, we see in Miss Wilkin's best work, in which merely lines for the "sketch" are given, but so skilfully that the desired impression is wonderfully, masterfully conveyed ; color and vitality are added with every stroke in the same manner exactly as in the French pastels. The other method we see in Mr. James's short-story work. This is analytical in two ways : first, of social classes and individuals, as in the familiar "Daisy Miller" and such a story as "The Real Thing ;" and then, of psychological states and experiences, as in "The Great Good Place" of Mr. James, such stories as "The Little Room," which persistently remains in our memory, and most notably, such tales of Kipling as "The Disturber of Traffic" and "A Matter of Fact." We are not very used to this kind of story as yet ; we generally call them peculiar, as a compromise when we don't know whether to say we like them or not, though we generally do. These stories have exactly the function of pictures of this class ; they act as a medium between the thing to be presented, whether it be a queer character or a supernatural experience, and the person upon whom the impression is to be made. Often the methods seem very crude, but they are not the main thing. If, from studying an apparently dauby canvas, we begin to feel the very air of an autumn afternoon blowing on our cheeks and the indescribable *herbstgefühl*, as the Germans call it, in our hearts, the purpose of that picture is accomplished. In the same way, if, from the perusal of a few pages, one feels the very essential meaning of a whole life and character, to feel a kinship with the creation of a man's brain, the few pages that have accomplished this are certainly works of art. Story, unless subordinate, would be incongruous here : we get something different, something even better. We cannot

compare these two schools ; we can only prefer. Sometimes we want the story : sometimes we want to see farther and more steadily into one single phase of character or condition of mind.

The short-story form of either school demands a great deal of a writer in addition to the artistic conception as a whole. In the matter of mere technicalities, infinite pains and time must be taken for the one quality of brevity, as the whole effect is often dependent on the rapidity of the impression ; each detail must be chosen carefully that it may be the most significant ; each word must be the "inevitable" one of all literary art. A clear knowledge of all possible forms for his thought must be the writer's ; he must know the special appropriateness of dialogue, of mixed narrative and dialogue, of the first or third person, of the form by letters used with such striking success in "Marjory Daw." Subjectively, the writer must know to the very roots the life he writes of and must understand and love it. He must be a deep student of psychology, to appreciate every action and reaction possible in human experience. Most important of all, as an artist, he must have stood apart from the world and definitely formulated for himself, individually, a philosophy of life in which the different parts bear perfectly clear relations manifested by his artistic expression.

The short story has reached its most successful point here in America. In England it is foreign, hampered by traditions, sporadic. In France it has reached the highest point we know, under one single man, Guy de Maupassant. But in America it is varied, fresh, a vital and distinctive part of literature. It seems almost to have become, through the magazines, a national mode of utterance. We have stories of various parts of the country, as Western stories, New England, Kentucky, New York, and Southern stories, stories of the coast town and the mining camp, and each has its characteristic qualities. For instance, the Southern stories, represented by Harris, Page, Cable, Grace King, are peculiar in their color, their perfectly natural, instinctive picturesqueness, their sympathy with the variable southern temper, the quick turn from melancholy to humor. Everywhere the short story appropriates what is peculiarly its own material and makes it live for the rest of the world.

It becomes a tremendous force in the country through the magazines, going to every class of society and touching every

grade of mental ability. There is one disadvantage in this fact, however. It thus reaches a public which is not capable of justly appreciating seriously artistic work as distinguished from moral or political "regenerative fiction." This public talks very loudly about things it does not care for, and is unfortunately the class that buys most of the magazines. For these, however, there always remains the "mere literature," which Mr. Woodrow Wilson describes as the contact of the mind with other literature instead of with reality. This "mere literature" will always be produced by those who have a talent for eloquently saying nothing, and it certainly has a place. But fortunately the same magazine that offers this may also offer the strongest kind of artistic work. When the magazine has become the vehicle for such high artistic expression as the best short story can be, we may certainly trust it to evolve for us whatever new phases of literature we shall need in the future.

FLORENCE BROOKS.

## THE NIGHT BEFORE HIS WEDDING

Of course he had been "there" during the evening, and they had enjoyed the cool night air and each other's society on the tenement fire-escape; but she had sent him away early—very early indeed.

"We'll be seein' enough av each ither the morrer an' afther," she had said most good-humoredly, as he had kissed her good-night on the front steps. "Ye'd not be havin' me miss me beauty-shlape the noight, me darlint, for 'tis a proud man ye sh'd be when the mass is over, the mornin'?"

"An' ye think 'twill be loike a lamb ye'll shlape before the clock sthrikes ilivin? Perhaps ye're forgittin' ye're to be merried the morrer, Miss Norah Murphy! 'Twill be av yere Barney ye'll be thinkin', me colleen, an' divil the bit av shlape ye'll git before the sun's up!"

"'Twill be av me rid satin dhress Oi'll be thinkin'!" Norah had retorted defiantly. "An' seein' Oi made it mesilf, Oi'll tell ye there's nothin' about it's goin' to worry *me*,—nor no one ilse! 'Tis spry the old sun'll have to be, if he'll ketch *me* wid me eyes opin!" She had been retreating up the stair-case as

she spoke, and now vanished. Evidently Barney's lot was to be no exception to that of the unfortunate sex who never can get the last word.

Some of "the byes" were standing outside O'Heagan's saloon as Barney passed.

"Here's the feller 's good fer the dhrinks, the avenin'!" they called out.

"Aisy there, noo, byes!" answered Barney with a good-natured groan. "'Tis yersilves sh'd be givin' me the sind-off, but seein' it's you, Oi'll not shtand on anny p'int of itikit."

As they crowded in, O'Heagan grinned at them from behind the bar and tendered congratulations. If there was a girl in the city more desirable in any way than Miss Norah Murphy, the saloon-keeper did not know of her. And if there was a "bye" more popular than Barney, the "gang" had yet to discover him.

But after the second glass Barney set his tumbler down.

"'Tis a j'yful noight," he said to O'Heagan. "Fill thim up, an' Oi'll settle wid ye afther. But 'tis not mesilf that'll be goin' to the girl in the mornin' the way some av me frinds 'll be afther feelin'. Good-noight to yez all!"

"Good cess to ye, Barney!" they called after him, and the door closed.

Barney reached his room, opened the window, lighted his pipe and sat down on the edge of his bed for a last bachelor smoke. It was a little after eleven. So secure was he in his masculine vanity, that he would unhesitatingly have laid the new checked suit that was to be his nuptial costume to a mug of stale beer, that Norah's blue eyes were still wide open, and that she was thinking solely and entirely of him. His own sister had had hysterics, off and on, for three days before her wedding; and he congratulated himself on having been born a man, and hence superior to any manifestations of emotion on the subject of getting married.

"Begorrah, 'tis mesilf that's not desarvin' the luck Oi'm playin' in! Can it be she's lyin' awake thinkin' the silf-same thing av hersilf?" His eyes twinkled. It was a pity there was no one to see them; the world was just so much poorer every time it missed one of Barney's twinkles.

He put his hand in his coat-pocket and pulled out one or two things that even Norah did not know were there. There was a



small brass ring with a blue stone in it. This had come in a package of chewing-gum he had bought for her the day they became engaged. They had both laughed at the appropriateness of the "gift," and she had squeezed it painfully on to his little finger. When he tried to remove it on reaching home, he found himself shutting his teeth on several hard words in the process ; but it was none the less valuable for that.

Then there was a green cotton poppy, which had fallen out of Norah's hat at a picnic. That was where he had met her. He had picked up the poppy and carried it home in triumph, quite ignorant of the fact that Norah mourned its loss ; and his tenderly cherished souvenirs of a certain Katie Rooney had gone unceremoniously out of the window. This was very ungrateful, for it was this same maiden who had suggested that he take her to the picnic. And at the picnic he had met Norah.

He remembered one souvenir, however, that had not gone out of the window,—a pack of cards with which Katie had played. Barney was not the man to throw away a good pack of cards, and he had simply restored these to the light of common day. He reached over to the table drawer and pulled them out. In addition to lacking the poetic suggestiveness of the ring and the flower, they were ragged and very greasy and far from fragrant. He lighted a candle and looked them over. Somehow a good many things he had forgotten began to come back to him.

One of them was that the primary reason he had decided to devote himself to Norah on that picnic was that Katie seemed to prefer the society of Jim O'Heagan. He had lost Katie on that night, sure enough ; but he had never before felt the least uncertainty as to Katie's having lost him. Much less had he had any feeling of regret. And now that he was to be married next day to the girl of his choice, why, in the name of all unexplainable things, should he find himself surrounded by vivid and insistent memories of Katie Rooney ?

He shuffled the cards with uneasy hands and one of them fell to the floor. Of course it was the queen of hearts. He grunted viciously at the omen and threw the pack down on the table. As they lay spread out before him, he seemed to see the coquetish sparkle in Katie's black eyes, as she pressed against her lips the handful she held. Yes, and she had been pleased with that speech of his about being jealous of the cards ; and he had not been unduly slow in taking the hint conveyed in her retort,

"An' whose fault is it, Barney O'Hoolihan, that 'tis the cards that's there?"

He remembered, too, that Norah had spoken somewhat slightly of Katie and her companions. "Oh, sure, ye kin have the fun wid the girl, but—arrah, well, 'tis not for me to be sayin' what ivery wan who knows can tell ye."

"'Tis a sneakin' way to do," he thought. "Till a man enough ter git him full av the wantin' ter know more, an' thin lave him foind out the rist as bist he kin. An' 'tis a mane thing fer a woman to spake against another, though, sure, they're ahl made that way."

For the moment he had half forgotten what was to occur on the next day. "An' the foolishness av her," he went on, twisting the poppy between his fingers. "Not shlapin' the blissed noight, an' ahl for that she's ter be merried the mornin'! 'Tis no such proud thing, bein' merried. Ivery wan has the chanst, an' most av thim takes it. Bejabers, ye'd think she'd invinted the cirrimony hersilf." Then the man whom Norah was to marry got up abruptly, walked to the window, and, after shaking the ashes from his pipe down into the alley, grunted, "She's not the wan ter lie awake over any mortal thing. 'Tis the girls wid sows in their hearts does that. Katie Rooney—"

He pulled himself up sharply. He was to marry Norah Murphy to-morrow. Love her? Assuredly he did, in his heart of hearts, but in some mysterious way memories of another love,—he had called it love once,—had gotten entire possession of him.

"'Tis the divil himsilf is in me," he muttered savagely. And possibly he was right.

The closeness of the room began to oppress him for the first time. He groped his way down the stair-case, stumbled through the alley, and came out upon the sparkling thoroughfare. Feet, like horses, will, if not directed, take their most accustomed paths. He noticed O'Heagan's saloon as he passed along the other side of the street, and recognized two of his friends who came unsteadily out of the door. Somehow he felt no craving for their society, and walked on. He knew that he was going toward the tenement where the Murphys lived, with what reason, or to what imaginable advantage, he could not have told.

"An' is it yersilf, Barney O'Hoolihan, as is ter be merried the morrer? Will ye be afther forgittin' ahl yer ould frinds?"

He looked up and found himself face to face with Katie Rooney. She wore a yellow cotton shirt-waist with a jabot of lace at the neck, a plaid bicycle skirt and a cerise hat with draggled white ostrich-plumes. There was the same challenging coquetry in her eyes: the lines about her mouth were a little deeper. A sudden revulsion of feeling came over him. What would it be were it this girl he should marry next day? What did it matter whether Norah were asleep or not? At all events, she was not out alone on the street at midnight, in a flashy costume, and with a greeting for any man she might meet.

What he said to Katie he was never afterwards able to recall, though the memory of her mocking, discontented face remained with him for some time.

He came around a corner and into sight of the steps where he had many a time kissed Nora good-night. What was that,—a shadow? or was it indeed a little figure wrapped in a shawl, clinging to the door-post?

“Norah!” he exclaimed. “What is it ye’re doin’ here at this toime av noight?”

“The same to you, Barney O’Hoolihan!” she returned defiantly.

Then Barney discovered that her face was tear-stained.

After the necessary consolations had been administered, he inquired, not without a suspicion of triumph in his tones, “An’ wasn’t ye able to shlaape, afther ahl, me darlint?”

“An’ indade Oi was that!” She drew herself up to her full height; almost up to Barney’s chin. “’Twas a dhrame Oi had, but ’tis not to be blamed we are for our dhrames!”

“But phwat was the dhrame ud sind ye down here, me swateheart?”

“Dhramin’ av you—an’ ain’t that enough ter sind anny wan flyin’ out av bid wid the noight-mare, ye shpalpeen?” she demanded, putting her arms around his neck. “Look, Barney, Oi dhreamt ye’d taken to keepin’ company wid the Rooney girl agin!”

The wedding next morning was as fine an affair as had ever been seen in that neighborhood. So, at least, the invited guests agreed. The red satin dress made a profound sensation, and Father O’Connor intoned the nuptial mass in his most impressive manner.

The wedding breakfast, too, was not to be made light of.

The Murphys realized perfectly that on such occasions enough was *not* as good as a feast ; and a feast they had, accordingly.

The bride had finished cutting the cake, and was displaying the wedding presents to Father O'Connor, when the maid-of-honor, Barney's new sister-in-law, took the opportunity of having a little conversation with the bridegroom on her own account.

"Ye'd bist look out for Mrs. O'Hoolihan," she whispered mischievously over the shoulder of her green brocade. "She's not in the way av takin' loife serious-like, at ahl, at ahl."

"An' whoy not?" inquired Barney, fortifying himself for any alarming disclosure that might be forth-comiug with a glass of "the finest."

"'Twas at tin-forty-foive she was ashlope last noight," confided the would-be perfidious younger sister, "an' not a sound did Oi hear from her till six av the clock this mornin'." All of which was perfectly true. "But," she went on, "ye can't say that fer yersilf, Oi'll be bound. 'Twould not shtand to raison that a man sh'd shlope peaceful the noight befure his weddin'. He's got too much ter worry himsilf about—he has that same!"

ELLEN GRAY BARBOUR.



## CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

### THE SONG OF A ROWER

Swing, swing, glittering oars, where the saucy ripples, flowing,  
Steal the gracious sky's own blue  
To weave a shower of sunbeams through.

Row, row, keep on rowing ;

Row forever

On this merry, dancing river.

Dip, dip, ruddy oars ; sun-fire in the west is glowing.

Breathing water, swaying red !

Flame-wreaths melting overhead !

Row, row, keep on rowing ;

Row forever

On this hushed, transparent river.

Shine, shine, silver oars ; star-gleams in the shadows showing.

Silent moon-stream waving white !

Rising cloudlets fringed with light !

Row, row, keep on rowing ;

Row forever

On this dreamy, mystic river.

Work, work, dripping oars ; loud and black the night-wind's blowing.

Pant the waves in angry wonder

Roused by flash and crash of thunder.

Row, row, keep on rowing ;

Row forever

On this wild, tormented river.

Turn, turn, tired oars, 'twere less hard to swing you, knowing

When the moon weeps, hollow-eyed,

On the mirror of the tide,

I might rest, where I'm rowing ;

Rest forever

'Neath the gray rain-ruffled river !

GERTRUDE EMMA KNOX.

"Never was so hungry in my life," said Colonel Brimson, beginning on a generous piece of blue-fish. "Tell you what, there's nothing like this seashore air to wake

**Soldier Teddy** up an appetite. Here's Nellie, actually growing fat," pinching the cheek of the little girl beside him. "By the way, Gertrude, do you know whether Mrs. Gray has found her brother yet?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Brimson, "he had gone all the way to East Chop. She thinks he must have followed the shore right around—he often walks on the beach, you know. Strange how he has taken to wandering off these last few weeks. This afternoon she is going back to the city with him, I believe."

"He seems to be failing," said the Colonel. "Poor old comrade! I can scarcely realize he's the same fellow."

"Papa," spoke up Teddy, "guess I know when you was so hungry in your life—once when you had just a piece of hardtack for Thanksgiving."

"You're right, Ted. What a boy you are to remember soldier stories! Yes, it was Thanksgiving of 1862, on the Rappahannock opposite Fredericksburg. I had a little piece of fat pork for breakfast, and one-half a hardtack for dinner. Didn't I think of mother's turkey and pumpkin pies, though? What! more fish, Ted? You'll turn into a fish yet, my boy."

"Then I could eat all the little fishes, and big ones too, as big as blue-fish—if I was big enough myself. I think I'd like to be a whale. Wouldn't it be fun?"

"Indeed it would," said his father, smiling mischievously. "You would see the big ships, too, out on the ocean. Perhaps sometime a man-of-war would come along, and you could splash about and show off to the—"

"Now, Papa," interrupted Teddy earnestly, "of course you know I'm only making b'lieve about the whale, 'cause really and truly—I've got my mind made up good—when I'm a man I'm going to be a soldier, and sail away off on a ship to fight the heathen."

That afternoon Teddy and his sister went down on the beach to play. What fun it was to plunge into the sandy bank and half tumble, half slide down to the bottom! And once there, they had reached a place of infinite delight. They paddled in the water, liking the feeling of the smooth slippery stones against their little bare feet. They hunted for starfish, they

picked up shells and pretty stones, and, perhaps best of all, they played in the moist sand, forming it into varied shapes, as suited their fancy.

"I'm making a park," Nellie said, as she traced out a carriage-drive with her finger. "What's yours going to be?"

"There, it's all done," said Teddy. "These are the holes for the guns. It's a fort."

"I've got to get some trees for my garden," said Nellie, starting up the bank to gather some sprigs from the old red cedar.

"Hurry up!" he called after her. "When you come back we'll play 'guard the fort.' Guess I'll be practising."

Accordingly he picked up a piece of driftwood for a gun and began to pace back and forth in front of his fort in true soldier style. Nor did he appear in the least disconcerted when he saw coming toward him along the beach a gray-haired man wearing no hat, and apparently intent upon some object which he saw farther along the shore.

"He looks like a nice old man," said Teddy. "He's got a Grand Army button too. Guess he knows about forts—maybe he'll play with me the way Papa does. I'll make believe he's a rebel."

"Halt! Who comes there?" shouted Teddy, bringing his gun into "charge bayonet" position, as his father had taught him.

"I can row," muttered the stranger absently, without pausing. But Teddy would not have his fun spoiled in this fashion. He planted himself squarely in the enemy's path.

"You didn't say—'Friend the conterzine,' and you can't go by, 'cause you're a enemy." The man paused and looked at the little fellow.

"Pr'aps you didn't know this was a fort. I'll give you another chance. Halt! Who comes there?" A gleam of sudden recollection came into the dim eyes of the stranger, and he replied with some spirit, "Friend, with the countersign."

"Now tell the conterzine," demanded Teddy, delighted with his success. The old man put his hand to his bare head.

"It's gone," he said. "I've dropped it somewhere. I shall have to go back for my—my countersign." And turning he walked back along the beach.

"He doesn't know how," said Teddy, disappointed. "He's a sort of funny man anyway."

A few minutes later, there appeared at the top of the bluff a woman in traveling dress, who looked anxiously up and down the shore, and then in a moment began to descend the slope in the direction the strange man was taking. She soon overtook him, and Teddy, looking up from a well he was digging, saw her take him by the hand and lead him away.

CLARA LOUISE KNEELAND.

#### THE MOON-FLOWER

Listlessly through the long day, waiting—waiting—  
 Awaiting the night, and with it her lord, the moon,  
 Heeding no sign of the day but the sun at his setting,  
 Drooping her head, she breathes, heart-pining, "Come soon,—  
 Come soon!"

But the moon cares not that the clouds are veiling his splendor,  
 What should he know of the moon-flower, drooping her head?  
 Pale, lonely flower,—he knows not her silent adoring,  
 Nor would care if he knew, for the heart of the moon is dead,  
 Is dead!

AGNES CLAIRE INGLIS.

"No, they don't have no more picnics on Pine Tree Ledge. It's fifteen year ago this summer since the last one, but I kin remember it as well as if it was yester-  
**Pine Tree Ledge** day. They was all young folks there, an' the youngest an' prettiest of 'em was Mandy Webb—an' when she was ready for that picnic she was a picter. Her cheeks were just as pink an' her eyes were as bright an' she had on a white dress an' blue ribbons an' a little white hat tied on with a white lace veil that come down over her face an' jest caught under her chin; it was a present, that veil was, her aunt had brought her from Boston, an' she was that tickled with it she wore it all summer.

"When I see her that day I sez to myself, 'I'll have you, Mandy, this very day, if you're to be had, an' not hang off about it no longer.' You see I'd been makin' up to Mandy for quite a while, an' hadn't jest had the courage to come to the pint, for I was a mighty shy chap, them days.

"Wall, when we all was started on the picnic, Mandy was



way off in t'other end of the cart from me an' I couldn't get in a word with her, she was so took up talkin' to Dave Fessenden, a feller that was mighty fond of Mandy, too, 'though up to that day I'd never noticed as she liked one of us any better'n t'other. Wall, that day it didn't need anybody any sharper-eyed than a blind mole to see there was something between them two. The more I watched, the surer I was, an' by the time we got to the pond jist below Pine Tree Ledge the others noticed it, too, an' began to laugh an' joke 'em about it, as young folks will.

"They all kept teasing 'em, an' finally, after we'd got through our dinner, they owned up they was engaged to be married. Ef I was to say I didn't feel cut up I would be lyin', but somehow I couldn't feel as bad as I expected, for Mandy did look so happy, an' all I wanted, anyway, was to make her happy, an' if another feller could do it better, why I knew I'd ought'er be glad he'd got the chance. She was so happy it was kinder pitiful to see her lookin' up at Dave Fessenden, an' he a-smilin' all the time as much as to say, 'You see she thinks I'm about right.' I'm not sayin' as Dave warn't fond of Mandy, but he was one of them fellers who thought that nothin' was ever created that 'ud quite come up to himself, an' he thought every girl he saw was sweet on him, an' some of them was, too.

"Well, it kinder made a lump come into my throat to look at Mandy, an' so I thought I'd better get out of the way before she noticed anything; so, jist as we was all ready for a sail on the pond—Bottomless Pond they call it—I slunk off towards home an' no one missed me. The last thing I saw of Mandy she was a-settin' beside of Dave in the end of the boat an' she looked so happy it almost scared me to see her.

"That was the last I see of any of 'em till about three hours later when they all come back—all 'cept Mandy, all 'cept Mandy—she warn't there. They hadn't no more'n got out of reach of land when the boat veered an' toppled right over an' they all went into the water. Dave caught a holt of a girl's arm jest as she was goin' down an' pulled her to shore, but when he got her in he found it warn't Mandy. He'd thought it was.

"Wall, they waited an' they hunted but it warn't no use. One girl said that she saw Mandy puttin' up her hands to her veil jest as she went under, an' that veil must have stifled her right away as she never come up again. She was washed ashore that night, her pretty hair all around her an' that veil a-clingin'

to her shoulder. We buried her up on the Ledge an' every body felt so bad for Dave that they raised a sum of money for him to get a monument for her with. He did feel bad, but a year later he married the girl he'd saved that day. Of course it's all right, but I can't help hopin' Mandy don't know how soon he forgot her, for it might hurt her feelin's, even now she's dead.

"No, I hain't never married. Mandy never knew I loved her, but I can't help thinkin' that if she does know about Dave now she knows about me too, an' it may sorter comfort her to know there's one of us hain't forgot her."

PERSIS EASTMAN ROWELL.

"THERE ARE THINGS THAT NEED REFORMING."

When girls I see so skillfully  
 Peel fruit with paper-knives;  
 Whene'er a maid, to eat marmalade  
 With a silver shoe-horn strives;  
 When the girls all try to wrench and pry—  
 If a box of sweets arrives—  
 With button-hooks and hair-pin crooks,  
 While one a nail-file drives;  
 When scenes like these I chance to view,  
 I wonder what on earth they'd do  
 If toilet articles were few;  
 If when such things all rusty grew,—  
 Such varied use girls put them to,—  
 They could not go and purchase new.  
 In such a case they'd sometimes rue  
 The shoe-horn bent that will not 'shoe,'  
 The hat pin twisted like a screw,  
 The paper-knife that's stuck with glue,  
 The scissors dull that won't cut through;  
 But whether 'tis or 'tis not true  
 That they'd *reform*—I leave to you!

MARGUERITE CUTLER PAGE.

We turned up the bed of a mountain stream and picked our way over the stones; it was midsummer, and the hot July sun had withered away the little stream until  
**Pride of Place** only a trickle came skipping, still briskly, from stone to stone, down the steep incline.  
 On either side gnarled rhododendrons interlaced their branches,

meeting at times overhead, beneath the higher canopy of forest trees ; great tempting bunches of delicate pink and white bloom hung among deep green leaves, and, as we climbed, now and then a spray proved irresistible and my arm was soon half-filled with the beautiful blossoms. Now we stopped to examine some strange rosy or bright yellow mushroom, and now to gather crisp galax leaves ; higher and higher we went, unmindful of the heat in the shade of the road, our eyes fascinated by the strange southern plant life.

We had quite lost count of time and distance, when we found ourselves at length upon a ridge, along which we wandered uncertainly, trying to match together the geographical puzzle in our minds. The sun, high overhead, told us that the morning must be almost gone ; yet the very direction of the sunlight served only the more to confuse our sense of locality. At last we made a guess at the direction and with an air of assurance struck off along the ridge. To the left lay another ridge, lower than the one we were on, and I felt sure that beyond it lay the desired road. A short scramble brought us to a corn-field, which seemed the most promising place to descend to the other ridge. To say simply corn-field is scarcely giving a correct impression. It was a North Carolina corn-field,—which means a patch on a hillside, the nearer perpendicular, the better, over which the mountaineer, in some strange defiance of the law of gravity, drags a rusty plow and plants his corn. Such was this bit of mural gardening, at the foot of which stood a hut,—it was little more,—the log cabin of a mountaineer. Down the toboggan slide we went, slipping, catching hold of corn stalks and weeds, overcome with laughter at the ludicrous manner of descent. We almost dropped into the “yard” of the cabin, hard trodden earth, with a tiny flower patch of dahlias fenced off at one side.

A small, serious girl, barefooted, shock-headed, ran to call “Ma,” and a tired looking woman, also barefoot, and clothed in the slatternly gown of a mountaineer woman, appeared in the doorway, in front of which was a tiny coop of a porch. Her eyes lighted up with interest at the strange sight of “furriners ;” we begged a drink of water, and I suggested in an offhand way that “the Cranberry road was just beyond the ridge?” She nodded assent, and eagerly invited us to enter the little cabin. We went willingly, prompted chiefly, I fear, by curiosi-

ty to see the home into which she asked us with a sort of pride. With city-bred conceit, I wondered a little that there was not a hint of hesitation in asking us into the little house, no hesitation in displaying to "furriners" the pathetic little cabin. Even mountain hospitality did not insist upon our entrance into the house, on such an errand. We took the proffered chairs, however. They gave unsteadily as we sat upon them, and a quick glance about the room was sufficient to perceive its crudeness; over the ground was a roughly laid plank floor; the logs of the walls had here and there an old newspaper, tacked up probably with the double purpose of warmth and decoration. Two beds and a rough fire-place took up most of the available wall space, and beneath the beds were pushed trundles. A tiny lean-to was evidently used as a kitchen, the dirt floor trodden hard with constant usage. It was all so primitive and so crude that it seemed appalling; my heart sank at the thought of the life, and a pang of self-reproach came to me as I reflected that this idle visit, prompted chiefly by curiosity, might in some little way bring out contrasts, and contrasts are the origin of discontent. "Such futile discontent it would be," I said to myself. While this was passing through my mind, our hostess proceeded to avail herself of the opportunity to glean some news.

"Be you'uns stayin' over t' the Inn?"

She had been there sometimes with wild strawberries.

"Whar be you'uns from?"

We told her, "From Indiana."

Instantly the look of curiosity and interest upon her face was replaced by one of utter commiseration.

"Thar ain't no mountings thar, be they?"

We admitted the lack. A complete change seemed to come over the little woman, as the pride of possession shone out through her face. Was *she* discontented,—was *she* to be pitied? How far in my ignorance had I miscalculated! Our positions were reversed. She spoke proudly of the fruit trees of her "kin' folk" over on Little Yaller Mountain; in two weeks the peaches would be ripe and they were all going over. Would we like to go? Our grateful negatives were followed by a most urgent invitation to come back to her own cabin when her husband was home, "and bring your man with you," she added to my companion when the latter spoke of a certain unsettled



quality in the said "man's" plans. Her eagerness to "do" for us became almost embarrassing.

Noticing the great bunch of flowers which I was holding, she called to the child in the doorway to run get the ladies some flowers from the garden. "You'uns don't have purty flowers like those up in Indiany, do ye?" When the child came back with two little bunches of red dahlias cut close to the head, we rose to go. Then with a last outburst of generous advice, as from one whose cup is filled to overflowing, our hostess said—"Why don't you'uns come daown to the mountings ter live? You-all could make a livin' easy off'n ten or twelve acres!"

CAROLINE MARMON.

#### MEMORIES

An empty room, and yet how full  
Of her since she has gone!  
No trifle but becomes a thing  
For thought to dwell upon.

The very silence misses her,  
And moves with noiseless feet,  
Fearing to wake some memory  
The brave heart could not meet.

Irrevocable Fate is felt  
In every place—and look!  
How firm its iron hand has grasped  
That open half-read book!

EDITH TURNER NEWCOMB.

Night had fallen. All the stars had pressed their way through the arch of the sky; a light wind had risen, and was blowing across the fields. After the heat and toil of

**The Runaways** the long harvest day, every thing was resting; men and beasts had fallen into their first sleep. It was that hour of the evening when the last light has just been extinguished, the last key turned, and the world seems to pause for a moment.

The sky, the meadows, the sheaves, the trees, were gray with moonlight and tremulous with shadows. Out of some of these

shadows there presently emerged two little figures, creeping along through all the immensity and silence with the air of automatons. They traversed the stubble to some distance. Finally they came to a halt upon a small shorn mound which the moon-light brightly illuminated. Up to this time, their identity had been like that of the little birds and frogs which alternately emerged and disappeared along the thickets. It now appeared that here were two children.

They were a girl and boy, possibly four and six years old. The girl was one of those little creatures who seem so lately to have floated upon wings as to still retain all the etherial qualities. She regarded everything with an air of startled wonder. Her rapt eyes and parted lips gave her the look of a diminutive Psyche on the eve of discovery. She wore a white frock, drenched with dew, and a straw hat set back on her head in the manner of a halo. As they halted upon the mound, she gave voice to a question.

"How far ith it?" she whispered.

Her companion, the boy of six, did not answer. He merely glanced at her with an air of uneasiness. He felt that he would have liked to weep. The stillness oppressed him, the shadows alarmed him. Moreover, no one could tell what beasts were lurking in those caverns of gloom. While the girl was merely bewildered, the boy was terrified. It was the presence of so much helplessness at his side which preserved him. Meggie's small, moist hand in his, the pathetic sound of her laboring breath, dealt him a terrific sense of responsibility. Like Aeneas, he pressed back fear in his heart.

"Come on," he said.

They began to converse, brokenly, and in hushed murmurs.

"Don't stumble so," the boy said. "Lift your feet up. Look at me. I shall punch you if you stumble any more."

"I ith tired," she replied. "Carry me, Dick."

He lifted her in his arms and carried her for a few rods. It was necessary to bend backwards in order to prevent her feet from touching the ground. Her weight made him stagger. Finally he set her down, and they halted again for breath.

"It's orful nice, ain't it?" he said mournfully.

"Orful," she agreed. A tear rolled down her cheek. A briar had scratched her hand.

They had come into a field where the sheaves of wheat rose,

stacked in conical piles. Under some of these sheaves they sat down. They continued to hold each other's hands, more with the tenacity of mountain-climbers than the tenderness of lovers. The moonlight touched their small faces with a ghostly pallor, and rendered them foreign in each other's eyes. This circumstance they vaguely felt to be an affliction.

"Suppothe they should come after uth?" said Meggie suddenly.

The boy was firm.

"We don't hope they will," he replied.

"I know it," said Meggie.

From a hole somewhere in the field, a rabbit leaped out and came slowly hopping toward the sheaves and the children. At the distance of a few yards he paused, erect, his paws drooping, his long, white ears upraised. It was Meggie who first perceived him. Slowly, raising a tiny finger, she pointed.

"What ith it?" she asked in hushed tones.

Dick gave a bound which put the rabbit to flight.

"It was—it was—a lynx!" he declared breathlessly. "Let us go on."

They proceeded.

They came out upon the road again. On either hand the stone wall cast deep shadows. These shadows they carefully avoided by keeping to the middle of the path. They glanced back repeatedly. They were looking for the lynx. Once Meggie said reassuringly, "Nothing ith behind uth, ith there?"

Dick leaped half a yard.

The walls gave place to open spaces, with here and there a dwelling. Sometimes they saw lights. They were nearing the city. They toiled on, with that mute endurance which belongs to children and animals. At times the girl said, "I ith hungry;" at others, "I ith tired." In the case of the first, her companion gave her a pretzel from his pocket. In the case of the second, he carried her.

Toward three o'clock the stars began to fade and a light streak appeared in the east. They sat down to rest upon a stone. Presently they heard light footfalls coming down the road and drawing near. This sound, in all that silence, terrified them. The two little things began to tremble violently. Their eyes, heavy a moment before with drowsiness, opened wide with fright. They gazed at each other in horror.

"The lynx," said Dick trembling. And he placed himself in front of Meggie.

It was not the lynx, however. It was a woman.

She was young ; she was small ; she was wrapped in a cloak ; she was walking rapidly. This was all they perceived at first. When she had come quite near, they slipped from off the stone and, advancing into the road, confronted her. The moonlight illuminated their blonde heads and upraised faces with the effect of a transfiguration. These two little creatures, alone, at such an hour, upon the road, presented an appearance which was astounding. It was perhaps natural that the girl should have drawn back with that terrible, gasping sigh.

She stood still, regarding them steadily. Her cloak, which had fallen apart, revealed her little, white gown, her bare throat, the bracelets on her wrists and arms. In the pale light, she, too, looked curiously childish. A long curl of shining hair fell down along her neck. She was breathing quickly.

"What do you want?" she said.

The two children eyed her with interest.

"May we walk with you?" said Dick.

She scrutinized them a moment longer. Then she burst into a laugh. At this laugh, they did not know why, the two children retreated a little. She did not appear to notice.

"Yes, yes," she cried. "Come along, come along. We will go back together." And she extended to each of them a small, hot hand.

They continued their journey.

Now and then the children glanced up into the face of their companion. They were no longer afraid. They had forgotten the lynx. However, the laugh, the gown, the bracelets of this person excited their curiosity. A sort of shyness prevented them from speaking. It did not prevent them, though, from observing, as they hastened along, that this girl's eyes were very bright, and that she walked more quickly than was quite convenient.

After a time she spoke.

"Where is it?" she said.

"What?"

"The river."

Dick reflected. "Are you thirsty?" he asked.

"Very thirsty. I can drink the whole river to-night. Should you like to see me?"



"Very much," said Dick.

"Well, you can't. You're too little. You'll have to go away."

He was silent. After a while, she added, "There's the river."

They looked ahead, and perceived, through the gloom, something tall, black and skeleton-like. It was the bridge. The girl quickened her steps. The two children could hardly keep pace with her. Meggie commenced to cry softly.

"I ith tired," she said.

The girl did not notice her.

When they reached the bridge, they came to a halt. All three were panting. The girl released their hands.

"Good-bye," she said. "You'll have to go on alone. I'm not coming."

They stared at her blankly.

"Go along," she repeated. "I shall stay here."

And then, as they continued to regard her mutely, "Stop at the first house after you get across. Tell them that you have lost your way, and they will keep you until your mother comes. Good-bye, now." All at once she bent forward and gently kissed them both. "Go straight along," she said. "Don't look behind."

They took each other's hands, and moved on across the bridge. This time they did not look back. They were not frightened, they were very sleepy. At a little distance they could see a cottage. A light was burning in the window. They trotted toward it.

EDITH LABAREE LEWIS.

#### THE LACE-MAKER

Winds from over the western moors  
Bear me whiffs o' the cold salt sea,  
Wi' sweet breath o' the heather blooms,  
Out upon the lea ;  
Spring I know by its warm perfumes,  
Though I may not see.

Once when light o' the sun was bright  
And my joy i' the day was free,  
I was weaving o' dainty lace,  
That a bride's should be ;  
Long I worked in a low, dim place.  
Now I cannot see.

Pass the hours o' the long bright days  
Slow and weary and sad for me,  
For I think o' my task that's o'er,  
Sitting silently ;  
Mine are hands that shall work no more,  
For I cannot see.

ETHEL BARSTOW HOWARD.

## **EDITORIAL**

One of the most interesting propositions recently brought forward in educational circles is that of pooling college entrance examinations. The plan, which is suggested by Professor Butler of Columbia University, is that of having the entrance examinations of all colleges which enter the "pool" conducted by a joint board of examiners ; thus the same examination must be taken and passed by applicants for admission to any college entering upon the agreement, which is intended to include all the colleges of the Eastern and Middle States. The practicability of the plan is of course based upon the acceptance by the colleges of the uniform entrance requirements recommended by the New England Commission on Education. This acceptance is but a further step in the direction already taken when, some years ago, uniform entrance requirements in English were adopted by the leading Eastern colleges. Such a step seems but the inevitable solution of the problem of adjusting the conflicting demands of the college and the preparatory school, and as such we may confidently expect that within the near future it will be taken by the majority of the colleges. In which case, the plan for a joint board of examiners seems a fitting and needful addition to bring about the best results from the arrangement.

It is curious to note this invasion of the educational world by a movement which is so closely identified in our minds with certain very important workings of the economic world. But just as it may be very advantageous for railroad or bicycle firms to combine and support a single office or store in one place instead of many, so similar advantages may attend such action elsewhere. The increased economy of labor, time, and money, which would be effected by the proposed plan for examinations, is closely analogous to that of a business corporation. But aside from this there are other and greater advantages to be gained. Chief among them is the acquisition of a sort of fixed

standard of values among colleges. The similar conditions of entrance would make it easier for different colleges to maintain the same standard of work for which degrees are conferred; moreover, by means of the one set of entrance examinations, the colleges would be placed firmly and once for all upon an equal footing in certain most important respects. That insinuating form of libel upon the good standing of a college which is contained in the statement, "Oh, she went there when she couldn't get in any place else," would be effectively done away with,—a consideration of apparently trivial importance, yet one which carries with it a certain weight.

The mere suggestion of the plan, however, is sufficient to bring forth a protest from the smaller colleges. They behold themselves confronted with the prospect of an attendance greatly diminished by the students who will prefer to enter the large college when they can do so upon the same set of examination papers which admits them to the smaller one. But in taking such a view, the small college underestimates its own value. The inducements which draw students to it by no means center around the fact that it may be easier to enter than the large college. In many of the colleges this is not the case. But aside from such considerations, the small college, by virtue of its picked faculty,—for the supply of excellent teachers is by no means exhausted in these days by the universities,—by virtue of the closer relation possible between student and professor, by reason of the congenial conditions which it offers for quiet and scholarly work, can easily hold its own in competition with the large college, nor fear the levelling of barriers which would result from the adoption of the plan for uniform entrance examinations. For the work of the college possesses as much individuality, its name comes to stand as definitely for a certain sort of thing as does the name of the watch or the lens maker, and the claims and merits of this individuality are not in the least affected by the proposed change.

The whole matter is as yet in an embryonic stage, and whether it will ever pass beyond this remains to be seen. But whether or not it is destined to become an integral part of our educational system, it yet deserves our greatest respect and admiration for the proof which it offers of the working of a progressive and liberal spirit in educational affairs.



## EDITOR'S TABLE

The existence of the Exchange Editor is assuredly well seasoned with that proverbial spice of life, variety. Scarcely any two of the college magazines which come to our notice are formed on the same plan or seem designed to fill precisely the same place in their respective college worlds. Broadly, however, they may be considered as belonging to two classes : those which serve but one master, and those which seek to serve several,—this divided allegiance being due in some cases to choice, in others to necessity.

The first class is made up of the purely literary magazines of the universities and larger colleges, whose task is simplified by the existence of college newspapers and alumni magazines. The members of this class are however by no means of a uniform character. The Harvard Monthly and the Yale Courant, for instance, while alike in singleness of aim and consequent simplicity of plan, are as different in general tone as in outward appearance. They may be taken as representatives of two opposite tendencies,—the one insisting on a certain seriousness and solidity, a due proportion between “heavies,” stories and verse, and refusing to sacrifice critical and expository prose to lighter material ; the other frankly given over to this lighter side, altogether devoted to fiction and verse, and exhibiting throughout an individualistic, up-to-date character, occasionally, we regret to say, suggestive of pose and degenerating into flippancy. Even the book-reviews, which form the only supplementary departments in these two magazines, partake in each case of the peculiar tone of the whole. In the one a distinct effort is made to arrive at a scholarly and impartial judgment, while the other aims at a sketchy and entertainingly suggestive personal estimate.

The literary departments of most of our college magazines show tendencies which ally them to one or the other of these

two groups. But for the magazines of our smaller colleges the literary department is by no means all. In the absence of college newspapers and alumni magazines, the literary magazine finds itself obliged to undertake the tasks properly belonging to both, and hence arise a variety of "back departments," each appealing only to a special audience, and for the facts contained in it rather than for the form in which they are embodied. These supplementary departments assume a considerable variety of guises. In some cases they consist merely of items and announcements; in others, extended articles and discussions of topics of current interest give body to them. This mixed form of magazine has been especially developed by our sister colleges, which have been in the main, it seems to us, remarkably successful in keeping the balance between the various interests represented, not suffering the literary side to be crowded out, nor yet to dominate the others.

There is, as we suggested at the outset, yet a third tendency manifested in our college magazines,—a tendency to break the monotony of the literary department by a variety of minor departments which do not satisfy any actual demand, as that of the alumni, but seem designed to supply a lighter element or a touch of local color. Such are the Vassar Miscellany's Points of View and About College,—the first of which, by reason of its pleasantly suggested criticism, appeals to us as decidedly the more valuable of the two. As the extreme of this type, we may note the Window-Seat of the Amherst Literary Monthly, the local character of whose "hits," together with the extreme slanginess of its language, renders it quite incomprehensible to an outsider.

Among other supplementary departments are the Current Literature of The Mount Holyoke,—a series of jottings on the principal magazine articles of the month, of value in reminding one of the existence of an outside world of literary interests, but too brief to serve as more than a guide in the choice of reading; and the Intercollegiate of the Wellesley Magazine,—a department which seems to us of especial value as a means of broadening the student's interests by bringing him into touch with the changing life and the educational advances of other colleges.

An article in the *Educational Review* for March on Training Individuality in College offers some interesting suggestions on a subject which must appeal to any college student as one of the utmost importance. Its author, an instructor in Bowdoin College, after quoting President Hyde of that college and ex-President Dwight of Yale to the effect that loss of personal contact between professors and students on account of the increasing size of classes, and the consequent decrease in the strenuousness of the intellectual life, is the most serious danger of the college of to-day, goes on to give an account of certain attempts to counteract this tendency which have been made within the last few years at Bowdoin, and which he feels have been a decided success. He himself, as extra instructor in Latin and Greek, has conducted the experiment, which consists in dividing a large and unwieldy class into groups of five to nine men, arranged according to ability and their probable stimulating effect upon each other, and meeting each of these groups separately for a weekly period of work supplementary in character to that of the regular class—such as prose composition based upon the author read, or the investigation of special topics suggested by that reading. The instructor is thus brought into the desired personal relation with the student, discovers his weak and his strong points, and is able to help and stimulate him.

Where such supplementary instruction is not available, a system of required reports on individual topics may, as the writer of the article suggests, be employed with good effect. Such reports, when criticized by the instructor and discussed by the class, certainly rouse the interest of the student and encourage in him scholarly habits of work, as those of us who have experienced such methods can bear witness. The mere recognition of the student as capable of such independent work often serves as a spur, the judicious application of which will produce work far superior to what will be ground out in the ordinary class routine, and assuredly aids in that development of individuality which it is one of the most important aims of the college education to produce.

## ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

In any discussion concerning journalism it is at once necessary to define terms. For journalism means not one but many things. It does not mean, for instance, simply the work done by a reporter for

What Journalism is a newspaper. It is safe to say that there are to-day any number of people one may truthfully call journalists who have yet never seen the inside of a newspaper office,—at any rate, of a large office. Nevertheless they are quite as vital a part of journalism, in some respects, perhaps, as is the man or woman who comes into the “city room” early in the day to work, either at a desk or “on assignment,” until late at night.

The one white man, for instance, who has succeeded in pressing his way into Thibet—a country at present under suspicion—and who has returned to tell us what he found and how he fared is quite as much of a journalist as the man that rushes copy from Ladysmith to London, and far more of a thorough-going newspaper man, moreover, than is the “cub” reporter. Mr. Landor has simply a medium of presenting his news which is slightly less popular than the newspaper, that is all. For journalism, reduced to its lowest terms, is the news. What the war correspondent sends from Ladysmith or the Philippines is the news; what Mr. Landor tells us by word of mouth is the news; what the popular periodical presents disguised as literature is the news; and what the newspaper prints is the news. All these things are certain phases of journalism, since, in every case, it is their news quality which gives them their value. They are news, too, because they will be inevitably, and rapidly, superseded by other similar forms of the news.

Now, although the newspaper is but one kind of journalism, it is the kind about which the college girl is usually in speculation when she wants to know what journalism is. To her, journalism means newspaper work. She is not well informed, however, as to just what this work is. Even though she has not been able to escape the novel and short story of which the newspaper woman is always the heroine, she yet feels that it must be among the impossibilities of life as it is that every newspaper star marry the managing editor or the proprietor of the paper upon which she is hired by the week. Neither is she at all sure that every newspaper heroine could secure all the “scoops” every day, go through every kind of improbable danger, come out of it all unscathed, finally to be presented with happiness, honor and an Aladdin's lamp. And yet, for all these dim forebodings, there is still a glamor cast over the city room and the men and women therein by the active imagination of the young woman who does not know what journalism is.



There are at least two reasons why women, and college women, are perhaps attracted toward journalism. For one thing, they are inclined to think it a short cut to literature. For the other, they fancy its atmosphere to be another aspect, only bigger and brighter, of that innocent and cloistered Bohemia of the campus. There may be other reasons, of course, but these it is fair, perhaps, to name the chief reasons.

Let us discuss the second reason first. The newer woman desires the newer life, the life of larger freedom and of less conventional restraint. She desires, in short, that sort of life which college has opened for her part way and which she wants the world to offer her full blown. From what she hears of the atmosphere of a newspaper, she imagines it a Bohemia as wholesome and as happy as the one she knows and loves so well. Listen! There never was a more hopeless fallacy than this. For there was surely never a greater slave to the conventions of life than the average reporter upon the staff of a large city paper. His life is bound in the shallows and depths of the lives he is bound to reflect. He must be present, yet not as a participant, at marriages, christenings, merry-makings, domestic tragedies and at death. Whatever affects the body social and politic, in short, he must record for the information of his fellow-men. And not in the way he wants to write it, but in the way they want it written, a way which finally eats into him and takes from him himself.

Just a word as to the daily routine of newspaper work. At eight o'clock each morning in the case of a man, and an hour later in the case of a woman, the reporter must be at his place in the city room. The city editor will remove the eternal pipe from the mouth long enough to tell him what is expected of him, and then, no matter if it be the hardest or the easiest thing in the world to do, he must salute respectfully and always cheerfully and go away. He has his marching orders. Two things he knows always, moreover, he has to do. First, to get all the news, and then, to get it as soon as possible. These are the unwritten and the unalterable laws of every newspaper office. He who ignores them is lost. More than almost anywhere else in the business world is it a case of the survival of the fittest. And it is much to be doubted if it is worth while to have survived.

To be sure, if one calls a Bohemian life, an existence which is absolutely irregular, in which one may not eat nor sleep nor hold carnival according to one's desires, then one has it to the full in newspaper work. Furthermore, if one means by Bohemia a life of feverish haste, of extraordinary exhaustion and of quick and fatal collapse, one will realize it as the reporter upon the staff of a big daily paper. But that is far from what the college girl means by Bohemia. Visit her campus in the golden weather and discover if there be anything more remote from that Alsatia of daily journalism toward which her desires are drawn than the Arcady in which she lives. And however much a strenuous life is to be desired and pursued, it is not to be sought for in the ways of newspaper work.

But the college girl has also a belief that journalism may prove a short cut to literature. As has been said, the newspaper prints the news as news. It follows, therefore, that the reporter of most value to a paper is that man or woman who can gather the most of news in the least of time. To see the

most of news, and to see it first, is what every newspaper expects and requires of each member of its staff. And naturally, it is the goal toward which every reporter runs. For that way lie promotion in favor and in salary; and the latter consideration is never so large, even upon a big and wealthy daily, that a reporter can afford to let pass any possible chance of its increase.

This actual running after any sort of news in hot haste, however, and the scribbling of it upon copy paper at top speed, which is all a reporter is allowed to do, is scarcely a lesson in anything. And least of all is it a lesson in literary art. The presentation of things as they are, in any given case, rarely makes literature. The actualities of life, treated as news, are no more literature than is a piano in the process of being tuned, music. Actual life contains, of course, some of the elements of art, but it is not therefore art. Nor does the newspaper care for its news as literature. It wants it merely and entirely as news. The only way in which the newspaper is literature is that in which life is literature or the day is art. And just so long as newspapers print the news as news, there will be no place upon them for the man or woman who wishes to present his news as literature.

But if there be not a place upon the daily paper for the reporter who would be also a man of letters, there is a place for him elsewhere,—and a big place it is. For the word journalism has to-day a far wider meaning than it had, say, fifteen years ago. At that time, Robert Louis Stevenson wrote, in a personal letter to Mr. Edmund Gosse, "To me the press is the mouth of a sewer, where lying is professed as from a university chair and everything prurient, and ignoble, and essentially dull finds its abode and pulpit."

This was written in 1886. Were Stevenson alive to-day, he would be obliged to include in his denunciation not only newspapers, but periodicals of various sorts, and books of all kinds and descriptions. The journalist is no longer the man or woman hired at so much a week by the newspaper of a big city, no longer one of the many victims of the yellow journals, but the man or woman who writes for our magazines, who illustrates our weeklies and who is the author of our "novel of the year." Judged in this sense, journalism was never so honourable nor so profitable a profession as it is to-day. Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee, indeed, in a current article upon *Journalism as a Basis for Literature*, takes advantage of the present popularity of journalism as a form of literature to wax hopefully prophetic. "To be a transfigured reporter," he says, "a journalist who is more of an artist than the artists, an artist who is more of a journalist than the journalists,—this is the inevitable destiny of the next great writer who shall succeed in making headway in the public mind."

Mr. Lee has by no means thus proved, however, that journalism is the basis for literature. The rather has he disproved it by this very statement. For "the transfigured reporter" of every age is almost always inevitably the man who succeeds in making headway in the public mind of that age. The public mind is so made; and the reporter, who gages the public mind, reckons not without his host. Nevertheless, he is still a reporter who has given us not literature, but the news. And his installation as man of letters by the dazzled multitude and leaders of that multitude does not in the least

affect the cause of literature itself. For the great body of what is really literature was never made to catch the latest edition or the popular taste. It is, we are fain to believe, a form of art. And Art belongs to no moment, to no hour, to no century of time. For it is limited, as Mr. Whistler has taught us, to the Infinite, and beginning there cannot progress.

Journalism builds for the passing hour; literature builds for eternity. And it is within the power of every individual to decide for which of them he shall make a life try.

MABEL WARREN SANFORD '93.

[The following article, although not belonging to the Alumnæ Department by right of authorship, is placed here as a contribution to the discussion of the certificate system which was opened in the January number of the MONTHLY by Miss Woollen '93 and Miss Caverno '87.—EDITOR.]

A remark of mine about the certificate system, incautiously made within hearing of an editor of the MONTHLY, has brought me a request to contribute my opinions to the discussion of the subject.

**The Certificate System** My opinions upon the certificate system, however, must be of comparatively slight worth, for they are based chiefly upon theoretical considerations, and very little upon a knowledge of the practical working of the system.

There is an answer sometimes seriously given by advocates of the certificate system to inquiring doubters, namely, that we obtain better students under the certificate system than we do under the examination system, the implication being, that the former system somehow produces better students than does the latter. The fallacy in this reasoning should be too evident to need refutation. There is here no case of cause and effect, but simply a coincidence. It is the best schools which have the certificate right; the best schools are those which send us the best prepared students; hence, upon the whole, certificated students are likely to be better prepared than non-certificated. But this is not in consequence of the certificate right but regardless of it, and those students would still be the best had the certificate right never been heard of and the examination system always been universal. To some extent the subject could be tested by statistics, though these would be extremely difficult to gather in such a way as to command confidence, and to avoid the reproach commonly accorded to statistics as the third and highest degree of mendacity.

There are three reasons why the certificate system seems to me unwise. First, there is the great practical difficulty, admitted by its most earnest advocates, of so safeguarding it, that, whether through the carelessness or the moral lapses of those responsible for giving the certificates, unprepared students may not be admitted to college. So many cases of the violation of the certificate right come to the ears even of one not on any of the committees concerned with its administration, that we must conclude there is some real objection to the system on this ground. Our own faculty has recently expressed its lack of confidence in the entirely honest use of the certificate right by voting that in the future certificates will not be accepted on subjects not to be followed in college. In other words, in all cases where we are not



to have the chance to find out whether the certificates tell the truth, we will not accept them as truthful. Again, I have been told, more than once, by the principal of a leading New England high school that in his opinion the certificate system is a fraud, and a goodly number of certificates (I forbear to give his considerable fraction) are lies. No one of these indications, perhaps, would be of much value alone, but taken together they must be granted some weight. Theoretically, it is certainly true, as has already been pointed out in the MONTHLY, that the college has ample power to enforce the honest use of the system, by withdrawing it from those schools which abuse it. Practically, however, its complete safe-guarding requires an amount of watchfulness, investigation, correspondence, etc., which must prove a great drain upon the time, strength, and concentrative power of the teachers having the matter in charge. It has been said in the MONTHLY that strict honesty can be secured in this system as surely as in banking. But the resemblance between the two is altogether superficial; the bank has a financial stake in its system, with ample means to secure its efficiency. It would undoubtedly be possible for a college to secure strict honesty in the certificate system, but it would be very poor college management to expend the time and strength of its teachers, and no small amount of money, to secure the integrity of a privilege or favor which it grants to schools, from which it has nothing directly to gain, and whose very usefulness at all is a matter of debate.

I do not wish to give an exaggerated idea of the number of failures in the working of the system. I believe that such failures come very rarely indeed from deliberate intention on the part of school principals or others. They are partly results of misunderstandings and mistakes inseparable from changes of principals, changes in our own rules, etc., and partly the result of pressure brought to bear upon principals by influential families. This pressure, of course, is not open and deliberate, but is of that subtle, insidious, and almost irresistible kind,—irresistible because there is no point at which resistance can logically begin,—which social influence can exert more or less unconsciously, and which under modern political conditions has come to seem to most people not altogether illegitimate. The surest safeguard against it would be the removal of temptation altogether by taking from principals the right to say whether or not a particular student shall enter college.

A second reason why I do not like the system is this,—it seems to me a concession to the non-scholarly element in our modern colleges. A marked feature of the times is the movement to our colleges of young women and men who come for reasons not primarily scholarly. This is now so marked that our colleges are in danger of coming to stand in the public mind mainly as fashionable winter resorts for young people of means. This element, the most troublesome and least attractive to a college faculty, is producing a great effect upon college standards both of students and authorities. It is setting social standards and erecting social barriers where, of all places in the world, none of that kind should exist; and it is raising the scale of college expenses to such a degree that it becomes difficult for young people of limited means to attend the best colleges unless aided by the form of charity known as scholarships. I do not mean that the non-scholarly students in our colleges are not to be encouraged. On the contrary I think it is fortunate for



them and for the community that they want to come to college at all, and it is as much our duty to educate them as to educate scholars. But I do protest that a college was founded primarily for scholarship, and that when students whose impulses are not scholarly do enter it, they should conform to its standards, and they should not be allowed to impose their standards upon it. The certificate system has always seemed to me a concession to this element. I do not think that those who come to college for cultivation of scholarship fear the entrance examinations.

A third reason why I do not like the certificate system is this;—by it we lose a chance to keep the schools in the closest touch with our ideas as to the proper preparation for college. Of course theoretically we can do this through the certificate system, but necessarily that cannot be as sensitively responsive to our needs as the examination system can be made. We know, better than school principals, what constitutes the best preparation for our college course; through examinations we can both declare and enforce that preparation. There must also be some meaning in the fact that, although the certificate system has now been on trial for several years, many colleges, as for example Radcliffe (of course following Harvard), will have nothing at all to do with it. Even if there are special reasons why those colleges do not adopt it themselves, it should, if in their opinion excellent, at least receive their toleration, but it does not.

No one can be more conscious than I am of the imperfections of the entrance examination system. I have space to speak of but two of these. One, the expense of a long journey and the examination amidst unfamiliar surroundings, has been partially removed by the plan of holding examinations in several cities. I think this could be managed still better by permitting every student to be examined in her own school; our papers could be sent sealed to the principal of any school making application, the student could answer them in her own school-room, and the principal could return her answers sealed to us. If it be objected that this would expose the principal to temptations to be unfair, I can only say that this is not an objection applicable to the examination system as against the certificate system, for certainly any principal who would be dishonest in giving such an examination would be dishonest in giving a certificate to that student. Moreover, such a system as that used successfully by McGill University in Canada could be adopted. The McGill examinations are held in many cities and are in charge of local examiners, who are usually graduates, or other residents interested in education and known to be trustworthy. The questions are sent them sealed, the examination takes place in their presence, and they at once seal and forward the papers. The other objection urged against examinations still has weight, namely, that in a two, or even three hour examination, the ground of four years of work cannot be covered. Certainly it cannot in quantity, but can it not in quality, and is it not quality we are seeking? And after all, the entrance examination is not a competitive test of grades of ability, it is simply a method of excluding the unfit. But, even granting this, there is still some force in the objection. It could, I think, be met by an arrangement in other departments analogous to that in all the newer science requirements. When a student in the future offers a science for entrance, she must submit for inspection her laboratory note-book containing

the records of her work, and this note-book, or equivalent evidence, in the words of our catalogue, "will count as much as, or more than, the examination in determining admission." With records of her school work to determine the substance of her training, and an examination to determine her power, we surely have a fair means of ascertaining whether she is fitted to carry on college work.

As a whole, therefore, balancing the merits and defects of the two systems, it seems to me that an examination system, especially one allowing a student to be examined in her own school and requiring a record of her preparatory work, offers fewer drawbacks and more advantages than the certificate system.

WILLIAM F. GANONG.

A letter recently received from a young Swedish woman, who is studying at the great Swedish university at Upsala, contains a sentence that reads somewhat like this: Some of the students attend very

**The Nature of** few lectures, because they prefer to give their time  
**Graduate Work** almost wholly to laboratory practice and library work: indeed, I have heard some question whether it is not a waste of time to attend any lectures at all. In the German universities, students sometimes enrol themselves in a large number of lecture courses, attend the lectures until an exhaustive bibliography of the subject under discussion has been given, and thereafter give up all but an occasional attendance. Neither the total absence from lectures, suggested by the Swedish student, nor the occasional attendance upon them of some German students is the practice of the most scholarly or the ordinarily conscientious young man. The fact that such views and such practices are possible, however, serves to illustrate the difference between graduate or university work and undergraduate or college work, as these terms are used in this country. The one is individual and independent, under the guidance only of complete bibliographies and under the inspiration of the ablest professors, with unlimited facilities in laboratory and library work. The other is under the constant supervision of instructors and professors in the shape of daily and definite tasks to perform.

As soon as a graduate student has become sufficiently proficient in any branch, he may be admitted to participation in seminary work in this particular subject. It is in the seminary that the student becomes best acquainted with his professor. Here a genial relation is established between them. The young man is in the seminary because he is interested in the subject and has already some knowledge of it; he is now to study with the professor as well as to learn of him. The older man responds to the younger one's interest, he appreciates his work, and respects his views and draws out his originality. It is under such wise encouragement, that some of the best talent has developed into activity. Professor Brugmann of Leipsic, the greatest living classical philologist, acknowledges his debt to Curtius, whose enthusiastic love of philology and sympathetic treatment of it awakened in him an interest in language study which led him later to propound theories radically opposed to those of his master, and now universally accepted. The teacher may stimulate the pupil to outstrip even himself.

The method of work in a seminary is this: Some time in advance, the

professor assigns to each member a subject to work up : on the day when the subject is to be discussed, the student who is responsible presents a paper which contains the results of his research, and which should include a careful outline of the valuable work already done in the subject, with a consideration of opposing views, and the conclusion reached by the student as to which view is most tenable. The student's work is reviewed by the professor, and the other members are invited to make comments or ask questions. In at least one seminary at Zurich, those who have just matriculated may sit at a separate table in the seminary room and listen to what is being said, but are not allowed to present papers or volunteer any remarks.

The social life is much more attractive at a German university than here ; the *Corps* and *Vereinigungen* fascinate by their music, their beer-drinking, their duelling, and odd traditions, and are large and numerous. The intellectual life, too, is broader certainly than in most of our American universities, where the academic tone still prevails.

It is the custom in Germany to spend the three years of residence required of a candidate for a degree in several different universities, studying one or two or three semesters each with the masters in one subject. A student of Greek would like to work with Kirchhoff, Christ and Blass in Greek literature and language, with Brugmann and Windisch in philology, with Overbeck in archaeology, and to do this must reside in at least four universities in succession. As he passes from one university to another, the student carries with him his university-book, which contains a full statement of the work that he has done, the length of time spent upon it, and the signature of the professor as a guarantee of the truth of the statements made. In our country this custom has not yet become established, although there are signs that it will be adopted as soon as a uniform grade of work is offered and required in our various institutions, and equal library and laboratory facilities become possible.

In securing university privileges for women, the pioneer work has been done, and to-day it may be justly said that women are their own worst enemies. The superficial work and lack of serious purpose on the part of many brings discredit on women in general as research workers. However, if a woman proves herself beyond question an able and earnest investigator, but few lectures or seminaries, libraries or laboratories will be closed to her.

MARY C. WELLES '83.

Five years' experience in teaching Greek in a preparatory school has convinced me that nothing is so dangerous to the popularity of a subject as for that subject to become incorporated in the language as a joke.

**A Lament** "It's all Greek to me" may, with justice, be accused of having grown a trifle threadbare through the wear and tear of centuries, yet a surprising number of people would rather rejoice in the expression all their lives than run the risk of tarnishing its brilliancy, as applied to themselves, by learning the Greek alphabet. When the average girl reaches the point of deciding whether or not to elect Greek, she and her family assume the attitude of settling then and there the question of what her future shall be ; whether she shall follow the traditions laid down for the life



of a woman, whether she shall mingle with her fellow-beings and marry and all the rest, or shall at once renounce all these and study the Greek language. No wonder that the Greek so often goes to the wall, and still less wonder, when the courageous girl decides in its favor, that she comes to announce her intention with the pale, set face of a candidate for the novitiate, and that her mother comes with her, having a trace of tears in her eyes and a look of gentle renunciation about her mouth. It is hard on a mother to give up all her dreams of a happy home for her child : but it must be done. It is curious how much mathematics, science, Latin and literature may be studied by a girl without injuring her chance for a normal life, while one year of Greek is fatal ; and yet all that is expected of her is to learn such a very little bit about a language beautiful in itself, but, what is of more importance, infinitely valuable to her in her advanced study of English. After the class is formed, the old joke still casts its shadow over the work. An enthusiastic teacher,—and one who likes Greek well enough to teach it at all is sure to be that,—swells with pride anew each year as the pretty letters begin to assume shape, and the pupils are as pleased when the chaos of the first few days is pierced by a ray of light as a kindergartner is over his first braided mat ; but there is no one to share that joy, no mothers bring their sewing and sit in that room, and the chance visitor, who stumbles in, assumes an expression of mock horror, and flees incontinently with some murmured excuse which one can only hope, without overmuch foundation, is not a repetition of the old saw. Even teachers from other schools, and professors from great colleges, sent out to inspect the humble sources of their supply, beg, when they come in, not to be asked any questions or called on for any opinions, because, forsooth, they have not taught Greek for a year and are rusty. Of course it is an affectation, but the constantly recurring problem is, why should an affectation of ignorance of one subject commend itself, while an affectation of wisdom concerning so many others is deplorably prevalent? Why anyone should be ashamed of having taken at least the first step towards coming in contact with the best type of civilization the world has known must remain a mystery. Surely there can be no disgrace in knowing something of a language which has done so much to keep alive the love of beauty of form in literature, and has been the foundation of almost every great literary style in either prose or poetry. Its powers as an impetus to general scholarship and its value in every kind of learning are so great that the marvel for those who love it is that a degree in any department of college work can conscientiously be given without the requirement of at least a fundamental knowledge of Greek.

MARY E. COLGAN '89.

Owing to the fact that the present senior class is larger than any previous class, the number of seats which it is possible to reserve for alumne on Saturday night, June 16, 1900, is more limited than usual. An

**Senior Dramatics** unusually large number of seats has, therefore, been reserved for Friday night, June 15. Seats reserved are as follows :—

Friday—200 seats at 50 and 75 cents.

Saturday—75-100 seats at 50 cents.



Seats are assigned in order of application. Each alumna is entitled to one ticket, which may be obtained during Commencement Week at hours posted on the bulletin boards. Address, Marguerite Gray, 6 Bedford Terrace, Northampton, Mass.

About seventy members of the Boston Association of Smith College Alumnae met in the rooms of the College Club on the morning of February 24 to listen to an interesting program in behalf of College Settlement work. The president, Miss Mary C. Hardy '85, introduced Miss Martha Spaulding of Denison House, who described the life there, telling of the personal relations and opportunities for friendliness between the residents and their neighbors, as well as the systematic class work and the social gatherings.

Miss Eleanor Bush '96, as a representative of the Associated Charities in the South End of Boston, presented the need of social settlements as she meets it in her work, and Miss Alice Carpenter of the Elizabeth Peabody House reported the work of a West End settlement. Miss Amey Aldrich '95 was then introduced, and as a vice-elect of the College Settlements Association appealed for support from the Smith alumnae. The great increase in the number of alumnae in recent years has not been met by a corresponding increase in their subscriptions to the College Settlements Association. Miss Florence Jackson '93 followed with another earnest plea for this work on the ground of the democratic spirit of Smith, and the fact that we should give freely in return for what we have so freely received from our college.

The speakers were greeted with enthusiasm, and at the close of the meeting a social half-hour was enjoyed.

On January 19, a reception was given to Miss Jordan by the New York Alumnae, at the home of Mrs. William Crittenden Adams. A large number of the members were present, and listened with great pleasure to Miss Jordan's interesting talk about the present condition of things at the college. Miss Jordan spoke especially of the Smith Students' Aid Society, saying that its aim was to help, without overworking or pauperizing, those students who are making their own way through college. She paid a high tribute to the quiet, efficient assistance given in many cases by the students themselves through the industrial exchanges, etc., of the S. C. A. C. W., and urged the desirability of coöperation between the alumnae and these student committees. The importance and the advantages of such an addition to the academic buildings as is Seelye Hall can hardly, Miss Jordan said, be exaggerated. She suggested that the raising of the comparatively small debt of \$21,000, which still remains to be paid on this building, would be a fine object for alumnae effort. In conclusion, the recent changes in the curriculum were described at some length,—particularly the entrance requirements and the new combinations of elective courses.

The Forbes Library, in trying to obtain a series of copies of the Alumnae Register, has not succeeded in getting those for the following years: '91-'92, '92-'93, '94-'95. Will any of the alumnae who are willing to part with such copies please send them to Miss Abbie W. Covell, 298 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

Contributions to this department are desired by the second of the month in order to appear in that month's issue, and are to be sent to Emily P. Locke, Wallace House.

'94. Mary S. Scott has just returned from an eight month's trip abroad.

Una McMahan sailed for England January 27. She expects to remain abroad for fifteen months.

'95. Gertrude E. Simonds sailed for Europe last month.

Alice L. Tucker has announced her engagement to Mr. Frank H. Dixon, professor of economics at Dartmouth College.

'97. Lucia F. Gilbert is taking the one year post-graduate course at the Teachers' College, Columbia University. She is specializing in English literature and child-study.

Florence Ward is studying at the Art League in New York.

Ada Comstock is teaching rhetoric in a high school in Minneapolis, Minn.

Alice P. Goodwin has entered the Homeopathic Hospital in Boston as a nurse.

Adelaide Wilson has just returned from a trip up the Nile.

A mistake was made in the February MONTHLY with reference to Katherine P. Crane. She is a Student Secretary under the American Committee of Young Women's Christian Associations, her special field being the colleges and other institutions of learning in the cities.

Ethelwyn Foote is teaching physics and English at Ferry Hall, Lake Forest, Ill.

'98. Alice and Ruth Duncan are studying music in New York. Their address is 1 West 68th street.

Lucy C. Smith has announced her engagement to Mr. Burgin of Holyoke.

'99. Mary Alice Smith is teaching in Asbury Park, N. J.

Helen Clark is teaching in North Brookfield, Mass.

Alice Choate Perkins is teaching at the Waynflete School, Danforth Street, Portland, Maine.

} Harriet Bliss has a position in the editorial department of the Century Publishing Company, New York.

Maude L. White is teaching Latin and German in the High School at Oconto, Wisconsin.

#### BIRTHS

'96. Mrs. Frank E. Bateman (Sophie C. Washburn), a son born February 25.

'97. Mrs. Shedd (Agnes Jeffrey), a son, Marion, born February 27, at 1297 Oak Street, Columbus, Ohio.

'99. Mrs. George Forbes (Elizabeth Barnes), a son, John Alexander, born in February.

## ABOUT COLLEGE

On the afternoon of February 24 the first inter-class gymnastic contest that Smith has ever had was held in the gymnasium. The whole college was

invited to attend and the long lines of students, waiting for the doors to be opened, and the faculty, in the place of honor on the platform, reminded one of the annual sophomore-freshman basket ball game.

At 2.30 Miss Berenson came from her room and gave a brief outline of the afternoon's program. All four classes were to compete in floor-work, marching, and running, for a banner offered by the Gymnasium and Field Association. The three upper classes would then compete in apparatus and special floor-work for a silver cup offered by Mrs. Elizabeth Lawrence Clarke, one of our trustees, the scores in the first competition counting also in the second. Miss Wright, director of the Radcliffe College Gymnasium, Miss Perrin, instructor in the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics, Miss Morse, instructor in gymnastics in the Northampton Public Schools, and Miss Bemis, late instructor in gymnastics here at Smith, were the judges. The floor-work was the first event, each class in turn going through a short day's order under Miss Berenson's direction. The marching of each class was under the command of its class captain and the wide variety of evolutions showed that they had been planned and carefully practised by the girls themselves. In the running, each class ran three times round the gymnasium in as good form as possible. The freshman marching was especially good, their numbers making such regular flank and pivot marching extremely difficult. In the first competition the scores of 1901 and 1903 were so close that only very careful averaging of the judges' marks could make a decision possible.

In the second competition much stress was laid on the form with which each event was performed. Miss Weston's jumping, Miss Smith's vaulting and climbing on the incline ladder, Miss Richards's rope-climbing, Miss Inglis's jumping, and Miss Ainslie's swing jump were done in particularly good form. In the floor-work events, Miss Kitchel, Miss Andrews, and Miss Duckworth deserve special mention.

After the events were over, while the judges were making their decision, Mrs. Clarke spoke to the girls, telling us how important the gymnastic drill was in making our physical development keep pace with our mental progress. She then declared that the banner had been won by the class of 1903, an announcement which met with great applause. The judges' decision was then reported to her and she presented the cup to the sophomore captain. The scene on the floor of the gymnasium then resembled pandemonium as the sophomores and freshmen danced with delight over their victories, and the juniors and seniors crowded in among them to offer congratulations.

The contest was in every way such a success that we feel sure that all will look forward to next year's competition with eagerness. The cup is to belong to the winning class for the year of its victory, the name of the class being engraved on it. A list of the results of the events follows:—

## FIRST COMPETITION.

EVENTS.	POINTS.			
	1900	1901	1902	1903
Floor Work,	8 $\frac{1}{2}$	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	7	8
Marching,	3	5	3	3
Running,	4	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	3	5
Total First Competition,	15 $\frac{1}{2}$	16(4 $\frac{9}{10}$ )	13	16(5 $\frac{1}{2}$ )

## SECOND COMPETITION.

	1900		1901		1902	
	NAME.	SCORE.	NAME.	SCORE.	NAME.	SCORE.
Heave hanging,			Kitchel,	2	Childs,	3
Serpentine ladder,	A. J. Smith,	3			Ferriss,	2
Climbing ropes (speed),			Ainslie,	3	Inglis,	2
Climbing ropes (form),					{ Richards,	3
					{ Otis,	2
Box vaulting,	A. J. Smith,	3	Ainslie,	2		
Incline ladder,	A. J. Smith,	3			Knapp,	2
Balance beams,		2				3
Stretch-stride-forward bend,	A. Leese,	2	Duckworth,	3		
Stretch-prone-lying holding,			Larmouth,	2	Andrews,	3
Running high jump,	Weston,	3			Inglis,	2
Horse vaulting,			Garrison,	3	Tubby,	2
Basket ball throwing,	Eldred,	2			E. Vanderbilt,	3
Jumping bet. double booms,	A. J. Smith,	3			Ferriss,	2
Swing jump,			Ainslie,	3	Inglis,	2
Stretch-prone-toe lean,			Larmouth,	3	Spencer,	2
One-half horizontal stand,	A. Leese,	3	Kimball,	2		
Prone side falling,			Kitchel,	3	Whitin,	2
Sprinting,	Weston,	3			Inglis,	2
Total Second Competition,	1900	27	1901	25	1902	38
Total First Competition,		15.5		16		13
Total.		42.5		41		51

ELLEN TUCKER EMERSON 1901.

The opportunities of self-support in a woman's college are necessarily fewer than those in a man's college. In the first place, a man is able to avail himself of a great many resources which are not open to us;

**Book Exchange** we cannot manage "eating joints," nor, as a rule, attempt anything which involves an outlay of capital at the beginning. In the second place, we have, so far, had comparatively little demand for opportunities of seriously earning money. Neither the printing



of blue prints or the manufacture of picture frames are particularly lucrative employments, and as the popular means of increasing one's exchequer, they can scarcely be regarded in the light of possible gold mines. And yet the fact remains that there is a continually increasing need for really serious and effective means by which the students, who so desire, can help support themselves. The Students' Exchange was started two years ago in the hope of meeting this need, and it has been able to accomplish a great deal by bringing the supply and demand together. But there are certain hitherto untried fields which can best be entered through individual effort. One of the most promising of these fields is in connection with the purchasing and renting of second-hand books.

The practice of renting books, which is so widespread here in the college, is attended by many difficulties. There is always much delay in locating and obtaining the books which are for rent, and since the bulletin board proves itself such an untrustworthy medium of payment, there is, as a rule, an equal delay in paying for the books when their term of service is expired. Then again, books are lost and rents go unpaid, because the proper owner is lost sight of or forgotten. All of this confusion and delay, and needless worry and vexation, could be easily avoided by the establishment of a rental agency. With careful management, such an undertaking could doubtless be made a great success. An office which was centrally located, possibly a room of one of the campus houses, or some one of the small rooms recently vacated in the old gymnasium, could be selected for carrying on the business. At certain hours of the day, during which one or two of the students who managed the business would be present, this office could be open to receive applications for books and notices of books to rent. In addition to this, second-hand books for sale could also be included, for the demand for these is even greater, perhaps, than for rented books. A limited number of second-hand books are usually to be obtained at the bookstores, but the reduction in price is seldom proportionate to the wear which the book has received, and the risk which the bookdealer incurs in purchasing second-hand books places a very low limit on the prices which he is willing to give for them. The second-hand books to be kept in this students' book exchange need not necessarily form part of the capital of its managers, but could be simply held in trust and then, in case of their sale, a certain established percentage should go to the students in charge. The same rate, or perhaps a smaller one, could be charged upon all the book rents which passed through the hands of the managers,—a rate which the students at large would gladly pay in consideration of the added convenience afforded them.

The objection may be made that such an undertaking would make too great a demand upon the time of those engaged in it and would scarcely pay in the long run. If it were properly systematized, however, it need prove no greater drain upon time and strength than any of the other outside matters in which we are engaged without serious detriment to health or studies. As for its success, the agency would unquestionably receive the coöperation of all the students in the college, as it would be of mutual benefit to both parties in the transaction, aiding those who employed the agency fully as much as those who managed it.

On the afternoon of Monday, March 5, M. Henri de Régner delivered a lecture to the college on "*Les Parnassiens et les Symbolistes : l'Origine de la Poésie Contemporaine.*" As its title indicates.

**Lecture by M. de Régner** the lecture was a review of the different literary movements of the century, explaining their relations to each other and their influence on contemporaneous writers. Starting with the Romantic movement at the beginning of the century, M. de Régner pointed out its particular excellences as they were exemplified in the work of Victor Hugo, and then showed how its faults of unvaried subjectivity and careless workmanship produced a natural reaction, about 1850, in the direction of objectivity and increased attention to technique. The men who represent this reactionary movement are the so-called Parnassiens,—Charles Baudelaire, Leconte de Lisle, François Coppée, Anatole France, Jose-Maria de Heredia and Sully-Prudhomme. By 1875, this school had finished its contribution to French literature and in its turn gave way before the ascendancy of the Naturalists,—Emile Zola, Alphonse Daudet, Guy de Maupassant, and the two de Goncourts. For a time this prose realism held absolute sway in France and poetry seemed dead. Finally, however, a new set of men arrived who felt at utter variance with the character of the work on which they found the writers of the day engaged. In their attempt to break away from the realism which they considered inartistic, they went back for guidance to the Parnassiens, with whom they have much in common, and hence the new idealistic poetry which they have introduced is in its methods somewhat similar to that of the earlier school. The name of *Décadents*, which was first given them on account of their passion for the extreme and the bizarre in art, has been replaced by that of *Symbolistes*, which is in nearer accord with their character.

Besides their revival of idealism and the exaltation of the individual, their greatest work has been the reform which they have effected in the technique of French verse. They have discarded the long-established rules which impede free expression and have introduced forms, the so-called "*vers libres.*" which adapt themselves readily to the thought. They have introduced the suggestive method in poetry; "instead of imposing his thought, the poet proposes it, gives all that is necessary to make it understood and then leaves to the reader the pleasure of divining." In this way, French verse has lost the over-preciseness and formality which have always been its faults and has gained a quality of music and mystery. In order to show more fully the character of the *Symbolistes*, M. de Régner described in detail the work of Paul Verlaine, Mallarmé and the Americans, Viélé-Griffin and Stuart Merrill and cited Gabriel d'Annunzio and Maurice Maeterlinck to show the influence of the school in Italy and Belgium.

The interest of M. de Régner's lecture was increased by the fact that he himself is one of the most brilliant representatives of Symbolism, both as a poet and as a novelist. M. de Régner is the fourth in the series of eminent Frenchmen who have been invited to give lectures before the *Cercle Français de L'Université Harvard*. The first who came, three years ago, was M.

Brunetière, the critic and editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*; he was followed by his colleague, M. René Doumic. Last year the writer selected was M. Rod, the novelist, who also delivered one of his lectures before Smith College.

LEONORA MERRILL PAXTON 1900.

What a day the Twenty-second was! Dame Nature, like the enthusiastic house-wife she is, celebrated the holiday by a general house-cleaning, and swished the rain to and fro by the bucketful all day long. The college turned out in force, nevertheless, at ten o'clock, scurrying and splashing its way to College Hall, with its ardor and its class banner tucked away under its golf-cape, well out of reach of the wet.

After the address of the day, which was given by Mr. Barrett, ex-Minister to Siam, Miss Dyar read the ode to Washington, written this year by Miss Jessamine Kimball. Then we sang "My country 'tis of thee," and the serious part of our celebration was over. Little time was wasted in getting over to the rally. Freshmen who had difficulty in identifying their rubbers, or who had forgotten where they had left their umbrellas, had barely time to get breath after arriving at the gymnasium, before the three upper classes had finished singing and it was time to raise the praises of 1903. Every year, as regularly as Washington's Birthday comes around, the freshman leader craftily spreads reports to the effect that "of course they don't expect much from us in the way of singing, since it is our first year;" and every year the freshmen determine to surprise "them," and practise with such a will, that whatever the mysterious "they" may think about it, the rest of the college always takes it for granted that the freshman singing will be best of all, and Nineteen Three proved no exception to the rule. Nineteen Two were justly proud of their Red Lion, who attended the rally in person, and who pranced for excitement and joy whenever he was mentioned in their songs. The council showed us "Ourselves as Others Think They See Us," in a series of tableaux representing a year's entries in a college reporter's note-book. We could recognize ourselves easily in some of the pictures, especially in that of the freshman, who wasn't one bit homesick, but thought she would have the tooth-ache by Thanksgiving. When the council's entertainment was over, came the grand march around the gymnasium, which was especially pretty this year, for the girls marched four abreast, with elaborate windings and turnings, so that from the gallery the effect was that of a kaleidoscope, with rapidly changing figures of purple and yellow and red and green. Each of the classes this year had a song written to the tune of "Oh, Listen to the Band," and by way of economizing time, all four were sung at once, after the march. Then we sang to ourselves and to each other and to the classes that have gone before and to the college, and came home, rather weary, most of us, but extremely glad, nevertheless, that the Father of his Country was not born on the twenty-ninth of February.

JEAN SHAW WILSON 1901.



There are few subjects studied in college that do not necessitate more or less reading outside of regular text-books, and in many courses a great deal of reference reading is required. For members of a large class

**Room 13** to accomplish this outside reading is often very difficult, owing to the great demand for the few available copies of whatever book happens to be needed. It is due to Miss Jordan's kindness that this difficulty is now less than it has ever been before.

In all Seelye Hall, attractive and convenient as it everywhere is, there is no more attractive and useful spot than "Room 13." In that room may be found hundreds of books on every conceivable subject,—part of Miss Jordan's own library, which she has had placed there for the use of the students in the English department. The literary classics of more than one language and age, books on history, science, art, philosophy, in fact on every topic which one might wish to "look up," are there to be consulted. There are the regular reference-books—the encyclopedias and dictionaries always needed by somebody—and there are rare or unusual books which are probably not to be found in the libraries, and to which, though we may seldom have to use them, we are yet exceedingly glad to have access. There are ancient sermons and there is modern fiction. There is, in short, a complete and valuable library of which we have the benefit.

"Miss Jordan's Library," as supplementary to the regular college library, is certainly an inestimably great convenience. It is also a source of very great pleasure. Either the books or the charming old furniture in "Number 13" would alone be enough to make the room delightful. Together, they give it an atmosphere different from that of anything else in college. We feel, as we enter the room, like privileged guests—as, indeed, we are—and very grateful to our hostess.

GRACE VIELE 1901.

Smith College has at last a French Club. The lack of such a society has long been felt and 1903 decided to supply this need. After a consultation between the members of the French department and Miss

**French Club** Howell, the freshman president, ten charter members were chosen and the constitution was drawn up. As the desire for the formation of such a club was first expressed by a few of the students of the class of 1903, it was decided that for the present year only members of this class should be eligible to the society, and the membership limited to thirty. It is hoped that the club will grow up with 1903 and increase by elections from succeeding classes. Its object will be to encourage interest in French thought, as expressed in literature and current events, and to promote fluency in the language by means of conversation, readings, and the production of French plays.

At a meeting of the charter members held March 2. Mademoiselle Duval was elected honorary president; Florence Olcott Avery, acting president; Helen Treat Howell, vice-president; Elsie Burke, secretary; Florence Meachem Kenyon, treasurer. The members of the French department form the advisory board of the society.

ELSIE BURKE 1903.



The following notice is taken from the editorial in "The Columbia Literary Monthly": "Another significant advance in the course of the higher education for women can be recorded. Barnard Col-

**Inter-collegiate Notes** lege has been officially admitted into the educational system of the University. By this change Barnard becomes one of the schools and occupies a position analogous to that of Columbia College; the President of the University becomes, *ex-officio*, the President of Barnard; and further, the sister institution through its Dean, the appointee of the President, is represented in the University Council, and has a voice not only in Barnard affairs, but in all questions of University concern. The equality of undergraduate instruction at Barnard and Columbia is emphasized in the provision that in future the degree of Bachelor of Arts shall be conferred on women as well as on men by the President of Columbia University. Similar recognition is made in the post-graduate work: for hereafter women graduate students of Columbia University are to be subject to the same terms as men candidates for the Master's and Doctor's degrees."

A novelty in the direction of university development is the plan for a Yale bank, which, it is understood, will probably have the approval of the corporation. The bank will, of course, pay no interest, and will merely be a deposit bank for the convenience of the students. It will probably be in the projected administration building on Wall Street when that is finished, and in the interval may have temporary quarters. Another scheme, which, after some delay has been practically approved by the post-office department at Washington, is that of a sub-station of the post-office, with full postal functions, situated on the campus. Probably about twelve thousand students on or near the campus will use this post-office, so that it will greatly relieve the pressure on the New Haven post-office.

According to a suggestion made at the last meeting of the Harvard University Council by Librarian Lane, a series of individual reports are being prepared which shall reflect the life of the university for future generations. In a circular letter recently sent out, Mr. Lane requests each "officer of the university, old and young, to keep, during the month of March, 1900, a careful journal of his daily doings, recording faithfully, and in as much detail as he can, all that goes on from day to day, including his college work, his professional interests, his family relations, his amusements, in fact, all the elements of his life." A limited number of students have been asked to keep records also. When finished, the journals are to be deposited in the college library, under the writer's seal in a locked chest, to which the president and librarian alone have access. According to the plan the chest "is to remain absolutely closed until the year 1925; and no general use of the records will be permitted earlier than 1960. Between 1925 and 1960, however, any individual record may be opened and used if the writer has died and his family or literary executors wish the material for biographical purposes. All other records are to remain intact and unopened until the year 1960." Photographs of places, buildings, and college rooms will also be kept.

A need of an increased interest in current events being felt, a club which meets once a week for the discussion of news at home and abroad, and topics of the day, has been formed among the juniors, although members of other classes are eligible for membership. The officers are as follows: Chairman, Blanche Emeline Clough 1901; treasurer, Elisabeth Scribner Brown 1901; executive officer, Ethel Marguerite de Long 1901.

A slight delay in filling out the orders for the old chapel hymnals has been caused by the late arrival of the new books. There are still some copies of the old books which will be forwarded to any address upon receipt of fifty cents and fifteen cents additional for postage. Orders may be sent to Mabel Milham, Morris House.

Phi Kappa Psi announces the following elections: President, Sarah Watson Sanderson 1900; vice-president, Laura Wolsey Lord 1901; secretary, Mary Franklin Barrett 1901; treasurer, Florence Evelyn Smith 1902.

The Cable-Maltby-Moffat House Dance, given February 21, was a colonial ball. A minuet of eight couples was very effective.

Miss Berenson sailed for Europe March 2. She expects to be away until September.

The Tyler House Dance, on March 7, was preceded by several very good pantomimes.

## CALENDAR

March 17, Alpha Society.

19, Philosophical Society.

21, Glee Club Concert.

22, Biological Society.

24, Phi Kappa Psi Society. Open-closed meeting.

27, Colloquium.

28, Southwick-Delta Sigma-Lathrop Place Dance.

31, Basket Ball Game.

April 2, Philosophical Society.

4, Easter Vacation begins.

The  
Smith College  
Monthly

April = 1900.

Conducted by the Senior Class.

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THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY is published at Northampton, Massachusetts, on the 15th of each month, during the year from October to June, inclusive. Terms, \$1.50 a year, in advance. Single numbers, 20 cents. Contributions may be left at 3 Gymnasium Hall. Subscriptions may be sent to E. M. deLong, 27 High Street, Northampton.

Entered at the Post Office at Northampton, Massachusetts, as second class matter.

GAZETTE PRINTING COMPANY, NORTHAMPTON, MASS.



# THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

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*Vol. VII.*

*APRIL, 1900.*

*No. 7.*

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## *THE POINTS OF THE CASE*

There was a time when the citizens of our college towns would have been filled with consternation at the impious suggestion of sending the assessor to the campus; even now I think our legislatures are not quite ready to take the step, but still the question is being agitated. On every hand one hears from the "town" complaints of the burden of their taxes, taxes which it is claimed have been rendered unbearably heavy by the proximity of college property and its exemption from taxation; while the "gown" protests against the demand as one both uncalled for and unjust. Colleges are charged with being mere money-making machines whose road to wealth has become alarmingly broad and smooth by their exemptions from those financial checks which are imposed upon individual property-holders. Again, one hears that municipal expenses should be shared by all who receive municipal protection. Sometimes it is one charge, sometimes another, and though for the most part weighty arguments against taxation can easily be brought forth, the question is by no means a one-sided one.

One does not hesitate to admit that colleges *can* be taxed. At present the property in Massachusetts is exempt under a statute

which excludes it as "real estate belonging to literary, benevolent, charitable, and scientific institutions incorporated within this commonwealth, occupied by them or their officers for the purposes for which they were incorporated." This can be amended, for taxation acknowledges no limits and rests upon necessity. Its subjects are all persons, property, and business over which the sovereign power of the state extends, and it has been most justly urged that the subjects of a state should contribute to its support. On the other hand, Adam Smith says that taxes must be paid from either rent, profit, or wages. If this is a fundamental principle of taxation and from these sources alone can taxes be drawn, it seems clear that this legislation has been most justly made. From the property used by the institution, the college has neither rent, profit, nor wages. Tuition which is paid by the students does not cover expenses for instruction, much less bring in any surplus. Profits in the strict economic sense do not exist. Dormitories may pay for themselves, but no profit is secured from them, inasmuch as any sum realized by them is used to defray expenses in some other branch of the institution's work. Dormitories cannot be considered apart from the college; they are a part of its educational system, they help to make up the aggregate whole. The college can no more consider as profits the sum realized on them, than a manufacturer can lay aside as clear gain a sum realized upon one branch of his industry while he has sustained a loss correspondingly great in another. A college also differs radically from private business in that whatever it receives is exclusively devoted to the public good.

Very little can be said against those who urge the legality of taxing such property on the ground that those enjoying government protection should contribute to its support. In the letter of the law, that is, in the payment of a fixed sum into the government treasury, the college is here an aggressor and as such is amenable to the law; but before action upon this basis alone should be taken, one might consider whether there are not more ways than one of contributing to the support of the government. Is it not possible that the college indirectly bears its quota? Training men and women to be worthy citizens has some value, has it not?

I think, however, that the question of the expediency of taxing college property embraces most of the arguments both pro

and con. Whether the taxation will enable the college to do better or as well the work for which it is designed, and at the same time further the interests of the community, is the real issue at hand. If colleges are called upon to expend for taxation any part of the sum which is now devoted entirely to educational purposes, one of two things will surely happen. Fewer advantages will be offered to the students, or there will be a general rise in the expenses of a college education. The latter would come first, debarring from college training many who now have its advantages. Although some say that this would be a most desirable state of affairs,—that one esteems lightly that for which full value is not paid,—it seems that such statements are made without due consideration of the facts of the case. In the first place, we have no surplus of college-trained men and women. They are of course very much in evidence in a college town, but when scattered over the country in places where their influence is much needed, the percentage is found almost discouragingly low. The town is shocked by college pranks, seeming negligence of work, lack of serious purpose in the undergraduate, but in after days these same students show that the college has turned out citizens who are doing well their life work, doing it so well that the country cannot afford to have the number of their kind lessened. Then, too, is any one prepared to bring up a set of statistics showing that those who have not paid for “value received” have not been a credit to their Alma Mater? Is it beyond question that in the furtherance of the proposed “more equitable” system that the college will secure the best material?

But here is a man who says that the improvement of college property in his neighborhood has doubled his taxes and that he derives no benefit from the college. Unless one lives in a “finished city,” improvements of various kinds will cause this constant rise in taxes whether a college be near or far. As a matter of fact the rise in taxes in some of our college towns has been much slower than that in many of our growing cities and towns. If private residences occupied college sites and the same advance in taxes crept steadily on, as it would be apt to, those affected by the change would point with pride to the wealth come into the neighborhood and pay their increased taxes without a murmur. It is convenient to have some one thing upon which to lay the blame. The less said about not

being benefited by the college the better. I wonder how many of those who deny this advantage would prefer their towns as they were before the advent of the colleges. "Distance lends enchantment," and the towns, notwithstanding their past history, their associations, their traditions, would not be found as habitable without that touch of the new civilization which the college indirectly brings.

Then can it be shown that the taxation of the college property will allay those grievances about which so much complaint is made? It will most assuredly hurt the college, but will it benefit the town? Individual tax payers will gain little or nothing by the proposed change. Property valuation will remain the same, and the decrease in each one's taxes will be too slight to be considered. One will perhaps feel a satisfaction in making the college take care of itself, but I wonder how much real satisfaction it will be. The cordial relations which have in the main existed between the town and the college cannot but be somewhat impaired. The natural pride on the part of the town, the sense of obligation and gratitude on the part of the college will give way to an unhealthy indifference which will be detrimental to the progress of both. In a way, the interests of the two are identical; they rise and fall together. The town can no more afford to dispense with the friendly feeling of the college than the college can succeed without the hearty coöperation of the town. Taxation must be opposed not only because it will financially disable the college without materially benefiting the town, but because such legislation will show the development of a spirit hostile to the cause of education and thus fatal to the best interests of the country.

OTELIA CROMWELL.

### MY SOLITUDE

An altar I would build to solitude,  
The wide-spread silence and sublime repose  
The restless human heart so seldom knows;  
Measureless stillness, restful quietude,  
The perfect mystery and subtle thrill  
Of life alone, with nature hushed and still.



I shall not build it on the desert shore,  
 Where with vain thunderings the wild sea raves  
 In awful turmoil, piling heaving waves  
 That break and foam with loud-resounding roar.  
 In those deep chords whose echoes never cease  
 My listening heart can catch no note of peace.

Nor in half-lighted forest, cool and deep,  
 Where flickering leaves weave magic webs of shade  
 And plaintive melodies by winds are made  
 As o'er the solemn pines they softly creep.  
 In those elusive tones my restless mood  
 Finds not the peace of perfect quietude.

Far on the prairie, tranquil, hushed, and calm,  
 Where golden light all soft and tender lies  
 On fields of grain stretching to meet the skies,  
 Touched by a deep, compelling, magic charm,  
 There in unbroken, restful quietude  
 My altar I will raise to solitude.

GERTRUDE ROBERTS.

### UPON THEM HATH THE LIGHT SHINED

"Of course," said Mrs. Wentworth, thoughtfully, "if Robert were well, and the house full as it always used to be, I should never dream of having her for a moment. It would be as unkind to the girl as it would be unpleasant for the rest of us. The society of other young people, especially young men, is only torture to any one so disfigured. But—" and she drew a long sigh—"day and night are all one to the poor boy now, and he requires so much of my time, you have really no idea the help that girl gives me, and I have grown so fond of her I quite forget her poor, scarred face."

"Poor thing!" said the caller to whom this speech was addressed. "It is certainly most sad. But we all have our afflictions. What do the doctors say about your poor Robert?"

Mrs. Wentworth sighed again. "They give a little encouragement. Dr. Brice hopes that he will be able to have an operation, but even that is uncertain. There is his call for me now. I will send Miss Allison to him."

Miriam Allison, busy in her own room, rose in some surprise to obey this summons. Although she had been more than three

weeks in this household, she had never once crossed the threshold of the dark, silent rooms where the only son sat day after day with bandaged eyes, in the waning hope that sometime human skill would be able to lift the veil that had fallen over his life. When Mrs. Wentworth had engaged her as a secretary and companion, one of the duties mentioned had been that of reading aloud to the invalid, but this was the first time she had been called upon to perform it.

As she halted a second before knocking at the door, her heart was beating rather fast. Ever since the day she had received her terrible disfiguration, she had lived in dread little short of actual horror of the very idea of encountering an unfamiliar face. Suddenly the thought came to her that this man was blind. He might know of her affliction, yet he could not see her seamed cheek and distorted mouth; and this reflection gave her a strange lightheartedness as she rapped upon the door and entered the dusky room.

At first she could distinguish nothing, but as her eyes gradually became used to the darkness she saw the young man lying on a couch at the farther side of the apartment. All around him were his treasures and possessions, the useless mementos of the past, shelves filled with books in beautiful bindings, pictures, and exquisite bits of carving and sculpture picked up all over the world. There, too, were the oars he had used when he was "stroke" on the 'Varsity crew, crossed over the pennant he had won the same year. As the girl looked at all these things, at the beautiful furnishings of the room, the curtains and rugs and cushions, and realized that this man could have no part nor pleasure in all the blessings and luxuries which surrounded him, a sharp thrill of pity shot through her heart. How much better off was she, scarred and hideous though she was, for she had yet the power to see and enjoy.

At the sound of an unfamiliar step the young man raised himself upon one elbow and turned his bandaged face toward the door.

"Mrs. Wentworth is engaged," the girl said, her eyes lowered from force of habit, "and she wished me to read aloud to you until she is free."

"You are Miss Allison?" he asked fretfully, as he sank back among the pillows.

"Yes."

"Well, the reading-lamp is on the table near the fire-place, and the books ought to be there, too. Do you find them?"

The reading-lamp cast a solitary beam beneath its dark shade across the table. She held a book in the yellow glow and read the title. "Is that it?" she asked.

"Yes. Can you read what you don't understand, so that it's intelligible to any one else?"

"I can try," she answered simply.

It was a decidedly abstruse discussion of a psychological problem, but she sat down where the light fell across the pages, and only asking for the place, began to read. In the course of about fifteen minutes her auditor suddenly interrupted. "Do you understand that?"

"I think so."

"I thought you did. Go on."

After another interval he broke in again.

"Have you read this before?"

"Yes."

He sat up among the cushions.

"You have read it before! Do you care for this kind of thing, then?"

"Very much."

For a second the lines of care and suffering almost disappeared from his face.

"Then perhaps when you are tired of reading you will talk to me a little about it. It seems years since I've had anybody who could talk about such things."

The girl made no response. She had never found any one before with whom she could talk of such matters, concerning which her home circle and the few she had dared to face outside it knew little and cared less. But as she read on she grew bold enough to stop now and then and make a comment, until at last they fell into a discussion and the book was laid aside.

The next day Miriam Allison received an imperious summons to come at once to "Mr. Robert's" room. She found the young man striding up and down the long apartment, while his mother stood watching him with the tears rolling down her cheeks. At the sound of the opening door he stopped in his slow march and began to grope his way toward it.

"Thank heaven, you have come at last!" he cried, striking a chair out of his way with fierce impatience. "I am almost mad, shut up in this infernal hole."

"No," said the girl, with quiet decision, "you are not mad. Come and sit down. You will tire yourself out."

She took hold of his arm and guided him to a seat. Something in her firm touch seemed to quiet him for a moment, but after she had begun to read she found she had anything but a passive audience. Again and again the young man sprang to his feet and paced the floor, his strong spirit chafed almost to frenzy by the restraints which held it down; his mother's tearful pleadings seemed only to increase the excitement under which he labored. There was something so sad, so tragic almost, in the sight of this splendid man raging against the inevitable with all the unreasoning fury of a caged animal, that the girl experienced a tightness in her throat which almost took away her voice. A sudden inspiration seized her. At one side of the room was a piano, and a violin case lay upon its top. She laid aside the book and crossed the room.

"What are you doing?" he demanded.

"I am going to play a little," she replied quietly. "I thought perhaps you would like it."

"I should," he said, rather to her astonishment, and groping his way to a chair near the instrument he dropped into it, and covered his face with his hands.

To say that Miriam Allison loved music would be hardly an adequate expression. Her life had been one long tragedy with this thing for its only light and solace. With her fingers upon the keys she always forgot herself, forgot her scarred face and the sorrow and loneliness it had brought into her life. Perhaps something of her own joy touched the tortured spirit who listened now, for he grew calmer, and his mother, seeing him quieted, worn out with grief and anxiety, was glad to slip away. The girl played on and on, quite forgetful of all about her, until a suppressed groan from the chair beside the piano brought the music to an abrupt termination.

"What is it?" she asked, her voice full of compassion.

"I could play once myself," the young fellow cried despairingly. "Oh, what have I ever done to be so cursed!"

A great yearning, almost maternal tenderness welled up in the girl's heart. What could she say to drive despair out of this heart! What could she do to lighten the gloom which had fallen over this life!

"Perhaps, if you were to try," she said very gently, "you might play now. Let me get out your violin."



She took the instrument from its case and put it into his hands. At first he only fingered it idly and hopelessly, then he began to tighten the strings and to draw the bow across them. He had never played upon it since the day the sunlight had been shut out from him, and now the touch of its smooth surface was like the pressure of a familiar hand. The girl looked at his reanimated face with a strange thrill of joy.

"Now," she said, "suppose that it is twilight, too dark to see the music. You begin and I will follow you."

He stood upright and rested the instrument lovingly against his chin. He had always been fond of music, and amid the thousand distractions that come to one who from boyhood has been always a leading spirit, he had never ceased to turn to it with unalloyed pleasure and renewed enthusiasm. Now, as he played, something of this old delight came back to him. He had almost forgotten that he was blind, until suddenly, in the midst of a plaintive sonata, his memory failed him. He went back and slowly retraced the notes, the piano with unerring accuracy struck the chord, but he could not find it. He cast down the violin, and sat down beside a table, burying his face on his arms. The illusion was over, he was once more blind, helpless, and despairing. Miriam left her seat and stood beside him silently. She could find no words to comfort him; she could not speak any of the things which filled her heart almost to bursting. Twice she put out her hand to caress that dark, fallen head and each time she drew it back.

Perhaps some of the sensitiveness which comes to the blind to replace their lost sense told him of the thoughts that were in her heart, for after a time he lifted his head and said gently, "Forgive me if I was rude. It is so hard to be blind!"

"You were not rude." Her voice quivered a little. "And I—I—understand."

"I think you do," he said slowly, and with these words a strange new peace came over his troubled spirit.

If any of Miriam Allison's few friends had seen her in that darkened room during the weeks which followed, they would scarcely have known her. Outside, she was the same as always, silent and timid and sad, but shut away from the mocking or pitying eyes of the world, where not even a mirror could bring her hideous deformity to mind, she became herself, the strong, noble self which nature had intended her to be. It was by no

means an easy life she led, for Mrs. Wentworth, worn out by months of battling with her son's ungovernable spirit, gladly gave the whole care of amusing and entertaining him into the younger woman's hands, as soon as she saw that he was willing to accept her ministrations. It was a task before which many a stronger woman might have faltered. As an only child, a popular athlete, and a social favorite, Robert Wentworth had been indulged from his cradle upward, and now, bereft of almost everything that had filled his life heretofore, he was more than ever spoiled and exacting. There was no limit to the demands he made, and as day and night were alike to him, no time when she might not be called upon to yield to them; yet her patience and endurance never once failed her. She could calm his wildest outbursts and drive away his darkest despair, yet her hand was so gentle that he never felt its force.

He came to lean on her as a child upon his mother, to go to her for comfort in sorrow and sympathy in joy, and, like a child also, he never dreamed that his support could ever be snatched away. Only the girl knew and trembled. She looked into the future and saw the dreary, solitary lot to which her deformity had always consigned her, and then with a chill, half of fear and half of joy, she saw another lot, that of a woman who passed her life in ceaseless ministration, yet felt herself a thousand-fold repaid by the few crumbs of loving appreciation which were now and then bestowed upon her. Whenever this second vision came she resolutely closed her eyes and shut it out, yet day by day it grew brighter, and her heart, so long empty, yearned more and more lovingly over the man who was only a wreck of splendid possibilities, the shadow of all he had hoped to be.

It was this thought, this longing ever growing and ever repressed, which more than all Robert's exactions caused her steps to lag and her great eyes to grow mournful, until at last his father said pityingly, "That girl is all worn out; she must have a rest."

"But Robert can't spare her," objected Mrs. Wentworth.

"But he must," said her husband emphatically, and the next day he sent Miriam to the country for a week's rest.

No one dared tell Robert of her departure, and when he found that she had gone his disappointment knew no bounds. At first he raged like one in desperation, cursing himself, the

servants, and even his mother, until she scarcely dared to enter his room. He refused to listen to reasons or explanations ; the whole household was thrown into confusion, yet nothing could please or pacify him. Then his anger gave place to despair, and in those dark hours the meaning of all the girl's tender devotion gradually dawned upon him. He wondered that he had not guessed her secret before and never dreamed that his own selfishness had hidden it from him. Yet, if she loved him, why had she deserted him when he needed her, and at this thought his blind, unreasoning anger rose again. Not one thought of gratitude toward her entered his heart,—it was only of himself, his own weariness and loneliness and pain.

When Miriam returned, Mrs. Wentworth embraced her with tears of joy, such a welcome as she might have given to a much-loved daughter, and there was even a suspicious moisture in the father's eyes as he grasped her hand in both his own. To the girl herself this home-coming to those dark, silent rooms where she was hidden from prying eyes, and which contained the one thing most precious in all the world for her, was like a return to a lost paradise.

“Has Mr. Robert missed me ?” she ventured to ask.

“Missed you ! He has been in despair without you ; we could do nothing with him.”

Her first impulse was to go to him without delay, but some subtle instinct held her back. She went to her room to remove her travel-stained garments, and then went down again to the music-room and seated herself at the piano. Upstairs the door had been left ajar, and the gentle sound rose and entered the dark room. The blind man, prone among his pillows, heard it as one might hear and recognize the voice of a friend long beyond reach of his knowledge, for his ear, quickened by long months of darkness, knew at once whose touch brought forth the sound. Without a second's hesitation he sprang up and groping his way to the door pushed it wide open. The sound of the piano floated up to him, the plaintive strains of a Chopin nocturne seeming to call him and draw him away from darkness and sorrow and loneliness to where love and sympathy were waiting for him down below. Still groping his way he stepped out into the hall, found the stair-railing, and began to descend noiselessly. Guided by the railing he had no difficulty in reaching the foot of the stairs, but here he stood aghast. It was the

first time in many weeks that he had been outside his room unattended, and the remembrance of that spacious hall, with its treacherous, polished floor and deceptive distances, made the thought of crossing it like that of a journey into an unknown desert without chart or compass. Yet guided by the sweet, mournful melody, he started forward, moving slowly and groping fearfully before him, until at last he touched the curtain which he knew hung before the door of the music-room. With trembling fingers he pushed it aside and stood for a moment reconstructing in his memory the scene before him. Then the music ceased and there was a faint rustle of a woman's garments, and at this sound all the yearning and loneliness in his heart gave forth one eager, reproachful cry.

"Miriam!"

The girl sprang to her feet and the sheets of music fell rustling to the floor. If it had been the voice of one come back from the dead she could not have been more startled. She gazed, trembling with a terror that was more than half joy, at the figure of the man she loved. His bandaged eyes were turned toward her, and his arms stretched out in mute appeal, while upon his face reproach and pain and love were struggling for the mastery. He advanced toward her until a chair came in his way; then he stood still and, grasping the back with both hands, cried fiercely, "Why did you leave me?"

She started to reply, but he did not give her time.

"You knew I needed you, you knew that every hour without you was torture, you knew—"

He hesitated a second, and then suddenly his anger left him. He sank down in the chair before him and burst into tears, sobbing, the great, heart-breaking sobs of a strong man. "Oh, I have wanted you so!" he cried.

All Miriam's self-control deserted her. She ran to him and kneeling beside him drew his stricken head against her shoulder and comforted him with caresses and loving words. And then for the first time Robert Wentworth realized that whatever love he had ever spared from himself was centered about this girl; that without her life was nothing; that whatever joy and peace he had had since the light had gone from him, had come through her; and involuntarily his arms closed about her and held her fast.

"Promise me that you will never leave me again, never, never!" he demanded.



But she would not promise. Terrified, she freed herself and fled from the room. Never before had she realized how completely the love of this splendid, helpless man had taken possession of her, and never before had she seen so clearly its utter hopelessness. Yet, after the first wild outburst of anguish in her own room, she grew calm.

"In a few weeks," she said to herself, "the doctors will operate on his eyes, and when he sees me he will hate me and I can go away."

Beyond that, into the hopeless, helpless future she could not go. The only thought now was to make it as easy as possible for the man she loved, and to this end she went to Mrs. Wentworth and told her what had passed. About herself and her own feelings she was silent, and the mother, eager only for her son's welfare, did not even suspect them. The girl spoke very calmly of the operation and the probable effect which the sight of her would have upon Robert's feelings. The mother at once agreed with the view presented, and said, with quite unconscious cruelty, "Of course when he sees you it will be different, but just at present don't you think it will be best to humor him?"

"No, no!" cried the girl. "It would be wicked! You must tell him, Mrs. Wentworth."

"Tell him?"

"Yes, about—about—" she could not finish the sentence and only laid her hand upon her scarred cheek. "He will believe you."

But he did not believe her, and after an unsuccessful battle the mother emerged, white and tearful.

"He would not believe me," she said, wiping her eyes; "he told me I was lying, his own mother. He says I am trying to deceive him and take you away. You must go to him yourself; he won't listen to any one else."

With a strange, cold composure, the girl opened the door of his room. In the darkness she could distinguish his tall form, moving slowly up and down. At the sound of her entrance he stopped and turning toward her held out his arms. She stood still, trembling.

"Miriam!" he cried, joyfully.

She did not answer, for the sight of him and of that mute, appealing gesture had turned her to stone. He groped his way

to her and took her in his arms, stroking her splendid waving hair. He needed no assurance of her love, for he knew it as no seeing man could ever know it.

"You are mine now," he whispered, "and no one shall take you from me. No—" as she found her voice and tried to speak—"you need not tell me your face is scarred and hideous, for I will not believe it, or that you are poor and unworthy of me, for you aren't. And you cannot say you don't love me, for I know you do, so I shall not let you go until you have promised to stay with me always, no matter what comes."

At this moment, in the first wild exultation of knowing she was loved, Miriam could have promised anything, but the thought of the operation held her back.

"As long as you need me," she said, striving hard to keep back the tears, and Robert was satisfied.

The weeks which followed Miriam never forgot. The constant task of soothing Robert and ministering to his wants was so full of gladness and so full of pain that it seemed at times more than her strength could endure. Yet she at last effaced herself so completely in her love for her exacting and helpless charge, that she could look forward calmly to the day when the doctors hoped to restore his lost sight, thinking only of his joy, and not at all of her own martyrdom.

At last the fatal day came, and after it the long hours of waiting until his eyes were strong enough to bear the light. He had begged Miriam to sit close beside him so that the first thing he should see when the bandage was raised would be her face, and with a sinking heart she had complied. The doctor raised the dark shade and then slowly cast the bright ray of the lamp across the upper part of the girl's face.

"What do you see?" he asked.

The two women, his mother and the other who loved him, hung over him with bated breath. For a moment he was silent, then he cried, "I see your eyes and they *are* beautiful!" For a second his own eyes gazed into hers, clear and unflinching, then gradually they grew dull as the light faded from them, and he put up his hands as if to ward off the darkness which was settling down over him. A strange, sickening numbness crept over the girl. The little group around the couch swam before her; their voices sounded far-off and indistinct, until, as if from another world she heard the doctor say, "It is no use."

In a flash she was herself again. The doctor had replaced the shade over the young man's eyes and turned away. Mrs. Wentworth leaned forward to catch the physician's words as he said slowly, trying not to appear moved, "I regret to say, madam, that the operation has proved unsuccessful."

The mother covered her face with her hands, while with something that was neither a groan nor a cry, but infinitely more heart-rending than either, the young man fell back into the willing arms stretched out to receive him. For the mother and son the future offered only darkness and despair, only unrealized hopes and shattered dreams. But the girl, raising her scarred face, breathed a little prayer of thanksgiving. She saw before her a long life of pain and sorrow, of sacrifice and renunciation; and yet, like one who has received his fill of all the good this world can offer, she pressed the dark, fallen head against her shoulder, and was content.

AMY STOUGHTON POPE.

### LOVE ME WITH ALL THY TEARS

Love me with all thy tears. To those who know  
No favor deeper than thy smile, to them  
Give what thou wilt of smiling words. I ask  
A dearer thing. It is that thou make mine  
Thy hours of pain. Do thou to me unmask  
The agonies that love accounts divine.

Love me with all thy tears. There can no joy  
In this strange world make up one-half the sum  
That sorrow doth towards rare companionship.  
The grief-choked vows, unuttered, nearest lie  
To love's own shrine,—nor holds the lip  
In song one-half it breathes into a sigh.

Love me with all thy tears. Then shall my soul  
Reach out to thee and know thee from the rest.  
Let me but find thee through my blinding tears,  
When thy soul too some white-faced misery sees;  
Let me but share thy broken hopes, thy fears;  
My heart—it shall be satisfied with these.

LAUREL LOUISA FLETCHER.

## UNDER THE SIGN OF THE BUTTERFLY

In these days of Morris chairs and Perry prints and Ruskin movements, days of an art whose dearest tradition is become her democracy and whose immortal mistake bids fair to be her deification of erudite industry, it is seldom indeed that so arch a heretic as Mr. Whistler dares to make his voice heard in the land. Still less often does the protestant succeed in keeping his tone ever clear and musical, and his spirit unruffled, in the presence of the plain man's stupidity ; in short, in being at the same time indubitably serious in his belief and unfailingly entertaining in his expression of it.

The corner-stone of Mr. Whistler's creed, as implicit in "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies," is the election of the few, artistically speaking, and the unqualified condemnation of the uninitiated to the outer darkness of his—the true artist's—scorn. Art for him "happens;" you cannot come at it by education nor by the most loving and persistent effort ; it is solely a question of birth, a gift of the gods, for the attainment of which it is of no use to storm a city ; but,—and here Mr. Whistler strikes his modern note,—“no hovel is safe from it, and no Prince may depend on it.”

So it must be noted at once that Mr. Whistler's plain man is not our,—nor Tolstoi's,—poor man, that his ignorant masses may be largely composed of dukes' grandsons, and, most important of all, that he casts no stone at the plain man who is content to be plain in silence. It is only when such a one ventures an opinion upon matters artistic,—especially, it would seem, upon one of Mr. Whistler's pictures,—when, in short, he attempts to become the critic, or worse, the producer, of an art whose aims and attainments are as by nature's decree completely out of the range of his understanding, that he draws upon himself the vials of Mr. Whistler's well-phrased scorn.

It is not perfectly clear whether or not an art critic may ever arise from out the ranks of the chosen, but it is most obvious that none of Mr. Whistler's critics are to be regarded as of that fortunate minority. The doctrine of the elect, which attains



its most complete and final expression in the "Ten O'clock Lecture" is given illustration, repeated and cogent, throughout "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies." John Ruskin, Oscar Wilde, Wyke Bayliss, Seymour Haden, the host of nameless paragraphs,—all are enemies, misinterpreters, "thrice removed from the Ring and the truth," and with no help in them.

It is of course but too easy to expose the essential weakness of this dainty tissue of cynicism. An art that is content to be for the world at large only a meaningless side-issue, whose pride is no longer in the universality of her appeal, whose very existence, indeed, depends not upon widespread, if incomplete, appreciation, but upon the careful segregation of the artist-class, the people "taking no note the while,"—such an art is at once too daintily indolent and too scornfully aristocratic for the serious consideration of the nineteenth century.

On the other hand, Mr. Whistler does criticism a great service by his forceful analysis of certain dominant errors which do strongly beset the modern art-consciousness. In the face of much talk about the possibilities of the plain man, it is at least refreshing to be assured that, capable of education though he may be, yet educated he generally is not; and that in many quarters his enlightenment is being conducted on wholly mistaken lines. "The Ten O'clock Lecture" makes a sharp distinction between the artist and the reformer, relentlessly scoring Ruskin and the æsthetes by the way. It points out the two fatal errors, of applying a moral standard to art, whose aim can never be other than her own perfection, and of confounding her with education and lifting her, a weary load of musts and oughts, onto the already burdened shoulders of the wise man and the Philistine. And, finally, Mr. Whistler's tone throughout the "Lecture" assures us,—and some of us were in dire need of it,—that "Master of Badinage and Apostle of Persiflage" though he may be, he is nevertheless capable of the utmost seriousness and is by no means regardless of the responsibilities of his high calling. If sceptical, he is certainly in earnest. It is, then, his misfortune rather than his fault that he can see in the growing interest in art only the origin of "the common and the tawdry"; that he cannot in sincerity conceive "the 'one touch of nature' that 'makes the whole world kin' " as other than Vulgarly, written with a capital V.

If practice may in this instance be judged by theory, the pur-

pose of the "Gentle Art of Making Enemies" cannot go beyond the amusement of whom it may concern. From this point of view the form is most charming,—as soon as one becomes accustomed to its eccentricities. At first, it must be admitted, the fate of the unwary reader is bewilderment, if not actual irritation; the curious little volume appears to him in the guise of a large, unorganized joke, which an unbecoming lack of modesty in Mr. Whistler has exploited upon a much-enduring public. Gradually, however, as he makes his way through the Ruskin trial, the citations from the critics, the tilt with Oscar Wilde about plagiarism and with Wyke Bayliss about a sign-board, he discovers that, to one who will follow the argument where it leads, much entertainment, at the least, is promised. Finally, having noted in the "Ten O'clock Lecture" that J. McNeil Whistler is not merely a painter of Nocturnes who thinks well of himself in proportion to the number of his vituperators, he succumbs to the charm of this delightful egotist whose most fugitive impressions bear, in their sureness of touch and inevitableness of phrasing, the hall-mark of an artist in words, if not in Nocturnes.

Outside the "Ten O'clock Lecture" Mr. Whistler refuses to be taken seriously. He signs his airy trifles with a butterfly, and butterfly-like he flits from flower to flower,—only, being J. McNeil Whistler, he finds them all weeds. Yet his unrelenting irony is never bitter, his sense of humor is almost unflinching, and his assumption of infallibility but an inevitable and amusing postulate of his system. He will never persuade the plain man of his plainness. To many readers he will always remain inconsequent, incomprehensible, capable of no serious interpretation whatever. But even these must admit that he conducts a "courageous crusade against the Demon Dullness;" that, if sometimes undignified, he is always diverting; and that, finally, it is perhaps hardly fair to quarrel with a butterfly for not being, let us say, an elephant.

EDITH KELLOGG DUNTON.

## ON THE "MOSES" OF MICHELANGELO

With what divine hand, Michelangelo,  
Did thy great genius shape this marble cold !  
What master spirit taught thee how to mould  
A form so lofty in a world so low ?  
Moses, the friend of God !—forever so,  
And twice his friend since that fair time of old  
When He, through thy great work, let earth behold  
In God's high friend the friend of man below.  
For long ago the Jews in holy Rome,  
Each week upon their Sabbath, used to band  
And flock like swallows to the Christian dome,  
To worship the great image at its shrine—  
Not as the workmanship of human hand,  
But as the essence of a thing divine.

AMY ELIOT DICKERMAN.

## MISS DEBORAH'S HUSBAND

Miss Deborah was watering her chrysanthemums. With great care she went from one pot to another, picking here and there a faded blossom or a withered leaf. The flowers stood on a table in a tiny conservatory formed by an enlarged bay-window which filled in one end of her dining-room. The morning sun shone brightly on the large, shaggy flowers, and on Miss Deborah's black hair, which was just streaked with silver. She tipped up her watering pot to let the last drops fall on the plants, as she remarked, "I don't believe the hull time I've bin keepin' 'em I've ever had as handsome a tableful of flowers as them. It's jest too bad there ain't nobody here to admire 'em. I suppose I might of had neighbors around who would kinder like to run in and look at them plants, if I had moved to the village when mother died, and not bin such a fool as to have kep' the old place. Lor, seem's if I couldn't help wishin' sometimes I was married. Men folks is so sorter consolin' to have round." And so saying, she picked up some dishes from the breakfast table and walked off to the kitchen with them.

Years of living alone in a house more than two miles from the village had accustomed Miss Deborah to talking to herself,

"jest so I shan't forgit how," she explained, and her words were always uttered in a peculiar lisping voice which seemed entirely inappropriate to her stern appearance, but which was due to a constant effort to keep her false teeth in place. Except for this, Miss Deborah was a well-preserved woman of forty, very tall, with snapping black eyes, and with a great deal of what she called "git up and git" in her make-up. Feeling a desire for companionship in her lonely life, and considering cats and dogs as being "too pesterin' for any livin' use," she had for some time devoted all her care and attention to the cultivation of chrysanthemums, her chief sorrow being that in that lonely spot they were not properly appreciated. "I couldn't stand another woman in the house," she would say, "but 'twould be kinder nice to have a man who would jest be round evenin's and be off workin' the rest of the day. But land! there ain't more'n two unmarried men in Dummer; one of 'em is a fool, and the other's an undertaker, and I'm sure no one would want to marry them."

This morning, however, Miss Deborah could not get the idea of marriage out of her head. The evening before, as she had been reading her one periodical, "The Maiden's Friend," a scheme had popped into her mind, a scheme which shocked her old New England conscience almost to death, but which, nevertheless, she was unable to forget. We all have our one besetting sin, and Miss Deborah's was a fondness for sensational literature of the sort which she found in the pages of "The Maiden's Friend." Not for the world would she have been seen with a copy of this in her hand, but in the evening, when the supper dishes were done, and the house locked up for the night, she would sit down by her dining-room table, now covered with a warm red cloth on which a glass lamp burned brightly, and with the curtain tightly drawn, and the chrysanthemums glowing darkly in their dim corner, she would read tales of hair-breadth escapes, of lost jewels, or, best of all, some heart-rending love story, until her sedate old locks nearly stood on end and she glanced timidly behind her as she went to bed. The paper was a weekly one and the stories generally lasted for three evenings, for Miss Deborah was a conscientious reader and liked to be harrowed gradually. After the stories there was always left the correspondence column, which was sometimes even more exciting.

This column, which was devoted to letters from any man or woman who desired to secure a husband or wife through this



means of correspondence, was what Miss Deborah had been reading the preceding evening. In the midst of it she had jumped up suddenly and thrown down the paper with a jerk. "Sakes alive!" she ejaculated. "Whatever is the matter with me! I guess I must be gettin' demoralized. The very *idea* of a respectable woman like me doin' such a thing as that," and she snatched up a pillow-case that was lying beside her and began to hem it industriously, all the while shaking her head and scowling. "I guess I ain't such a fool as all that comes to," she went on, "and I guess I ain't afraid of bein' an old maid and never have been. But that ain't exactly the reason neither," she continued as if answering herself; "only it would be so cozy to have some one here in the evenin' to talk to, and if I had I could give up that paper, and I know I hadn't oughter take it. And then jest to think how he'd admire the chrysanthemums. Land's sakes, Deborah Williams, ain't you ashamed of yourself! You most forty and talkin' jest like a silly young chit. You'd better go to bed before you're any bigger fool 'n you be now." And off she went, muttering to herself.

The next morning Miss Deborah's eyes showed signs of a sleepless night and even her beloved chrysanthemums did not give her the usual amount of pleasure. All day long she went about scowling at herself and occasionally giving her head a disapproving jerk. When evening came she took up her pillow-case and began sewing without even a glance at the shelf where the paper lay. Indeed, she even turned her back upon it, although that made the light fall upon her work in a very trying manner. For some time she stitched in silence, but at last she threw down the work with a despairing sigh and exclaimed, "It ain't no use. Seems if I'd jest got to do it. P'raps if I write it, that'll put it out of my head. Of course I shan't never send it, but I'll ask for some one who likes plants."

A few minutes later she had out her box of writing paper, her ink, and her lines, which she carefully adjusted beneath the top sheet. Then after a moment's deliberation the pen went scratching over the paper. "Some one over forty and who likes flowers," she said, reading the last words aloud. "Now I might as well sign my name, for I ain't goin' to send it anyhow and it'll look more real that way. There! There's my name and address and the hull thing sounds jest as if it had been read right out of the paper. I'm real glad I said 'over forty.' I ain't a-goin' to have any young feller a-trapsin' around

here and actin' as if it all belonged to him. Well, if I ain't talkin' as if I was really goin' to send that letter. I might as well address the envelope, though, now I've written it. Land, if it ain't most ten o'clock! I guess I'd better go to bed. What a born idiot I be anyhow. I'll stop that paper, but of *course* I shan't send this letter."

The next morning the keeper of the village store, which was also the post-office, was much surprised to see Miss Deborah enter his shop, quite out of breath and very red in the face.

"Be I too late for the mail?" she gasped.

"Why, Miss Deborah, you know the mail doesn't come in till afternoon and it's only eleven o'clock now."

"I don't mean that mail. I mean the mail that goes out. Be I too late for it?"

"Lor, no," said the store-keeper. "Did you want to send something special?"

"No—yes, that is I had a letter I thought maybe I'd send, but I don't know as I care to," said Miss Deborah, with a fine assumption of indifference. "I guess I'll take a pound of butter."

"Why, Miss Deborah, I sent you up butter enough last week to last you a month! It ain't all gone yet?" said the man, who knew the contents of his customers' larder as well as he did his own.

"Why, so you did," said she. "I forgot all about it. Well, good-bye."

"Ain't you goin' to mail your letter?"

"No, I dunno as I will, not now, anyway," she said, edging towards the door.

"Well, you'd better do it now if you're goin' to at all. I'm goin' to put the mail up and I should think if you'd written a letter you'd better send it," remonstrated the postmaster.

"Well, maybe I will after all," she answered hastily, and slipping the letter into the box she fairly flew out of the door, followed by the astonished gaze of the store-keeper.

"Guess she's gettin' a little tetch'd in her upper story, livin' all by herself so," he said, as he put the mail into the bag. "Here's her letter. Who's it to? 'Maiden's Friend, Keer Street, Boston.' Let's see,—why; that's the paper she takes. I don't see anything so awful about that. I should think she'd bin orderin' her coffin by the look of her."

Meanwhile Miss Deborah was hastening homeward, wringing

her hands as she went and raging over and over. "I've done it, oh, I've done it and what'll happen to me? To think of *my* advertisin' for a husband. P'raps it's against the law—I shouldn't wonder. Deborah Williams, if you end your days in state's prison you'll have no one but yourself to thank. Oh, if anybody should answer it what should I do! I'll stop takin' that paper the minute I get home and then I'll never know anything more about it. Oh, to think I ever should have acted so," and so she went on in her dismay.

In spite of her distress she did not stop taking "The Maiden's Friend." On the contrary, she was in a fever of expectation from one Monday to another, always waiting for the moment when Farmer Snowe on his way back from the village should stop to give her the precious paper. It was pitiful to see her thin fingers tremble as she opened the crackling sheets and looked up and down the correspondence column, her pale cheeks flushed and her eyes shining with excitement. At these times Miss Deborah was really pretty, but there was no one to admire her, any more than there had been any one to admire the chrysanthemums. Of these she took better care than ever, spending almost her whole time over them. "So as to have them lookin' well in case anything should happen," she said to herself.

Three weeks from the time of the sending of the eventful letter, what should meet Miss Deborah's eyes as she read over the column but her own name. Yes, there was her letter sure enough. It was just what she had been looking for, but what a start it gave her. Finally she put the paper down with a sigh of relief. "Well, it's come, and it didn't kill me neither," she said, "and now I'll write and stop this paper or I shall begin to look for an answer, and what should I do if I got one?"

For the next few days she was quieter and less anxious for Monday to come again; but she did not write to stop the paper, and by Sunday she was more nervous than ever. Monday afternoon she walked half a mile down the road to meet Farmer Snowe.

"Seems to me you're terrible anxious about that lately," he said, as he gave her the paper.

"No," said Miss Deborah, "but I wanted a walk."

Sitting down on a rock by the roadside, she waited until he had driven out of sight, and opened her treasure then and there. Three times did she look it over before she rose to go home, but

there was no letter which could possibly be construed as an answer to hers. "Thank goodness," she said, with rather a crestfallen look, "that's over till next week and I didn't get one." But yet she looked somewhat disappointed as she went home.

The next Monday she was ashamed to go again to meet Farmer Snowe, but she went out into the yard, where she could look down the road, and busied herself in tying up some vines to the fence. She had not been there very long when she saw a man walking down the foot-path. Farmer Snowe always drove. This man was no one she had ever seen before. He looked about sixty, his shoulders were slightly bent, he had kindly but rather dreamy blue eyes, and his mouth was gentle and rather pathetic looking. His face had that wistful expression sometimes seen in the eyes of an honest, faithful dog. He jogged along the road until he came opposite to Miss Deborah, who was wondering who he might be.

"Be you Miss D. E. Williams?" he asked, in placid tones.

"Yes," gasped Miss Deborah. Never but once had she signed her name so. Oh, what had made her write that letter! Had this man come to arrest her? "No, he couldn't have," she thought. Somehow she rather liked his looks, and he put out his hand and stroked the honeysuckle she was tying in a caressing manner.

"I've come to answer your advertisement," he said.

"Sakes alive!" ejaculated Miss Deborah, turning very pale. "Have you?"

"Now don't be frightened," said the man. "You jest let me explain it to you quietly. I know I'm rather sudden."

"Yes," said Miss Deborah, "you are."

"Now jest you be quiet an' let me tell you how it wuz," he remonstrated. "You see, Miry, she's my daughter, and after Mother died she made me come into the city to live with her. She married a Boston man. Well, I came 'cause I allers did do what Miry told me to, but I wuz so humsick I'd like to have died cooped up there in the city. Seemed as if I couldn't breathe, and I did miss the old farm and the crops and the hens and the garden. Seems as if I missed the garden worst of all. I uster dream nights I wuz home again, and I thought I could see Mother workin' over her hollyhock bed. Well, the old farm wuz sold and I couldn't get away nohow. Once I jest sorter



hinted to Miry that we might go back up country again, and if she didn't git that riled up. Seemed as if she'd never get done pesterin' me 'bout that speech. Now don't you git fidgety. I'm comin' to that advertisin' business right off. You see, Miry, she liked to read them stories in "The Maiden's Friend," and she allers took it. Now I ain't no hand at readin', an' never wuz, but I uster git lonesome sometimes and so I took to lookin' over the letters that wuz in the back part. It wuz sorter good jest to see the names of the people and to think that perhaps some of them lived in the country and had all the air they wanted. Wall, one day when I wuz wishin' a little more'n usual I could see the old place, I come across your letter, an' that little bit about the flowers jest took my eye. Sez I, 'That's the kinder woman I'd like and that letter's from the country all right too.' Wall, Miry, she wuz out shoppin' that day an' I knew if I wuz goin' to do anything I'd got to do it before she got back. So I jest took my wallet—it had considerable money in it, just what I'd had with me when I come—an' I put on my hat and started. I've walked the last ten miles, it seemed so good to get into the country again, and I guess if you'll have me, I'll stay. You see I thought we could make a better bargain on the spot than if I answered your letter. I never wuz no hand at writin'. My name's Hiram Lenox, and I've got five thousand dollars in the bank that they payed me for my place. Will you have me?"

Miss Deborah looked dazed. "Do you mean to say that you come way here to marry me?" she stammered.

"Well, if you're willin', I hain't got no objections. Be them your flowers up there in the window?" he added, a smile of pleasure lighting up his face. "They're real handsome. How do you make 'em grow like that?"

"Yes," said Miss Deborah, "I'll have you."

A week later Miss Deborah was again seated by her table hemming her pillow-case. There had been a quiet wedding in the village church the day before, and the husband and wife were settled in their home. Opposite Mrs. Lenox sat Hiram, slowly and patiently reading aloud from the pages of the latest "Maiden's Friend."

PERSIS EASTMAN ROWELL.

## CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

### TROUBADOUR'S SONG

My lady is fair as the flowers that grow,  
My lady is gay as the winds that blow,  
My lady is pure as the fallen snow,  
But colder to me.

My lady's eyes are blue as the sky,  
My lady's eyes oft look as high,  
For my lady's eyes they pass me by.  
Ah, woe is me !

My lady's hair is like threads of gold,  
My lady's lips like the rubies cold,  
My lady's hand is soft to hold,  
But not for me. Ah me !

MARGUERITE FELLOWS.

*The Third Monthly Report of the Utopian Archaeological Commission, carrying on excavations at a certain place named Northampton, in America, June, 3246, A. D.*

### Archaeological Report

This month's work has consisted principally in penetrating beneath the bell-tower of the remarkable institution which we were so fortunate as to happen upon at the beginning of our excavations. We have as yet discovered nothing distinctive about the architectural style of the building, for we have unearthed only the staircase and a few rooms adjoining it. The stairs showed much usage, like the stepping-stones in Pompeii ; from which fact we may safely conclude that the institution was very old or very populous.

As to the purpose of the institution, we have obtained valuable information from the kind of furnishings, which is identical in all the rooms so far examined. There are long rows of

chairs, each with a peculiar palette-shaped attachment on the right arm. These attachments evidently served as drawing-tablets for the occupants of the chairs, and are many of them covered with patterns of remarkable intricacy and elaboration. If we find nothing to overthrow our present hypothesis, we shall be safe in concluding that this institution was an art-school. Nor are we entirely without light as to its methods. It was evidently not graded, for all varieties of work are found in the same room, from the simplest geometrical figures to miniature portraits. It seems, however, from the relative merits of the tablets, that, as with us, the most advanced and independent pupils were in the back of the room, while those less capable had seats nearer the instructor at the front.

If the contents of the tablets may be taken as indicative of the civilization and education of the times,—and we do not see why they should not,—much of permanent value will be added to our knowledge of that period in the world's life. From the importance given to the drawing of difficult figures in plane and solid geometry, mathematics must have been in high repute. The science of numbers, however, was still shrouded in superstition. Certain combinations of numerals, scattered with no apparent design over the tablet, were seemingly regarded as charms, like the horse-shoe and the four-leaved clover of an earlier epoch. “9” is the number of particular efficacy, for it appears in combination with every other cipher from zero to eight, and even in such peculiar juxtapositions of numerals as “1-9-0-1” and “1-9-0-3,” not to mention others. Frequently also it is doubled; whether the significance of this is more than an intensification of the power of a single “9,” we have not yet been able to determine.

Botany did not yet exist as a special science, to judge from the unscientific character of floral representations. These are of a most conventional and artificial type, resembling those in Egyptian hieroglyphics. It is a matter of great surprise to us that no distinct progress in this branch of knowledge should have been made by as late a date as the nineteenth century, A. D.,—which, as was explained in a previous report, we have reason to believe is the time when this institution flourished.

There seems to have been much more interest in animal life than in the plant world. Animals and human beings are sketched with great strength and suggestiveness of outline.

That these were drawn from life cannot be doubted ; in front of the rows of chairs is a platform upon which the models doubtless posed. Among the animals in the representation of which special skill is shown, the dragon takes the foremost place. This fact is valuable as showing that the species did not die out as early as is generally supposed by biologists. It also helps us to the conclusion that the scholars in the institution were men ; for we can imagine neither women nor children capable of drawing with so great firmness in the presence of the ferocious, spitting monsters which these dragons must have been. We are supported in this conclusion by the fact that the names on the tablets are those of men. The most frequently recurring names, — “Yale,” “Princeton,” “Harvard,” — are probably those of the institution and the instructors, while those of less frequent appearance,—as “Smith,” “Williams,” “Cornell,” and others,—belong to the students themselves.

We are sending you by this balloon exact reproductions of some of the most interesting of the tablets. By the next report, we hope to have discovered some skeletons, so that our phrenologist may be able to forward to you the results of his investigations concerning the character and mental development of the strange people whose haunts we are once more opening to the light of the sunny world.

CHARLOTTE BURGIS DEFORD.

#### A MOUNTAIN STREAM

Who loveth a little mountain stream  
Loveth the witchery of a dream,  
A will-o'-the wisp, half understood,  
Laughter lost in the silent wood,  
A splash of white foam over the brim  
Of a dusky pool, where shadows dim  
Sleep in unrest, and love spells be,  
And I know not what sweet coquetry ;  
A flood of ripples and sunlit spray  
Ravishing all my heart away.  
Then lo, the brook runs on to the sea  
With never a backward look for me.  
Who loveth a little mountain stream  
Loveth the witchery of a dream.

CHARLOTTE LOWRY MARSH.



"Hello, little shaver! What's all this, hey?"

It is always somewhat surprising, though perhaps not unusual, to have a small boy emerge from nowhere in

**His Aunt Jane** particular and tumble in a sputtering heap at one's feet. The occurrence has an element of the uncanny when the boy is very small indeed, and the occurrence takes place in the midst of an apparently deserted pasture. Thanks to Morton's astonished greeting, the heap promptly sat up and chuckled.

"Hello yo' se'f! Who you?"

"Well, you are a progressive young man," returned Morton, setting his new acquaintance on his feet and rubbing from his clothes as much of the mud as seemed to be detachable. "I'm Jack Morton. Now are you satisfied?"

The smaller piece of humanity either had met with a sudden access of shyness, or had lost interest in his question, for he began scuttling down the path, and brought up in another mud-puddle.

"Come, come," remarked Morton, following him, "don't desert your friends that way or you'll get into trouble. You see," he went on, "your humble servant is what might be described as lonesome-like. Having impaired his health by abnormal exertions in the line of newspaper reporting, he is now paying the penalty by spending some weeks at a farmhouse in this salubrious locality. And although life in a farmhouse in April may be more or less justly described as a round of dizzying pleasure, it is still rather gratifying to meet a fellow-being. I hope you understand?"

"Huh!" replied the midget, gazing down—not so very far down—at the mud on the knees of his diminutive trousers.

"She'll be mad."

"Who will?"

"Aunt Jane."

"Young man, were it Aunt Ethel or even Aunt Sophia with whom you had to deal, there might be some hope, but Aunt *Jane*—you have my sincerest sympathy, my friend. And that brings us back to the original proposition, which is that you stay here—no, you needn't try to take that puddle again this trip—and tell me about yourself. Who are you, anyhow? Got any name?"

"Huh! Course! Haven't you?"

"Well, try calling me Uncle Jack. Say I'm your Aunt Jane's younger brother. No—on reflection, I'm quite sure I belong to the other side of the family. Uncle Jack—how will that go?"

The would-be Uncle Jack received a contemptuous glance, which made him feel several sizes smaller than his vis-a-vis. This personage uttered the scathing words, "You ain't no uncle!"

Morton felt it wise to change the subject. "What's your name?" he ventured.

"Bub—what yo' s'pose?"

"Perhaps you will be kind enough—" began the subjugated Morton; then he broke off with a low whistle. A girl's figure was approaching, and, rare occurrence indeed, her costume did not bear the stamp of North Alderston. "I say, who's that?"

Bub looked around indifferently. "That's Aunt Jane, course," he responded. "Sh'd think you'd know Aunt Jane."

"Oh, I say, come off!" ejaculated Morton. "You can't fool me that way."

"Hello, Aunt Jane," called Bub, grasping Morton's hand and jumping up and down.

The girl came quickly up.

"I hope he hasn't been bothering you," she began. "I lost him over there beyond the bridge, and I didn't know"—she broke off suddenly and colored a little, realizing that it was not one of the farm hands to whom she was talking, but a young man who was distinctly of her own world, and whom she had never seen before.

Morton turned to Bub. "Young man, it devolves upon you to introduce us," he said.

"I'm afraid Bub will not rise to the occasion," replied his aunt, smiling. "But I'm sure you've been very kind to hold on to him for me, to say nothing," with a glance at the mud-stains, "of picking him up. You *did* pick him up, didn't you?"

"Yes, I know his tricks and his manners already. Perhaps you would let me help you get him home?"

This was distinctly audacious. The young lady addressed had no wish to be "picked up" in this fashion, however desirable such a process might be for her nephew. So she replied, with a little assumption of hauteur, "We are not going home just yet, as it happens."

Morton decided that after all he did belong to Aunt Jane's side of the family.

"Then perhaps," he rejoined imperturbably, "you will let me show you a place where Bub can run around without tumbling into puddles."

"I don't believe there is any such place," said Bub's aunt, relenting visibly. "Is it very far away?"

"It's up in the Greens' orchard. That's where I'm staying—at the Greens'."

"Oh dear!" said his new acquaintance. "I certainly oughtn't to call on you—and without being introduced! But I'm sure our farmers know each other. Mine's Farmer Weeks."

"I'm Morton, disabled reporter, recuperating at Farmer Green's. Would you mind—you see I hardly like to call you Aunt Jane?"

"I'm Miss Holmes, but I'm mostly Aunt Jane just at present. Isn't that so, Bubkins? You see," she explained, "Bub's mother—she's my sister—is resting up here, and I have to run around with Bub. He's a very nice person to run around with, even if he isn't much as a nephew."

"He's been a very good nephew to me. He's adopted me as an uncle, you know—at least, I've been trying to make him."

"Which is a very different matter," remarked Miss Holmes, stiffly.

"Bubkins, come here," called Morton, with objectionable familiarity. "You know I'm your Uncle Jack—don't dare deny it!"

Bubkins seized a hand of each, and hopped along between them. "Huh!" he chuckled.

"There, that's right, old man! 'Actions speak louder than words,' and you have honored me greatly by placing me on an equality with Aunt Jane. I knew you wouldn't refuse the request of a poor helpless invalid."

Aunt Jane glanced at her new relative. He certainly did look pale; he also looked like a gentleman. Things had been deadily dull lately—and, anyway, this wasn't the city.

"Bub," she said, "I fear I am hardly the one to caution you against rash acquaintanceships. If you want an Uncle Jack as badly as all that, why, take him!"

"Huh!" said Bubkins.

The young gentleman found Farmer Green's orchard an un-

commonly desirable place to play in, particularly as there was a brook, and the delightful possibility of falling into it. As Morton had lost no time in making the acquaintance of Bub's mother, Bub had little difficulty in inducing his devoted aunt to take him to the orchard frequently, especially when the apple-blossoms appeared. But in spite of the obvious advantages of this place for the purpose, Aunt Jane had no intention of doing any playing herself, and it was absolutely no fault of hers that she was quite as pretty and attractive as the average girl, and that Morton fell in love with her. Perhaps not even the prettiness and the attractiveness were to blame; very likely that indefatigable match-maker, Propinquity, would have done her work just the same without them.

Morton, being a straightforward young man, told Aunt Jane what had happened almost as soon as he found it out himself. But he did not realize that there is no reason on earth for trying to devise a roundabout and presumably graceful way in which to propose. If the lady of your heart intends to accept you, she will do so, no matter how awkwardly you offer yourself. Indeed, it is to be doubted if any proposal really worth accepting was ever made "gracefully." And if the lady has no use for you, the form of the proposal is really not a matter of great moment. At any rate, it saves a moment or two of embarrassment for both of you if you go straight to the point without trying to "lead up to it." Such is the part of wisdom.

But Morton was not wise, and one day in May, when Bubkins was picking flowers a little way off, he expressed again his desire to become an uncle of that young man. He seemed peculiarly bent on attaining this end, and Aunt Jane felt constrained to say, "I thought he adopted you some time ago."

"Jane," said the unsatisfied uncle, "don't you see what I mean? Of course, Bubkins is a very nice boy, and all that, you know; but it isn't he I want—it's you."

At last she understood.

"Oh, Mr. Morton!" There was real regret in her voice. "I—you must forgive me—I never meant—I didn't understand, really; and I'm, *oh*, I'm so sorry! You believe me, don't you?"

The light had left his face. "Yes, I believe you," he said, slowly.

As they sat there in silence, the petals of the apple-blossoms drifting down around them as sadly as ever fell dead leaves,—



and yet these fell not without a suggestion of fruit to come,—he looked worn and tired, and even whiter than he had on that first day among the bare trees. A wave of pity and compunction swept over her.

“Mr. Morton,” she said, quite seriously, and without the least idea that she was not being original, “you know, I should really like to be—I wish I were your sister.”

Just then Bubkins came trotting up with a bunch of violets and dandelions. It had taken him a long, long time to get such a large bunch—nearly half an hour. He pressed them all into his aunt’s hands.

The gaze of his big blue eyes made her feel guilty, and she put her arms around him and hid her face on his shoulder.

Morton had risen and was watching her.

“You would make a lovely sister,” he said at length. “But I don’t know, I think I’d a little rather you were my Aunt Jane.”

ELLEN GRAY BARBOUR.

#### YOUTH

Sing on ! Sing on ! For life is lightly fleeting.

The inland river joins the distant sea ;

Too soon, perchance, shall come the time of meeting,

For after this we know not what shall be.

Sing on ! Sing on ! Or ever clouds can lower

While youth’s red wine its crystal cup runs o’er,

While loyal sunshine follows every shower,

And Heaven is not dark forevermore.

Sing on ! Sing on ! The world may not hereafter,

With willing ears await a sadder song

Of restless toil, and tears that follow laughter

Where clust’ring cares in funeral fashion throng.

Sing on ! Sing on ! Ere time and toil together

Have crushed the song within the singer’s breast.

For youth alone holds all earth’s brightest weather,

But age nor knoweth sun, nor song, nor rest.

HELEN RUTH STOUT.

Every class of trees has some characteristic which gives it a certain individuality. The elm is always graceful; the oak strong and gigantic; the willow droops and

**Apple-Trees** weeps year in and year out; the pines point their hostile needles at you by day, and sigh by night; but the apple-tree,—who can name the distinguishing quality of this freak of nature? Apple-bearing? Ah! but even this does not apply to them all; for there are apple-trees, and apple-trees, and apple-trees.

First there are the disagreeable apple-trees,—proud, vain, self-willed, stubborn. They invariably grow on a side-hill, with rocks for their closest companions; yet, although their homes are so far from being aristocratic, they have the presumption to hold their heads above any other apple-trees that ever grew. They stretch their long, long necks away up in the air, and lift their lofty eyes in pride toward the clouds. When the apple-gatherer attempts to relieve one of these trees of its burden of apples, it cranes its neck even higher to get beyond the reach of his longest ladder; and every separate branch and twig stiffens itself like a spunky child, and whenever possible, jerks itself angrily out of his kindly hands. It simply delights in letting the fairest apples bounce onto the rocks and thus covering them with cuts, or dents, or bruised spots. Neither has it any mercy on the farmer's wife, who always worries for fear her husband will fall onto the rock and be—she never dares to finish it. If the man comes out alive, and with one barrel of apples, he may be considered a fortunate being.

Not all apple-trees, however, are of this type. It is a pleasure to turn from the hateful thing we have been regarding to its opposite, the little happy-go-lucky apple-tree. It is always to be found leaning over a low stone wall, sometimes with a frowzly, half-awake appearance, and again with a somewhat social inclination. Its branches are usually slender and short, and there are rarely more than two growing in symmetrical propriety. It seems as if every bough had followed its own sweet will, and grown just exactly how and where it pleased. It is too careless to amount to much, or else it spends all of what little energy it does possess in trying to see everything that happens on the other side of the wall; consequently it either forgets to blossom when it ought to, or else produces small, knurly fruit. A lineal descendant of the first little happy-go-

lucky apple-tree is the one that blossoms in late Indian summer.

There is another type of apple-tree which, I think, must have been, at some time or other, disappointed in love. It usually grows by the roadside, and looks as though it might have been beautiful once. It never fails to blossom in May, and for one short week it is a mass of delicate pink and white. I imagine that week is the anniversary of its engagement, and that this gay attire covers a sad but a brave heart. When the blossoms are gone, however, it stands, a pathetic figure, with no one to love or care for it. As the little apples form and grow, they become daily more beautiful, of mellow color, with tinges of red on their soft cheeks. Yet one taste of them shows that they are filled with sour wine,—the sorrow which can no longer be repressed in the heart of the little tree.

We must not forget the shrub-like apple-tree, which never was known to bear fruit, or to blossom, or to be good for anything, except to hold birds' nests. For this purpose, however, it is exceedingly well adapted. It is low, and has the form of a basket turned upside down. It is sometimes a mystery how birds find their way in, and how they can turn around when once they are in; for there are thousands of little branches or twigs, curved and forked, that take up nearly all the space. Yet in spite of this, these shrubs are regular hotels for the robins and ground birds, especially the latter, and often three or four families can be heard "chipping" away under its leaves in perfect harmony. There is an attractive air of homeliness about this little bush that few others possess, and it is dear to the hearts of all who have ever hunted birds' nests.

Last, but by no means least, is the hospitable grandmotherly apple-tree. Who does not love it? Neither the summer nor the country is quite complete without it. It is known by its thick short trunk, and wide-spread, low-hanging boughs. Anybody can climb into its out-stretched arms, and no one has ever failed to find there a comfortable resting-place. In the soft grass beneath is the best place in the world to play house, if you are a girl, or to make believe you are in a soldier's tent if you are a boy, or to dream and read if you have put away childish things. No grandmother was ever so indulgent to her most cherished pet as this tree is to those who come beneath its shadow. And because it can adapt itself so easily to every mood of human nature, it has won for itself a lasting place in our hearts.

The apple-tree would be shocked and offended if I should pretend that the few types I have here mentioned were the only ones in their family. Should you, and I, and half a dozen other people mention all the different personalities we had ever met with among apple-trees, I am firmly convinced that the very next man we met could add to our list.

EVA AUGUSTA PORTER.

#### LIMITATION

Glad are the flowers that are growing  
Here at my feet,  
Merry the breeze that is blowing  
Over the wheat,  
And bright little cloudlets are flying  
Through the azure on high,  
And there's only one who is sighing,  
And that one is I.

Mountain and blossoming plain,  
Sunshine and bird,  
All things to me are in vain  
For the want of a word ;  
Hopeless my quest though I seek it  
The wide world through.  
Dear, there's just one who can speak it,  
And that one is you.

ETHEL WALLACE HAWKINS.



## EDITORIAL

If there is one thing which is needed in our college life more than any other, it is concentration of effort. We hear much nowadays of the varied interests of college life; of its complexity, its many-sidedness, its constantly increasing demands. It cannot be assumed, however, that this is primarily due to the increasing field of activity of the individual girl. It is simply the result of the aggregate; the many interests represent not the few, but the many individuals, and yet there is very little in our attitudes to show that we appreciate the fact. To be an "all-around girl" is considered above all things desirable, and to attain this end it is deemed necessary to belong to a variety of clubs, musical, scientific, literary and otherwise,—they are legion,—to serve on all available committees and in every possible capacity,—to spread one's self out, in other words, as "thin and far as possible."

Now all this may be very pleasant to think about. There is always a great fascination about what are called our "outside interests." Undeniably we derive from them much that we should otherwise fail to secure, and on this principle we might argue that the more of a good thing the better, and that it is very wise and far-seeing to include all these varied interests in one's college existence. This process of reasoning fails to avert, however, the conclusion that is too often forced upon us,—that instead of being all very well it is all very foolish; that instead of doing ourselves good we are doing ourselves infinite harm; that in this case enough is as good as a feast, and more is distinctly and definitely disastrous. For aside from our academic work, we have each of us at our command only a certain amount of available time and energy. It is impossible that a girl who has scattered her energies throughout the length and breadth of half a dozen different class and college interests can give or receive the legitimate amount of pleasure and profit

from any of them. Of course there have been exceptions to the rule,—special instances of girls with strong physiques and unusual abilities who have done many things and done them well. But for the majority of us this is not and cannot be the case. If we are to do well, if we are to have the gratification of success in any one line, it must be through a process of selection, of positive self-denial if necessary, which will in the end leave us free from the demands of the hundred and one conflicting interests which so often effectually prevent the individual from putting forth her best and strongest efforts.

In this, as in many other respects, college is not in the least different from any other form of life. The spirit of moderation is as necessary here as elsewhere. It is no more possible to identify ourselves with any and every interest which presents an attractive face to us in college than it is to do the same thing outside of college. There may have been a time in the development of the college when it was possible for the individual to take part in all branches of college activity, but that time is not this time. The effort to retain the relation, as college interests have multiplied, has brought its *reductio ad absurdum*, and we too often see ourselves become helpless and futile in the attempt to do a dozen things in the time we should give to one. When we shall have learned the wisdom of self-denial and of moderation, of concentrating rather than scattering our energies, there will be fewer “break-downs” and fewer leaves of absence, and more of pleasure, profit and earnestness in our every-day existence.

The Editors of the MONTHLY take pleasure in announcing the election of the following editorial board for the ensuing year: Ethel Wallace Hawkins, Editor-in-Chief; Charlotte Burgis DeForest, Literary Editor; Ethel Barstow Howard, Contributors' Club; Jean Shaw Wilson, Editor's Table; Ruth Louise Gaines, Alumnae Department; Marguerite Cutler Page, About College Department; Laura Woolsey Lord, Managing Editor; Ethel Marguerite deLong, Business Manager.

## EDITOR'S TABLE

In the "Smith College Stories," just published by the Scribners, Miss Josephine Dodge Daskam has succeeded in a task by no means easy of accomplishment, in that she has presented a study of college life which the undergraduate world as a whole is glad to accept as a just and almost an adequate one. It is yet somewhat early to tell how the stories will be judged by the non-college world ; and in the present review we shall confine ourselves to more familiar ground, and endeavor simply to show why so many of our student body are well pleased with this representation of their life.

There seem to be two requirements which every book of college stories, to be successful, must meet. It must give the distinctive qualities of the college life, its "local color" and "atmosphere," and it must show that life in its universal relations, as part of the larger life of the world. Both these requirements have been, it seems to us, admirably observed by Miss Daskam, while the peculiar dangers of an over-emphasis of either have been, in the main, successfully avoided. Thus in "The Emotions of a Sub-guard," which gives, from the standpoint of one of the players, an exceedingly vivid account of the great annual basket ball game, we are necessarily shown the superficial features of the occasion,—the decorations, the "fringe of feet" celebrated in every conventional account of a gymnasium function ; but so cleverly manipulated, so skillfully subordinated to the central emotional interest of the whole is all this mechanism, that scarcely a creak reaches our ears. On the other hand, in "A Family Affair," the story most deeply related to the universal problems of human life and hence least strictly local in character, each step of the experience represented is yet so closely related to events in the college world that, though we may indeed say that essentially the same experience might have been undergone outside of college, we

do not for a moment fail to recognize it as an experience peculiarly likely to take place in our community.

The two stories mentioned are among the best which the volume contains. "The Education of Elizabeth" is perhaps somewhat slightly connected with the college life; "The Evolution of Evangeline" possibly the least bit strained at times; and there is a certain hitchiness about the joints of a "Few Diversions;" yet each bears its distinct part in building up the complex whole of the college life. "Biscuits Ex Machina" is especially good in point of characterization and in its deliciously humorous sketch of one of those curiously incongruous groups of girls, who, thrown together by the exigencies of our campus house system, yet manage in one way or another to live with and to learn from one another. "At Commencement" suggests, by means of a cleverly arranged device, every conceivable view of the two great features of that time—Senior Dramatics and Ivy Day. And in "The End of It" we are taken into the very heart of that strangely mixed pleasure of the class supper, are made to follow a swift-moving stream of recollections and impressions through the mind of one girl, feeling her shifting emotions, and—still more characteristic—that strange dull blank where certain appropriate emotions should be, which everyone who has lived through such crises knows.

In the very wide range of characters which she depicts, the way in which she makes each live and move before us, and in the numberless points of view which she thus gives us, Miss Daskam proves herself to possess both keen insight and a genuine dramatic sense. Her characters stand out boldly from her well-filled canvas, vividly and vitally alive; furthermore, they act and talk vigorously and characteristically. The tone of the stories throughout is healthy and optimistic; we are made to feel the college life in something of its fullness and complexity, to enter into its active, vigorous, though often misdirected enthusiasm, to thrill responsively to the spirit of genuine, frank good-comradeship which, when due allowance is made for our superficialities, nay, even for our occasional insincerities, is yet the most precious part of our college life. We ourselves have long realized the truth which Miss Daskam has appropriately emphasized in her preface, that "the college girl is very like any other girl,—that this likeness is indeed one of her most striking characteristics;" and we trust that these college stories



may aid in bringing that truth to the world at large till the college girl shall no longer be ticketed and consigned to a peculiar class, whether in praise or blame, but shall be accepted everywhere as she already is in so many quarters, as a thoroughly normal and natural member of a larger sisterhood.

One of the important problems of modern education, the problem of the place of the ancient languages, is most interestingly treated by Professor G. Santayana in an article in the last *Harvard Monthly*, entitled "The Decay of Latin." Professor Santayana frankly recognizes that for the mass of students to-day the study of Latin has become a farce. This fact is fundamentally due, he thinks, to the rapidly multiplying scientific and other interests of our modern life; interests so close and vital that there is no place among them for the pursuit of a language, long dead, which requires years of concentrated application before it leads to interesting results. Additional reasons for this decay are offered, which it would be interesting to discuss had we space. Passing by them, we come to the somewhat startling solution of the difficulty which Professor Santayana offers,—the substitution for detailed technical study of the ancient languages of a study of the classic authors in translation; such translations and accompanying commentaries being prepared by the specialists who choose to pursue this detailed study in earnest.

As Professor Santayana points out, such a revolution would be only the extension of one that has already taken place in "the introduction of historical and philosophical into classic courses, the study of ancient history in the schools, the shifting of attention from the minutiae of grammar to the general sense of the author and the ideal value of his work." And though the present period of transition is accompanied by "scandalous inaccuracy in scholarship," this evil will, he is confident, pass away when we have safely accomplished the change "from the language of the classics to the study of their subject-matter." As Professor Santayana sums up the case, "We should not have to wait to read our human Bible until we had passed through a philosophical seminary."

## ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

There is no more fitting body of people to which the college settlement could give an account of its work, than to one composed of Smith College students and alumnæ, for it was a group of Smith graduates who, ten years ago, conceived the idea of a settlement managed and maintained by college women.

**The New York College Settlement** It was a pioneer undertaking in many respects, for the New York Settlement shares with Hull House the distinction of being the first settlement in this country. The rapidity with which settlements have multiplied since those early days has been remarkable, since now, in New York alone, there are over twenty. This unusual development might indicate support and encouragement on the part of the public to an almost unlimited degree, and one might imagine that the growth of settlements had been unhindered and uncriticised. Anyone, however, who knows of them intimately, understands that such has not been the case, but that they have met with much opposition on every side, and that, with many, continued existence has been a veritable struggle. Even now, although they seem firmly established, they are still the subject of much unfriendly criticism, and on appealing to a varied constituency for support, one has an opportunity of learning some of the grounds upon which that is refused.

In the eyes of the general public settlements suffer because they do not present any very tangible results. They do not feed the hungry or clothe the naked, as so many philanthropic agencies do; they do little educational work, as that is commonly understood, and therefore cannot report the number promoted or graduated; they are not religious missions which can count their converts. Settlements deny that the number passing through their doors are any measure of their work. In fact the chief requisite of a settlement is that its residents shall take up their abode in a neighborhood, with no more definite idea as to what they are going to do there than that of attempting to improve some of the conditions which they find. Before this can be done, the conditions must be studied, with a view to learning what should be preserved, and what altered and replaced by something better. Sometimes they are found to be very different from what was expected, and it is the chief value of residence that it gives the opportunity of knowing the neighborhood intimately, and of avoiding the superficial impressions of the casual observer. Having found out what the needs are, it is the business of the settlement to set about supplying them. This can be done either directly or by calling upon other agencies to turn their efforts in this direction. Some settlements have been obliged to do active charitable work until other sources

of relief could be instituted ; others have been impelled to do religious work, because that seemed to be the chief need of their neighborhood ; while others, in a district fully equipped with churches, have found the wants of the people to lie in other directions. There are kindergartens in most of the settlements, because the public schools are so poorly supplied with them. It is by far the better plan to shift on to some other organization or the city departments as much of their proper work as possible, for then the settlement is free to carry on the informal, friendly intercourse which residence makes possible, and to continue the study of the needs of the neighborhood, which is a problem that is never solved. In a district which is continually changing its character this must be borne constantly in mind, for frequent adjustment is required.

This has been the case with us at the Rivington Street Settlement, which has seen many changes in its surroundings. Ten years ago the neighborhood was largely made up of Germans ; now the population consists chiefly of Russian and Polish Jews. Outward conditions have altered also ; the small dwelling-houses have been replaced by enormous tenements, of an evil type which was not foreseen in previous agitations and law-making. The settlement has been encouraged by the improvements of a reform administration in the city government, only to sink again into despair, but not as deep as before, when dirty streets and a corrupt police force returned. For the cry for more schools, which has been answered, though inadequately, has been substituted the demand that the buildings be used more freely for the benefit of the neighborhood after school hours.

With this view of the elasticity of the duties of a settlement, the difficulty of classifying and enumerating its activities can be understood. There are certain definite needs, however, which we try to supply. We find that there are many things, which we have always regarded as making life worth living, which are lacking in the lives of the people around us. How many of us would feel that we were really living, if we were deprived of all opportunity for æsthetic, intellectual, physical, I might almost say nowadays, moral development. We see much nobility of character, great self-sacrifice, and family affection, but we do feel that they are ignorant of many of the benefits of civilization.

The lack of any beauty in the outward surroundings is what strikes one most forcibly at first and is ever present with us. The rows of tall tenement-houses, ornamented only by fire-escapes filled with a motley collection of household articles, are very ugly. The beauties of nature are absolutely wanting ; there are no trees and flowers, there is even no grass. It is difficult to carry on the kindergarten, in which so much of the work is based on nature study, because the children are unacquainted with the simplest forms of animal and vegetable life. The art galleries and museums can be reached only by the cars, and a visit to them is a luxury in which the people do not often indulge.

We try to meet this æsthetic need, in the first place, by making our own house as attractive as possible and we feel that it is a potent influence. Recently one of the clubs of young men talked of leaving us in order to have larger quarters, and they went in search of them in the neighborhood, but



they returned and begged to be allowed to remain, saying that all the public halls not only were connected with saloons, but were so dirty, dingy, and smoky that to go from us to them was like leaving Paradise. By means of small attempts at gardening and through the flowers that are sent to us, we are able to give our neighbors some slight idea of the beauties of nature. The tenderness with which the children sometimes treasure a faded flower is most pathetic. It is better still to take them away from their sordid surroundings into the midst of the country. All summer long, this is accomplished, with small groups in outings for the day, but best of all at our summer home, where parties of twenty-five spend two happy weeks. This is situated in a beautiful hilly country, which presents the greatest possible contrast to their city surroundings and to the New York resorts where their summer pleasures were formerly found. The young people who go there learn to love the beauty of the place, and the simple pleasures there enjoyed, and carry with them through the winter memories which are a never-ceasing source of delight. As far as possible we make them acquainted with the art treasures of New York, and sometimes, by means of a small loan collection of pictures, try to cultivate a taste for good pictures, and in drawing classes give instruction to those who have talent in that direction. On the musical side, this sort of thing is done more extensively. Through our music school, which now has one hundred pupils in its care, an opportunity for good musical instruction is afforded, which is eagerly seized by these talented children. Some are so gifted as to make a musical career seem possible for them, and others have been enabled to become teachers and support themselves in this way. Without some such agency as this, all of this unusual musical ability would be undeveloped and its possessors destined for some irksome factory work. Musicales are given for them, giving them a chance to become familiar with the best music, and the pupils perform at concerts to which their parents come, and, as they never are allowed to play anything but good music, the influence of the school in raising the musical standard of the neighborhood is far-reaching.

Along various educational lines we supplement the work of the public schools, which is made necessary on account of their very crowded condition. We begin with the children in the kindergarten and continue our acquaintance with them through many years, by means of small groups called clubs. In these, various kinds of manual training are taught,—cooking, sewing, basket work, wood-carving, and so forth. The evening clubs are literary, social, or athletic, according to the tastes of their members. The real object in them all, however, is not so much to give instruction, as to afford a means of gaining a firm hold on the young people that we may help them in times of temptation or need. As the neighborhood has become more distinctly Jewish, the number of the clubs of the literary type has increased. To the casual observer, the young people who read essays and conduct debates are wonderfully proficient, but a longer acquaintance shows that they need much direction in their work, because their knowledge is really very superficial. Their ideals of what true culture is must be raised, and they must learn to apply their scattered information to the actual problems of life.

It is a great grief to us that we cannot meet more adequately the demands



for an opportunity for physical exercise which come from all sides. It is one of the greatest hardships of life on the East Side that no provision is made for exercise on the part of the children or young people. The children have no place to play. The streets are too crowded even if there were no policeman to stop them. They can simply walk up and down and hang about the door-steps. As a result the little boys play "craps" and get into all kinds of mischief. There is one play-ground in the district, but it is so far from us that our yard is still the largest open space in our immediate neighborhood, and the eagerness with which the privileges of its swings and sand-pile are seized upon shows the need of something better. We can do less for the older boys and girls than for the children, although we have the use of the University Settlement gymnasium two evenings of every week, and so pressing is the need that they have started a subscription list for a gymnasium fund themselves, two clubs heading it with five dollars each. One of these clubs is now preparing an entertainment, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to that purpose.

We have been more successful in meeting the need for wholesome amusement. Many of our clubs are purely social, the members being hard-working boys and girls, or young men and young women who look to us for their recreation and refreshment. Our house and kindred agencies are the only places where the young people can enjoy themselves under conditions which are not harmful. We feel that we must be very attractive in order to rival the dance-halls and variety-shows which present very glittering exteriors, and so sometimes the settlement gives the impression of being a very gay place. We have also to bid against the pool rooms and saloons, which are the only places where the young men can spend their evenings. We have realized that it was useless to preach against these without providing something better, so we have given two of our boys' clubs the use of a room in our basement where they can spend their evenings, playing cards, smoking, and amusing themselves as they please with a few restrictions. Their treatment of the room has steadily improved, and they themselves have spoken of the benefit that it has been to them.

It is difficult to protect the young people against all the forms in which vice presents itself, for they are many on the East Side, nowadays, and we are especially anxious for those who, on account of peculiar circumstances, are less able to withstand their seductions. The Russians and Poles are the most orthodox of the Jews, but, in this country, the younger generation, as it mingles more freely with other people, is abandoning many of the forms of the religion of its fathers and with them some of its fine moral precepts. In this connection we have felt the need of more direct moral teaching than that general influence which it is hoped is exerted through the clubs, and so have instituted a series of ethical lectures on Sunday afternoons, which have been well attended and listened to with genuine interest. We hope that some of the suggestions in these talks may strengthen the moral fibre of the listeners and help them to withstand the temptations of the life around them.

We do not give all our time, however, to these activities which are more or less palliatives. We join hands with every movement which has for its object the eradication of the evils of which we complain, and with all those

that are concerned with improving conditions. As we urge upon our neighbors a more enlightened and conscientious performance of their civic duties, so we hope to live up to the ideal which we hold before them.

Of the benefits which come to the residents of a settlement, of the broadening of their interests and deepening of their sympathies, which this contact with real life brings, I have not spoken and have not space here to dwell upon. During the past ten years many women have been privileged to profit by the experience at the college settlement, and I do not believe there is one who does not look back upon it with gratitude, and who would not say that she received more than she gave.

Rivington Street, New York.

ELIZABETH S. WILLIAMS '91.

Sixteen years ago, within the four walls of a small room in the heart of busy New York, the first working girls' club was started. It was a gathering of friends originally drawn together through a Sunday school class which later developed into a series of practical talks. To two or three of the club originators, life had meant everything that wealth, education, and travel could give, but the large majority were girls who had left school at fourteen to work in store or factory. The plan discussed at that first meeting was the formation of a self-governing and self-supporting organization. No board of managers was to direct the club from without. It was to be governed by the members for the members. Officers were later chosen from the society and elected by ballot; all questions were settled in the same way. Furthermore, the club was to be entirely self-supporting, renting its own rooms and meeting its expenses by means of membership dues and entertainments where a small admission fee was required. The watch words of that first club were, Self-Government, Self-Support and Coöperation.

Since that first beginning other clubs have been organized until there are now at least two hundred societies in the United States. From time to time the clubs have united in state associations, of which there are five. As the clubs in different communities have been very unlike in character, the state associations have undertaken quite distinct lines of work. In New York, particular stress has been laid upon the principle of self-support. The association has concerned itself with the industrial and economic welfare of the members of its clubs through an excellently managed employment bureau and mutual benefit fund. The Massachusetts clubs have not considered self-support an absolute essential to their welfare, but have developed the idea of coöperation by uniting in several efforts to secure shorter hours in mercantile establishments. In 1896, the association was most influential in the movement which led to the establishment of an eight-hour work day in the large Boston stores. At present the clubs in the Massachusetts association are interested in the passage of a bill limiting the hours for women in mercantile establishments throughout the commonwealth to fifty-eight a week.

In 1897, it was decided to unite the five associations into a national league, to be known as the National League of Women Workers. The League was formed as a central bureau of information for club work, offering counsel and help when sought, but not placing restrictions upon any club or associa-

tion. "Clubs in the League are brought in touch by correspondence and interchange of visits with many workers who have interests and experiences in common. This enables them not only to profit by the successes and failures of others, but to contribute their share toward the success of the whole movement. Among the more tangible advantages are: (1) greatly reduced rates for all League publications; (2) the privilege of consulting the League Secretary about any club matter; (3) a personal visit from the Secretary at least once in two years, although isolated clubs will be visited more frequently."

The League began work October, 1898. Its headquarters are at 807 James Street, Syracuse, New York. During the first eighteen months of the League's existence, eight publications have been issued: A prospectus with list of League and Association publications; "The Club Worker," a monthly paper published during nine months of the year; a pamphlet, "How to Start a Club;" lists of practical talks, entertainments, and plays suitable for acting in girls' clubs; a collection of songs with music, and a report giving a full outline of the League work.

To mark out the general lines of club activities involves the omission of much exceptionally good work. Few clubs have devoted their entire time to the study of Shakspeare and Tennyson like one little circle fittingly called "The Earnest Workers." Not many societies have concerned themselves with the industrial status of women, but that several clubs are much interested in these questions is shown by their discussions: "Are Permanent Labor Organizations Possible among Women?" "Are Women as Successful in Business as Men?" "How Can the Wage Earner Provide against Old Age?"

With club members the industrial classes are in high favor. There are the lessons in cooking, the millinery classes, divided into six lessons in the fall and six in the spring, and the sewing circles where the making of white underwear and shirt waists are particularly popular. In one society where Saturday evening has become "mending night," the girls gather round a center table with ample darning bags. The "Renaissance" class also finds favor, although the art here so engrossing is not what the unlearned might imagine, for it is the making of Renaissance lace, which seldom fails to charm the beginner. That the embroidery classes certainly stand first in order of popularity is a regret to those who, entering club life for the first time, feel that the working girl should be instructed particularly in matters of practical importance. Certainly the cooking and dressmaking will prove most valuable if a girl is to have a home of her own, but the embroidery satisfies an immediate craving of her nature. Excruciating as the centre piece may be with a spray of fuchsias rising from a bed of forget-me-nots, the hours spent working with the bright silks satisfy the worker's love of the beautiful. It is the same impulse which finds expression in the beringed hands of the shop girl. Your standards are not the same as hers; you would not decorate your winter hat, particularly were it destined for six months' wear, rain or shine, with long ostrich plumes becoming more forlorn and bedraggled with each damp morning. Your standards of taste are different, but whoever fails to satisfy the cravings of the æsthetic nature in the members of a girls' club errs seriously.



A fortnight ago I spent an evening with a girls' club where the members were much engrossed in a series of art talks. Their interest had first been aroused in a Bible class where the teacher had given them photographs illustrating Christ's life. They were delighted to find that they could buy copies of all the great religious pictures for one and five cents apiece. From that beginning they have gone on to a study of the works of the great masters. The deep interest of the members of the class has been largely due to their being able to possess every picture which they were studying. Every one interested in the educational side of club work should be familiar with the catalogues of the Perry Picture Co., Malden, Mass.; the George P. Brown Co., Beverley, Mass.; the A. W. Elson Co., Boston; and the Witter Co. and Helman Taylor Co., New York City. By means of these pictures it is possible for people of the most limited means to become familiar with all the great works of art.

Club life is social quite as much as it is educational, for many of the clubs devote much of their time to entertainments. One society always begins the year with a harvest party, sometimes combined with a "Calico Dance." Sometimes it is a book party, or again a "Looking Backward Party" or "Bellamy Ball," at which you may be an interested and astonished guest. Great ingenuity and originality is shown in the planning and execution of these entertainments. Do they seem too trivial to be important factors in any forward social movement? If you are associated in a club with girls whose working life has begun at fourteen and who are spending nine and ten hours every day over machine and counter, do not under-estimate the value of fun and merry-making in club life. They are a necessary form of relaxation. For young girls, entertainments are a safeguard and protection, for older women the evening spent before a bright fire with recitations and music and a cup of tea is a bright spot in a busy week. Work is in itself isolating, for the best work is done in silence if not alone. The life of a working woman almost inevitably grows narrower as she grows older. Clubs must not forget that, while the girl of seventeen needs protection and guidance, the woman of thirty-five and forty can be encouraged to meet the trials which come with the passing of youthful strength and energy.

The most successful worker in club life, or in any organized philanthropic effort, is the one who realizes that work of this kind is a great social exchange, that to some life has brought opportunities for education and refinement, to others knowledge of hard work and the stern realities of life. Giving implies receiving, by which is meant that to give intelligently you must know the one with whom you would share. You must be content to learn, hesitating to impose your own point of view and appreciating that you have seen but one side of life, for other circumstances besides poverty circumscribe and narrow. Wealth itself isolates more than poverty.

The spirit of service arises from an understanding of that well-worn adage, "Not alms, but a friend." The idea I would convey is more beautifully expressed in the Persian legend which Lowell used to illustrate the spirit of democracy. "And one came and knocked at the Beloved's door, and to the question, 'Who is there?' replied, 'It is I.' The voice from within answered, 'This house will not hold me and thee.' The lover went away and dwelt in



the desert in fasting and prayer until the end of a year, when he came and knocked again, answering to the question, 'Who is there?' 'It is thyself,' and the door was opened unto him."

Only to give implies superiority. In club work there must be no patronage; you cannot be the Lady Bountiful and the friend, you cannot share without sympathy, you cannot give without receiving.

CHARLOTTE COFFYN WILKINSON '94,

Secretary National League of Women Workers.

The current definitions of education agree in substance that it aims to fit for life by broadening the outlook and the capacities both of giving and of receiving, that is, the capacities of service and of enjoyment.

**A New Occupation for College Women** If the college accomplishes this result even imperfectly, if a college course is as desirable as we assume it to be by seeking it for ourselves and

for others, it is a narrow selfishness to limit the benefits of this training to a few so-called literary professions. Surely all parts of the social and business organism have a right to demand their share of the advantages to be derived from the education of women.

Two generations since, it was expected that every man who went to college should enter one of the three learned professions to justify the cost of his education; but this idea is now obsolete, and experience is proving that the college business man, though starting later in the race than his brother, often outdistances his less-trained competitor. It is now time for a similar change of current thought in regard to women, whose education was at first assumed to lead only to the teacher's chair.

The common belief that education is wasted if applied only to domestic life has been already shown to be false by the lives of many of the graduates of Smith College. These women have been fitted both to form and to realize more intelligent ideals of home-keeping and have proved that this field gives scope for the highest exercise of their trained powers.

In the army of girls that yearly go out from our colleges, the majority of those who must earn a livelihood have still no other idea than to swell the over-crowded ranks of teachers, and to those who realize that weary waiting and disappointment are in store for many, there is a pathos in this blind following of tradition.

It was the conviction of the need of educated workers in all departments of life that led two sisters, graduates of Smith College, who sought a means of support, to turn from teaching to the laundry business. We have been asked to tell the readers of THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY about our work and to share with them some of the results of the first year's experience.

During the year before we opened our laundry, we visited personally or through representatives, over one hundred laundries, chiefly in Boston and vicinity. Our object was to learn all that we could about the conduct of the business, the appliances needed, and the merits of the methods used, and also whether it seemed to be a safe and profitable business for women to enter. This investigation was partly connected with the study of the subject made by the Boston Branch of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ in 1898. Such

a tour of inspection is very desirable, and the courtesy and kindness of laundrymen made it not only useful but pleasant. The value of our investigations has been proved to us by the fact that we have found few things that we would now wish to change, either in the building or in the methods adopted; but experience has proved such a teacher as preliminary study can never be, and is always setting new lessons.

Many laundries are in buildings not originally designed for the purpose, and are on that account much hampered in their work. As we found no building suitable for such a laundry as we proposed, we bought, after much search, a desirable lot of land, and from the information we had gained, planned and furnished a simple building, with the aid of an architect to assure proper construction. After the building was well under way, we were fortunate in securing the services of a man of wide experience in laundry-work, who advised and assisted in the setting up of the plant, and eventually continued with us as foreman. If those who have had no practical experience in the business enter upon it, the aid of an expert is essential in the first stages. To start such a business to advantage, it is well to be acquainted with the field to be covered, and to have sufficient capital at command to launch the enterprise on a good basis and maintain it till it becomes self-supporting. We believe that the laundry business offers to college women a desirable and attractive field, as will be seen from the reasons which follow.

First of all, the laundry belongs to the domestic side of life, and as such is peculiarly woman's province. Women are fitted by training and experience to be the best judges of laundry work, both of the quality and of the means to secure it. It is the women that make and mend the clothes and handle them in the home, that set the tables and make the beds, and care for the household linen, and it is the women that wear a large proportion of the finer products of the laundry. The conditions under which work is done are important in the eyes of most women, to whom the sanitary aspect of the subject especially appeals.

Another reason is that refined and intelligent women are in a better position than the average laundryman to understand and appreciate the preferences of the public and its attitude to the laundry. Such women can go among their patrons, interest them in their work, and establish sympathetic relations by respecting their wishes.

The third reason why college women are needed in the laundry business is the value of trained minds both for the successful organization of the business, and for the conduct of its innumerable details. Before we opened our laundry, a lady said to us, and doubtless many others shared her thought, that she should think we would prefer an occupation that required brain-work. We could only reply that it needed all the brains at our command. Brains are most necessary in those who superintend, but all the way down they are of prime importance. One woman in a subordinate position can, by omitting to use brains, make enough trouble in a half-hour to complicate the work for several days. What the public now wants is an opportunity to send clothes to laundries where no methods are used which the proprietors are unwilling that their patrons should know and inspect, and where no methods are used that the proprietors themselves believe can injure the

clothes. This moral standard should be easier of attainment to those who can bring education and science to bear on the solution of the problem that confronts all laundries, the question how to secure methods that are at once safe and successful.

Laundry-work is a healthful occupation. The fears that have been often entertained of danger from infection for both the patrons and the workers in public laundries have been proved by experience so groundless that it is not necessary to discuss that phase of the subject. The possible danger in the changes from a warm, moist atmosphere to the cold outside air has been found very slight; and our one large room is so thoroughly ventilated that the steaminess which people seem to expect in laundries is seldom perceptible. The business has one great element of healthfulness, variety. From more than a year's experience it seems safe to prophesy that there will always be for the proprietors a fair balance of work outside and inside the laundry, and, of the inside work, a balance of active and sedentary occupation. It is also very enjoyable. To one who is domestic in her tastes, to one who has a taste for organization or for detail, to one who likes to handle pretty things and to make them look attractive, laundry-work furnishes a congenial and pleasant field.

Nor is this work lacking in human interest. One of the attractions of the teacher's life is the probability of securing every year some new friends, the certainty of adding yearly to the circle of pleasant acquaintances and of coming into contact with many interesting young people, especially if the teacher be in a boarding-school and live with her pupils. In exchanging school for a quiet home life, the loss of this certainty is often a cause for sincere regret. The modern college training fosters the sense of human brotherhood, so that we feel the need of the inspiration of conduct with other lives for mutual helpfulness. All business life furnishes some human contact, agreeable or otherwise, and we gladly testify that among a variety of experiences, one of the pleasantest features of our work has been the introduction to many delightful people, both patrons and employees, whom it is a pleasure and inspiration to know.

To us it has been a great source of moral support that our business supplies not a luxury but a necessity. It is thus not only legitimate even to a fastidious conscience, but constant. While the amount of work varies to a certain extent with the seasons, the basis demand for it is not governed by whim or fashion, or greatly affected by fluctuations in the prosperity of the community.

A striking peculiarity of the laundry business is that each week is complete in itself, so that we make a fresh start every Monday morning. Compare it with shop-keeping, for instance; what we sell is not goods, but work; and as a rule all the work of the week is done, appraised, and delivered by Saturday night, so that it is possible then to know how much work we have done, what its value is, and approximately what it has cost to do it. This is very different from having a stock of goods on hand to carry over from week to week and month to month. There are few businesses that can take account of stock once a week, and the element of simplicity should commend this one to those who have had little commercial training and shrink from large and involved responsibilities.



Finally, there is a demand for the best kind of laundry-work, and the time is ripe for us to take advantage of the increasing interest and study that educated women are giving to domestic problems. Never in this country have so many house-keepers been striving to simplify the work of the home, and considering the possibility of removing first of all the washing, the greatest source of friction; and never have there been so many people in the community who are ready to appreciate and demand good work in this department.

It is our earnest hope that many women will with us leave the more beaten paths, and enter the new fields of usefulness that are attractively opening each day; especially that they will turn their attention to the solution of the various domestic problems which require all the skill and effort that the best trained minds can bring to them.

GRACE GROSYENOR WHITE '89.

A book has been placed in the Reading Room, in which all alumnae visiting the college are asked to sign their names. The list of visitors for each month will be published in this department of the MONTHLY.

Alumnae wishing to engage rooms for Commencement Week may procure them through Ethel Edwardes, 33 Henshaw Avenue, for a small charge. No rooms will be engaged conditionally.

Contributions to this department are desired by the second of the month in order to appear in that month's issue, and are to be sent to Ruth L. Gaines, 12 Fruit Street, Northampton.

'89. Lucy E. Allen sailed April 14 for a three months' trip through Italy, France, and England.

Martha A. Hopkins sails for Paris April 25.

'93. Caroline Brown Bourland has received the Mary E. Garret European Fellowship, given by Bryn Mawr to a student who has pursued graduate study there for two years. After graduating from Smith, Miss Bourland spent some years teaching French, studied at the Collège de France and the Sorbonne in 1897-98, was Fellow in Romance languages at Bryn Mawr in 1898-99, and is now Fellow by courtesy. Miss Bourland's major study is Spanish, her minors Italian and French.

Mary S. DuBois sailed March 3 for Naples. She expects to be in Paris early in May.

'94. Mary E. Balch was married on March 26, to Mr. Allen W. Jackson. Her address is 1004 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Mass.

'96. The address of Susan E. Foote, Elector of the College Settlements Association, is Port Henry, New York.

'97. Mary Perley Merrill is teaching in Fiske University, Nashville, Tenn.

Josephine Hallock spent the month of February on the Nile.

Helen F. Tredick is teaching in the High School at Franklin Falls, N. H.

Harriet P. Hallock Moore will sail for Germany with her husband, April 24, to be absent several months.



- '98. Cornelia Harter and Frances Comstock have returned from Europe.
- '99. Lucy E. Sinclair has been spending the winter in California.  
Gertrude Craven is teaching in a private school in Orange, N. J.  
Janet Roberts has returned from abroad.  
Caroline Hills spent the winter in Milwaukee, Wis.  
Laura Crandon is teaching in the High School at Milford, Mass.  
Sarah Whitman spent the summer studying Spanish in the Summer School of Languages in Amherst, Mass., and is now teaching at Rhine-land, Mr. Charles E. Fish's preparatory school for girls at Poughkeep-sie, N. Y.  
Mary D. Torr is teaching civil government and algebra in the High School at Logansport, Ind.  
Flora B. Hall has announced her engagement to Mr. Charles Stillman Whitney of Middletown, Conn.

## BIRTHS

- '96. Mrs. Herbert Sydney Humphrey (Constance Plumer McCalmont), a daughter, Margaret McCalmont, born March 20, in Kalamazoo, Mich.
- '97. Mrs. John Watrous Knight (Lillian Ware), a son, Richard Watrous, born March 11.

## ABOUT COLLEGE

No Smith girl needs to be told that the Dewey House is the oldest of the campus houses, and she is glad to infer from its apparent age that it was not named after Admiral George Dewey. Its

**History of Campus Houses** original owner was Mr. Charles A. Dewey, a graduate of Williams College, and one of its trustees for forty years. Upon moving to Northampton in 1826, he bought what was thereafter known as the Dewey Farm, tore down the log-cabin which he found there, and on its site built his new house with the pillared front. Mr. Dewey was a lawyer of prominence, and judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts for twenty-nine years, until his death in 1866. Dr. James G. Holland spent part of his boyhood at Judge Dewey's house, and here, on the death of his playmate, James Dewey, he wrote his first poem. Twenty-seven years ago the Dewey Farm and the adjoining estate of Judge Lyman were bought for the Smith College campus; the old house itself was moved back from its original site, and though additions became necessary, the Dewey House occupied its position in the center of the campus until the summer of 1898, when it had to withdraw somewhat, to make room for Seelye Hall.

For the twenty-two students entered in the catalogue from the opening of college, in the fall of 1875, to 1877, the Dewey afforded accommodations. In the summer of 1877, however, the Hatfield was built to meet increasing needs; it was, as is obvious, named from the town where Miss Smith was born and lived. The Washburn followed during the next summer, known at first as the "New House," until the Hubbard was built in the summer of 1879. Then both were named, the former for Hon. William B. Washburn, of Greenfield, who was one of the original trustees of the college, holding the position until his death fourteen years ago. He was prominent in a political way, for he served in both houses of Congress and as Governor of Massachusetts. The Hubbard House was named for the Hon. George W. Hubbard, of Hatfield, Miss Smith's chief adviser in the founding of the college. He resigned his position of president of the board of Smith Charities to become college treasurer, having long served as trustee.

In 1885, the college bought the old Stoddard house on the opposite side of Elm Street. It had been built some years when, in 1809, it was bought by Solomon Stoddard, and occupied by him and his family until 1860. Mr. Stoddard was a lawyer by profession, and town clerk and clerk of courts at Northampton.

These five houses were equal to the demands of the college for four years more. Then the Wallace House was built, in 1889, named for the Hon. Rodney Wallace, of Fitchburg, a trustee of the college since 1878. 1892 saw the completion of the Morris House and the Lawrence House, both named for

influential alumnæ and trustees, Mrs. Kate Morris Cone '78, and Mrs. Elizabeth Lawrence Clarke '83. The Dickinson followed in 1894, bearing the name of a benefactor of the college, Mr. Samuel Dickinson, of Hatfield.

The gift of Miss Mary A. Tenney added another house to the college property. Miss Tenney's father came to Northampton about thirty years ago, and occupied this house, which had already been standing many years.

The Tyler House, ready for use at the opening of the fall term in 1898, is named after the Rev. W. S. Tyler, who was a member of the Amherst faculty, original president of the board of trustees of Smith College, and a member of the board until his death, in 1898.

Our latest acquisitions are the Haven and Wesley Houses, too recent, perhaps, to need explanation; the latter thus called because of its proximity to the Methodist Church, the former for Miss Eliza Haven, who bequeathed money in her will to the Astronomical department of the college. The rapidly materializing house on Bedford Terrace is to have the name of the old Stoddard House, which was torn down in the summer of 1899.

MARY EUNICE WEAD 1902.

The Senior Dramatics Committee announces the following cast for "Twelfth Night:"

Orsino, Duke of Illyria.....	Emogene Mahony
Sebastian, brother to Viola.....	Bessie Storrs Rogers
Antonio, a sea captain, friend to Sebastian....	Mary Louise Deane
A sea captain, friend to Viola.....	Clara Denison Loomis
Valentine } gentlemen attending on the Duke....	Madeleine Zabriskie Doty
Curio }	Ethel Norcross Fish
Sir Toby Belch, uncle to Olivia.....	Cornelia Brownell Gould
Sir Andrew Aguecheek.....	Bertha Wendell Groesbeck
Malvolio, steward to Olivia.....	Mabel Winifred Hartsuff
Fabian }	Eva Cornelia Foster
Feste, a clown } servants to Olivia.....	Harriet Mumford Ross
Olivia.....	Alma Hoegh
Viola.....	Eliza Jane Goodsell
Maria, Olivia's woman.....	Helen Mary Janney
Priest.....	Carolyn Schubert Wurster
First officer.....	Fanny Scott
Second officer.....	Marie Emilie Jones

The members of the committee are: Elizabeth Porter Meier, Florence Allen Whitney, Laurel Louisa Fletcher, Keturah Sherman Beers, Julia Marguerite Gray, Faith Robinson Leavens.

The morning of March 21 ushered in the great gala day of the college. The juniors, to be sure, have their "Prom," but for the other classes, the Glee Club Concert is the crowning social event

The Glee Club Concert of the year, long enjoyed both in anticipation and in retrospection. This year the enjoyment fell in no wise short of the usual pitch. Socially the concert was as great a

success as ever, while musically it was an improvement over former years in several respects.

For once the weather seemed inclined to approve of our gayety, and the afternoon teas were not spoiled by a preliminary dash through rain or snow to the houses which were entertaining. In all the campus houses, the rooms were, as usual, transformed from their every-day plainness into unusually attractive reception and dance rooms, where, contrary to ordinary conventions, day was turned into night and dancing enjoyed as much as if it were ten instead of five o'clock.

In the evening the Academy of Music presented that attractive appearance on which outsiders never fail to comment, and simple but artistic programs promised pleasures to come. The promise was fulfilled; from the opening chords of "Fair Smith" to the last rousing lines from "The Ameer," there were few selections that did not call forth enthusiastic applause. The Glee Club was in unusually good form, the parts being well proportioned and the singing spirited. One or two selections were a little uninteresting, but most of them were well adapted to a glee club concert. The lullabies proved great favorites, as usual, and the selections from the popular operas proved great hits, as can be attested by any one who has frequented the campus houses since the concert.

The Banjo Club was an improvement upon last year's. A judicious selection of pieces and attention to time and spirit resulted in an excellent performance. In reading over the program, the selections of the Mandolin Club seemed a little bit ambitious, but it soon proved that such was not the case. Supported by the harp and violins, the mandolins "discoursed such sweet music" that we were only sorry when their selections were ended. The artistic finish displayed was unusual in a club of such a character and showed what is possible through hard work and careful training. In all of the clubs there was evidence of that same spirit of ease and enjoyment of their work, that "true glee spirit" referred to in regard to the Christmas Concert.

Taken all in all, those who had been so fortunate as to get tickets felt amply repaid for the weary time spent in "standing in line," and the class of 1900 is confident that no concert can excel that given their senior year.

ANNA LAURA RAMSEY 1900.

On March 14, the Sarm-Ganok Society presented "The Critic, or a Tragedy Rehearsed," written by Sheridan. The cast of characters was as follows:

Dangle....	Clara Davis
Puff.....	Mary Fisher
Sneer.....	Amy Dickerman
Sir Fretful Plagiary.....	Caroline Grier
Interpreter.....	Lilian Hull
Prompter	} Maud Prescott
Signor Pasticcio Ritornello	
Signore Pasticcio Ritornello.....	{ Ruth Albright
	{ Sara Fisher
Mrs. Dangle.....	Mary Bellows
Servant.....	Lucy Wicker



CHARACTERS OF THE TRAGEDY

Lord Burleigh.....	Elizabeth Dike
Governor of Tilbury Fort .....	Mary Barstow
Earl of Leicester.....	Kate Puffer
Sir Walter Raleigh.....	Caroline Saunders
Sir Christopher Hatton.....	Alice Duryee
Master of the Horse.....	Edith Pope
Don Ferolo Whiskerandos.....	Lucy Ellsworth
Beefeater.....	Agnes Patton
Justice.....	Jean Morron
Son.....	Grace Parker
Constable.....	Leslie Mitchell
Tilburina.....	Ethel Howard
Confidante.....	Louise West
Justice's Lady.....	Allie Locke
First Niece.....	Florence Whitin
Second Niece.....	Achsa Barlow

Burlesque is one of the things which amateurs can best perform, and among the numberless limitations which surround the choice of a house-play, the Hatfield, Dewey, and Wesley Houses were fortunate in deciding upon one with this element.

The lack of action in the first act was helped by the animation of the conversation and by the introduction of the "Mexican Love Song" from "Arizona," sung by Miss Albright. The burlesque in the last two acts was very well done and exceedingly funny. A climax was reached by the melodramatic Tilburina in the mad scene. The elastic Sir Walter Raleigh, with his rolling eyes, and the Beefeater, with his remarkable gait, delighted the audience. The short part of the Justice's son was perfect. Miss Fisher's interpretation of the part of Puff deserves especial mention. She succeeded in adapting voice, expression, and gesture admirably to the part, and was consistent throughout. Puff is a part which could easily have been overdone, but Miss Fisher was always natural, thus preserving the contrast with the professedly burlesque characters. Miss Davis made a handsome and most acceptable Dangle.

In keeping with the play were the stage settings. Tilbury Fort bristling with cannon formed a clever background for Puff's play. The simplicity of the settings allowed extra energy for costumes, many of which were particularly effective.

On March 12, President G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University, lectured before an open meeting of the Philosophical Society, his subject being, "The New Psychology." President Hall spoke in a

"The New Psychology" very informal and easy manner, expressing a desire to speak with great freedom on a subject of vital interest to him. This "new psychology," of which President Hall is our most distinguished exponent, lays its emphasis upon objective rather than upon subjective analysis. Great progress has been made in re-

cent years in the psychological laboratory, each new discovery serving to increase our wonder as we contemplate this intricate brain-structure with its thousands of million cells. Valuable contributions have been made to the study of psychology by the observation of animals. Study of this sort shows that animals possess a certain crude sort of reason. As we ascend in the scale of animal life from the lowest forms up to man, we find instinct predominating at first, but decreasing as we ascend, while reason is meantime increasing until in man it predominates. It is in our observations of children that we notice traces of man's earlier instincts. The controlling power of reason over instinct in the world comes to our minds when we consider the small place that man occupies numerically in the animal kingdom; indeed, if all the animals who are now eating one another should suddenly turn and devour man at the same rate, only a few seconds would elapse before every human being would have vanished from the face of the earth.

Other contributions to this subject have been made by the study of defectives and of the insane. The study of primitive peoples, their myths and superstitions, has been of great value in tracing the religious instinct in man. In closing, President Hall emphasized with great earnestness his belief in the intimate connection between psychology and life, and he left no doubt that with him this study finds its highest inspiration in the conviction that psychology is the firm supporter of religion.

CLARA LOUISE KNEELAND 1900.

On April 2, Mrs. Elizabeth Lawrence Clark and Miss Gulliver, both trustees of the college, and both members of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae, met the senior class for the purpose of interesting them in the work of the Association. At the close of the meeting membership blanks were given to the students and the following prospectus:

"The Association of Collegiate Alumnae invites to its membership all women graduates in arts, philosophy, science or literature from colleges, universities and scientific schools recognized by it as institutional members. These institutions are, at present: Barnard College, Boston University, Bryn Mawr College, University of California, University of Chicago, Cornell University, University of Kansas, Leland Stanford Junior University, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, University of Michigan, University of Minnesota, University of Nebraska, Northwestern University, Oberlin College, Radcliffe College, Smith College, University of Syracuse, Vassar College, Wellesley College, Wesleyan University, University of Wisconsin and the Women's College of Western Reserve University.

The Association was organized in 1882, for the purpose of uniting college women for practical educational work; it is the only body representing the college women of the country as a whole. There are at present about two thousand members out of more than twelve thousand women graduates eligible for membership. Twenty-two local branches coöperate with the National Association in its general work.

The Association defrays the salary and expenses of a Secretary-Treasurer, who gives her whole time to its educational work. A foreign fellowship of

\$500 is awarded annually and an annual contribution is made towards the maintenance of an American Woman's Table at the Zoölogical Station at Naples. A Council to Accredite Women for Advanced Work at Foreign Universities awards certificates of fitness to secure more readily for properly qualified Americans the privileges open to women at a Foreign University. An educational magazine, a list of membership and other publications are printed and circulated among the members.

The educational work of the Association is much restricted by insufficient funds. Facts could be collected and published concerning many subjects of great interest to college women, and the work of the Association could be extended and broadened in many ways if every eligible woman graduate would become a member and thus support the work of the Association.

The annual membership fee is one dollar. All inquiries or applications for membership should be addressed to

(Miss) KATE HOLLADAY CLAGHORN,  
Richmond Hill, New York."

The New England History Teachers' Association, one of the newer educational organizations of the country, has already proved its usefulness and thus justified the assumptions of its founders. Its meetings, held every fall and spring in Boston and attended by a hundred or more teachers of history from the various colleges and secondary schools of New England, have been marked by discussions directly valuable to all those engaged in this work. These discussions are always based upon reports carefully elaborated by committees appointed for the purpose, and by the free and spirited interchange of comment and criticism and suggestion have proved most stimulating and instructive. The subjects treated thus far have been: "Methods of Teaching History"; "The Ethical Value of History"; "Text-books in American History"; "College Entrance Requirements in History"; "Courses of Study in History for Elementary and Secondary Schools." These reports and discussions are published and thus rendered accessible to a large circle of teachers. Their influence may already be clearly seen in the arrangement and conduct of history courses in many schools. The next meeting of the Association will be held April 21, at Boston University, and the discussions will be based upon a report presented by Dr. Hazen, as chairman of the Committee on Historical Materials.

The annual basket ball game between the sophomores and the freshmen took place on Saturday afternoon, March 31. At twenty minutes past two o'clock the groups of excited girls, who were

**The Basket Ball Game** "casually wandering about the campus," were unable to restrain themselves any longer, and the lines were formed in less time than it takes to tell of it. Within the gymnasium the red and green decorations were most effective. Red shirt waists, tams, and cape linings made up the line of color on one side, while ribbons and yellow daffodils did duty on the other. The entrance of the sophomore team was heralded by the bugler who had been surreptitiously

stowed away on the sophomore side. The team itself introduced a new feature into the decorative scheme by letting loose little red rubber balloons, which rose to the ceiling, gayly flapping their red and purple streamers, while the jingle of sleigh bells formed the response from the freshman side. In the playing itself there was the most intense interest, and it seemed a surprisingly short time from the tossing in of the first ball to the announcement of the score, "nineteen to ten in favor of the sophomores."

On Thursday evening, March 29, Dr. MacDougal, director of the New York Botanical Garden, lectured before the Biological Society and its guests. The subject of Dr. MacDougal's lecture was "The Effect of Darkness upon the Plant." Dr. MacDougal illustrated his theory, that light does not play the important part in the physiological development of the plant which is commonly assigned to it, by photographs and accounts of experiments which he had personally been conducting during the last few years.

The senior class takes pleasure in announcing that Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie is to be its Commencement Orator.

## CALENDAR

- |       |     |  |
|-------|-----|--|
| April | 19, | Easter vacation ends.  |
|       | 21, | Alpha Society.   |
|       | 24, | Colloquium.  |
|       | 25, | Hubbard House Dramatics.                                     |
|       | 26, | Students' Building Entertainment. Miss Beatrice Herford.     |
|       | 27, | Joint meeting of the Philosophical and Biological Societies. |
|       | 28, | Phi Kappa Psi Society.                                       |
| May   | 2,  | Junior-Senior Entertainment.                                 |
|       | 3,  | Biological Society.  |
|       | 5,  | Robotham-Belmont House Dance.                                |
|       | 9,  | Junior Promenade.  |
|       | 10, | Greek Club. Open Meeting.                                    |
|       | 12, | Alpha Society. Open-closed Meeting.                          |
|       | 15, | Colloquium.  |



The  
Smith College  
Monthly

May - 1900.

Conducted by the Senior Class.

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THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY is published at Northampton, Massachusetts, on the 15th of each month, during the year from October to June, inclusive. Terms, \$1.50 a year, in advance. Single numbers, 20 cents. Contributions may be left at 3 Gymnasium Hall. Subscriptions may be sent to E. M. deLong, 27 High Street, Northampton.

Entered at the Post Office at Northampton, Massachusetts, as second class matter.

GAZETTE PRINTING COMPANY, NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

# THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

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*Vol. VII.*

*MAY, 1900.*

*No. 8.*

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## *AN ESTIMATE OF ANDREW JACKSON*

The man whom Albert Gallatin described as "tall, lank, with long hair and wild eyes, and manners of a rough backwoodsman," and who was described, a few years later, by one of the foremost ladies of the land, as the courtliest gentleman she had ever met, had more in him than the power to produce such a change merely in his personal attractions. He changed absolutely the entire political trend of thought in his time, he created one party and so wounded the opposing faction that it never fully recovered. He carried on wars of sword and tongue and was equally victorious in both. He took an attitude of daring defiance toward foreign nations such as made the country hold its breath for fear, and received in return a respect and veneration which the country had never before known ; and he stood before the people on the day of his withdrawal from office more beloved by the people than any retiring officer before or since.

To frail humanity a man like Jackson is aggravatingly attractive,—the kind of man whose actions actually keep within the few sketchy lines laid down to delineate his character, whose accomplishments in life can be mathematically calcula-

ted from certain given qualities known to start with : intense self-confidence, strong will, wonderful unity—almost narrowness—in thought and action, indomitable courage, and enough mental force and energy to inspire the whole country with confidence. And added to this combination of characteristics, or because of it, was the blessing of good fortune, without which no man stays long before the public eye. From his earliest efforts everything he undertook was crowned with a success that dazzled the public into a madness of confidence in his ability. That the man never would acknowledge defeat of any kind may have had more than an ordinary share in his repeated successes.

The habits brought about by Jackson's early circumstances left an indelible stamp upon his life throughout his entire career. His main ideas and ambitions were in no way affected by the influences brought to bear on his life, but, remaining steadfast and true to the few principles his simplicity allowed him to make, he kept his ambitions and abhorrences uniform always and shaped his course to correspond. At fourteen, by the death of mother and brother, Andrew Jackson was left absolutely alone in a region of the country where men lived like beasts, toiling all day simply to get food to live, and fighting one another as easily and as often as they struggled with the inclement forces of nature. Here no weakling could exist. Each man looked out for himself and confided in none but his weapons. Society consisted of hot debates concerning personal relations, which generally ended in bloodshed sooner or later. Jackson had almost no school advantages and never studied law, but he had very intimate experience in its practical application in the position of prosecutor, which required great boldness and intrepidity. Many a lesson was here learned that was applied later with great effect. It was natural, then, that in this sort of life everything should assume a personal point of view in respect to things and people. No wonder he was self-centered, when, if he said a careless word or did a thoughtless thing, he might have been shot for it. No wonder he acted with vigor and violence, letting the end justify the means ; and no wonder that, when the war with the English and the Indians in Florida broke out, the United States had no braver soldier nor more successful and unscrupulous commander. He inspired confidence by the tones of his voice, and his men would willingly follow him to the mouth of the cannon, so great was



their devotion and so absolute their trust in his ability to succeed. His good luck, too, was noticeable in the campaign, caused by ignorance of the locality on the part of the English, who frequently got lost or were confused by contradictory reports, and Jackson was always in a position to profit by their dilemmas.

Jackson accepted the homage of his men without comment, rather as a matter of course; and when, after his military prowess was known, the whole country suddenly clamored for him as their political head as well, he accepted that with equal calmness, while all the thinking men of the time stood in absolute amazement at this sudden freak of the masses. "Nothing succeeds like success." Nothing Jackson touched ever stood still, and the people were ready to have some vigorous leader defend their rights; they wanted one taught in the same school with them, so that they could follow his plans and understand his measures. In short, the people had reached the stage of familiarity with the government where contempt is bred, and they felt an overwhelming confidence in their own ability to do that which heretofore they had received submissively from the hands of grave and wise statesmen. Jackson was a man like themselves, and in his short, passionate utterances, rather than speeches, he made them realize that he was one with them and for them. He entered office with a striking majority, and immediately took command as completely and regardlessly as if he had been the head of an army, rather than the limited executive of a republic.

These army principles of "to the victor belong the spoils" were immediately manifest in the system of giving offices in the government to party sympathizers, which Jackson organized as a permanent institution in the campaign,—one of the worst tributes a leader could possibly give to a country and yet one which is an inevitable outcome of party strife. Another one of his peculiar political methods was his support of a "Kitchen Cabinet," as it was called, a body of advisers who were entirely in sympathy with all his measures and considered his word as law. In this he in no way compromised his sense of duty toward the nation, for it was a part of his creed to believe that these men who were his personal friends were the most devoted friends to the country, just as he thought his personal enemies were the most dangerous members of the state.

The quality of making personality a criterion of private or public affairs was another trait of his barbarian instinct.

In spite of the singleness of Jackson's aims, his attitude of mind towards the Constitution, its limits and its privileges, was one of constant surprise to his friends; and, although he was steadfast in his opinions when once formed, they were almost inconsistent, they were so different. With regard to the rights of states he was a strict constructionist of the Constitution, and granted them only such rights as were actually given to them. By this decision and his splendid vigor and precision of action, Jackson prevented further action under the nullification threats of South Carolina, and thereby paid his greatest service to the country,—a service for which no man then living would have had such strong convictions and the daring to stand by them. On the other hand, in his mind the privileges granted by the Constitution to the Executive and Congress were almost innumerable,—everything not prohibited to it or granted to some other body. He conceived it his unchallenged right to perform almost any act of legislation in the absence of Congress, if he became convinced of the value of the measure; and used his veto power unsparingly and persistently on subjects which he considered harmful. For instance, he fought the National Bank Bill with his veto and so many other weapons that he was censured by the Senate for unconstitutional interference; whereupon he declared that such censure entirely overrode the powers of the legislative body and was an illegal process of impeachment. After he left office, his victory came to him—delayed, but satisfactorily humiliating to his enemies—by the expunging of the censure with the names of its advocates from the statute-book of the Senate.

I have said Jackson had the unique honor of being the same idol of the people when he descended the throne,—for it was a throne to him,—as when he mounted it; he was more than that, he was still their ruler. Over Martin Van Buren's signature his strong and distinctive opinions still appeared. With his well-known vigor the veto was applied throughout his successor's term, and, when Van Buren failed in the second election, even then all his power was not lost; for his never forgetting, never conquered pen sent many a scathing and insinuating message against his old enemy, Henry Clay, as he watched with his accustomed calmness the pitiful downfall of his last and greatest enemy.

It seems especially cruel of the fates to have placed Henry Clay and Andrew Jackson in the same age. Two statesmen could scarcely be a greater contrast : one positive, reckless, bold, popular, and fortunate ; the other careful, discriminating, compromising, respected, but trusted by none for his continued ill luck ; Jackson inconsequent, without education or position, no hereditary ambitions, little conscience except his impulses, but with confidence in self and in the people and an unequaled vigor ; Clay, an aristocrat from a loyal southern family, refined, cultivated, splendidly educated, and possessing a keen, sensitive mind which rehearsed both sides of a question so thoroughly and fairly that it dwelt upon compromise as the solution of everything ; ambitious with an eager, nervous vigor that inspired no confidence ; given to sudden changes of hope and despair that brought the man much personal devotion, but the candidate none ; of peculiar dependence and camaraderie with his friends, in vivid contrast with the rival who chose from his vast train one or two whom he could mold to his own opinions to make his friends. Yet Clay was a genius, one of the greatest orators and statesmen the world has ever known ; one who three times steered the nation safely around the rocks whereon it seemed certain she would go to pieces, and who swayed the Senate with his words as no man has done since. Jackson could scarcely bluster through the shortest speech, so violent were his actions, so little his rhetorical talent. Yet almost without a personal effort he was borne on the shoulders of the masses to the highest place in the government, where he could watch the anguish of the defeated man from his superior position.

For explanation of it all, one can go back to the beginning and repeat : absolutely independent in thought ; vigorous and immediate in action ; fighting an enemy, public, personal, political, and military, without a deviation until it was conquered, for conquered it always was ; never changing his mind, but sticking to an opinion right or wrong, he never apologized, never compromised, never explained, never even feared,—a character made from the very elements of nature, too strong to live more than once in a decade.

HANNAH GOULD JOHNSON.

## *THE TRUE INSIGHT*

In one frail bark,  
Tossed on a raging sea,  
There crouched a soul in its human frame.  
It marked on the face its agony of fear,—  
The awfulness of sound with none to hear,—  
Till something which shall be without a name  
Did come from out Eternity.

With its guise  
Of tranquillity thrown off, the sea  
Plunged vainly to escape low-bending clouds,  
Which drove the waves with lightning reins,  
That glistened, changeful, on the foaming manes.  
And now the human eyes did watch the shrouds  
Of blackness rise eternally,

With calmness born  
Of strength ; for now the sea  
Appeared but as the molded nature of His hands,  
The Absolute, who rules expression of His power.  
Though floods o'erwhelmed the bark, the soul refused to cower,  
But left its body washed upon the paling sands,  
And entered on Eternity.

JESSAMINE KIMBALL.

## *ACTOR AND DRAMATIST COMBINED*

The combination of actor and dramatist must always be associated in our minds with the name of Shakespeare. Our greatest dramatist was an actor. Sheridan and Molière, dramatists of less fame but of remarkable merit, were actors. An inference from these facts would seem to show that the union of the powers of the actor and the dramatist in one individual is a condition favorable to the production of the best results in dramatic art ; that the dramatist and actor together can accomplish more than the dramatist alone,—that is, the qualities of



the actor have an essential place in the list of those qualities which go to make up the great dramatist.

It is evident that to be an actor is not necessarily to be a dramatist. To be a dramatist one must have the ability to construct a good plot, to develop it by means of the dramatic action of consistent characters, to arrange the whole work in relation to a central theme or motif. Now it is conceivable that one may be able to construct a drama and fulfil these fundamental conditions without being sensitive to the technicalities which are essential to a well-knit play and to the effects which are the finishing touches of a work of art.

In fact, such a condition is not only conceivable, but actually exists. The readers at all well-known theatres are constantly receiving plays from young writers,—plays containing original plots, originally and strikingly treated, which, by reason of an entire disregard on the part of the author for these same technicalities and effects, are disqualified for presentation upon the stage. Actors' entrances and exits are not prepared for; characters are left helpless upon the stage with nothing to do or say; lines, situations occur which have no reason for being and fail to secure any effect. If some kind reader had felt a moral obligation to return together with the manuscript a word of criticism, we might even now have our long looked-for American dramatist; but unfortunately a reader's table is heaped too high to admit of the objectification of such a feeling in action. We must look for the remedy in some other direction.

If the dramatist were actor, a knowledge of the traditions and demands of the stage, obtained by that close connection with it which an actor has, would certainly eliminate some of the difficulties. But is there no other method from which the same result would follow? Surely the modern playwright has as many opportunities as the actor for being educated in the rules of the stage. He has but to attach himself to a theatre, to live in it for a time, and study as he would in a school to learn the lesson that will be of service to him.

In two ways, then, can the difficulties of technicalities be conquered. But there is another class of failures among dramatists, the cause for which is an inability to feel the dramatic effect produced by lines, situations, pauses, not required by the plot, but whose justification lies entirely in their emotional quality. The actor by his art infuses color, life, vitality into

the words that the dramatist has written. Hence, because of his power of expression, he grows to have a feeling for the value of the things which are the mediums of expression, for the small things of a play, the word, the pause, the gesture. The dramatist, then, if he is an actor, will learn to choose his words by examining the psychological states which they produce. He will learn to use not only words, but all the means for expression, in such a way that the dramatic effect may be most forcible. The dramatic touches will set off the situations, and the play as a whole will gain in emotional power. Mr. Gillette and Mr. Pinero, actor-dramatists of the day, have to the highest degree the feeling for effect, the dramatic sensibility ; and their plays are proofs of its essential value.

There is still another point in which the histrionic art of the actor is helpful to the dramatist, and that a matter not so much of technicalities or finish, as of the training and education of the whole man for his career as a writer of plays. One important function of the dramatist is to create characters. This he does by projecting himself by means of his imagination into the thoughts and emotions of another personality. The truer his emotions, the more lifelike the characters that he creates. But to lose oneself in another's personality is the very essence of the art of the actor.

If we accept Professor James's theory of the emotions, then we must agree that the gestures and bodily expressions by which an actor seeks to portray a character, arouse in him just that emotion which his lines express,—an emotion as real and vivid as any of his experiences in his own person. At will, then, the actor-dramatist produces in himself emotion. The expression of that emotion is easily found when once it has been actually experienced. Aristotle considers the process of entering sympathetically into characters a legitimate method of the dramatist. "The poet," he says, "should work out his play to the best of his power with appropriate gestures, for those who feel emotions are most impressive by force of sympathy. One who is agitated storms, one who is angry rages, with the most lifelike reality. Hence poetry implies either a happy gift of nature or a strain of madness. In the one case, a man can take the mold of a character ; in the other, he is lifted out of his proper self."

There are, then, at least three instances in which it is of ad-

vantage to the dramatist to be an actor. It remains to consider the disadvantages, if any, which would lead one to hesitate to accept the combination as an ideal condition. In so far as dramatists are or have been on the stage, it is natural for them to write for the actor of the day rather than for the audience. Mr. Pinero does this; Shakespeare, it is said, did it. He had always played small parts himself, and so when he came to write plays, he had so great a sympathy for his fellow-sufferers of the stage, that he remembered all the petty actors in the company and made for them parts in which they might have opportunity for exhibiting their own especial talents. That he used the same method in the creation of his great characters, we cannot suppose. For it is evident that, if a dramatist considers the actors rather than the theme of the play, there is danger that he will make his characters fit the actors rather than that the characters shall be such as to call forth the artistic creative power of the actors; and drama and acting will degenerate together.

When a dramatist writes plays in which he himself is actor, as in the case of Mr. Gillette, the danger is quite as great, if not greater. Mr. Gillette aims only as high as he can reach; therefore from Mr. Gillette we shall not expect great plays, which shall last even when the author is not here to play in them. They tell us that it is a mistake to consider plays as literary creations, that plays in these days are built,—built in the theatre. If that is so, and if the builder is an actor, it would seem as if the drama must soon lose that influence upon the community which has made it a power in culture. An actor's life is surely narrower, more technical, more limited in its resources, than that of a man working as literary artist. To live in the midst of the machinery of the stage must impair and check the free flight of the imaginative faculty and make one look at everything from the point of stage-craft rather than of life. If the drama is to be of any true worth to us, a sympathetic observation of men, the intimate knowledge of a varied, stirring, and stimulating life must lie at its basis.

The reason why Shakespeare was not fettered by his profession is that he lived at the close of a great creative, artistic epoch, in a world just awakened to an interest in itself and its undertakings. It is different with the dramatist of to-day. If he loses his sympathy with his fellow-beings and his hold on

life, his plays will tend to be merely a setting for a string of striking situations, dramatic episodes, and dazzling scenes,—marvels of stage-craft, if you will,—but no amount of such matter can compensate for the loss of that vital significance which we demand of our great dramas. Let the dramatist be an actor if he will,—so much the better; but if he is to be the dramatist of the future, he must remember to keep his eyes turned, not toward the stage and the actors, but to men and life.

KATE FAIRBANKS PUFFER.

### MUSIC

Above the tangled problems of our life,  
When all is hard to see and understand,  
Above the sorrow and the ceaseless care,  
    All-feeling music moves  
    In constant sympathy.

Within the hollow heaven, countless stars  
Whirl out their chimes through changing day and night,  
Until our very silence is a song  
    That needs but added contrast  
    To broaden into sound.

Within the deepened shadows of the wood,  
Where satin moths flit out in broadest day,  
Where tiny creatures curl beneath the stones,  
    And birds sing low at night,  
    There music spreads her hands.

Beneath the beating surf her voices speak,  
Beneath the dreamy lap of harbor waves,  
Within the silent sweep of flooding tide,  
    Whose very stillness makes  
    The purest, noblest song.

Through many voices music speaks to men,  
And stirs with every voice a different chord  
Within our hearts. No life so out of tune  
    But faintly echoes back  
    Some single throbbing note.



To him whose life is laden down with toil  
A softened note brings peace and quiet rest,  
With added strength to meet another day,  
    To bear the endless strife  
    With thronging, crowded life.

To him whose soul is bursting in his breast  
With hidden thoughts for which no words were made,  
To him, beyond the tiny world of speech,  
    A sea of harmony  
    Lies open, endless, wide.

Against the heart of one who drags his life  
In hopeless chain, because the light is not  
That once was bright, a thousand voices beat ;  
    For all the world doth sing,  
    “ In noble failure, gain.”

Across the dark, cold river music swells  
To meet the voices in the great beyond,  
To chain our drifting world with links of sound,  
    And so to draw it closer  
    To heaven and to God.

HELEN ISABEL WALBRIDGE.

## GLIMPSES OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE

No branch of literature bears more strongly the impress of national personality or reveals more vividly the intimate human interests of a people than does its folk-lore. Through an intuitive understanding, oftentimes apparently superficial legends reveal a wealth of picturesque fancy and a deep spiritual or psychological phase expressed through no other medium, or else throw into a sympathetic light some dark and misunderstood portion of history. In America especially has the study and appreciation of a national folk-lore been invaluable. Of many different types and heterogeneous, as is everything else American, it is yet always picturesque, vital, and intimately descriptive of the different phases it represents. Through this medium of expression we are led to see the picturesque and poetic nature of the Indian, the quaint vein of fancy of the southern negro, and to enter with a more sympathetic understanding into the study of the witchcraft delusion and the psychological condition that made it possible.

Indian folk-lore, however, with the vividness and intensity of a virile New World, the scent of the primal forest, and the sound of the untraversed sea, in all its conceptions stands out as preëminently and characteristically American. We find represented in it two distinct classes. The first consists of the same fairy tales, with only a difference in local coloring, as those which we find in *Wonder Clock*, the *Märchen*, or the *Edda*,—stories with the same progressive repetition so delightful to childish ears, the same representation of the remarkable ogre who is continually detecting human flesh through his most surprising olfactory abilities, the same eloquent raven, and the same lovely princess who will insist upon dwelling in an inconveniently distant glass palace,—stories that seem to point so directly to a common nursery in the childhood of the world. The second class, more distinctively American owing to its local color and the naïve charm of its conceptions, consists of the nature myths. Their first value is probably ethical, in that they present to us a new poetic and spiritual beauty in the Indian's nature. Without this reflection of his inner being, the Red Man would have passed from among us leaving as the only record of his sojourn the memory of the tomahawk and the bowie-knife. The greatest value of these myths is, however, purely artistic. Their naïve charm, vivid picturesqueness, and delicate touches of fancy can hardly be described.

Most often these myths originate in some simple and yet ingenious endeavor to account for natural phenomena. One of the quaintest among the Indian legends concerns the origin of Nantucket. The terrible Indian giant, *Manshope*, who spends most of his time enjoying his pipe, the smoke from which causes heavy mists all along the coast, or else preparing his breakfasts of a whale or so broiled over burning trees torn up during his rambles, one day decided that he should enjoy a stroll out into the ocean. He had gone several miles and the water reached about to his knees, when it occurred to him that his happiness would be greatly increased by the genial company of his pipe. After puffing away contentedly for a brief space, thus obscuring the coast for miles around with a thick fog, he casually knocked the ashes from his pipe, and the island of Nantucket was formed. Another picturesque myth is of the Witch of Ontiora, the Indian name for the Catskills. This imperious old lady dwells on a lofty peak and occupies her time most energetically

with distaff and wheel, spinning clouds for the mountain tops and valleys. When she is in a good humor and pleased with the people below, she spins and casts to the winds floating billows of delicately tinted sheen; but when she is angered, her spinning-wheel rumbles under the weight of her foot, lightning darts from her eyes, and she hurls out dark masses of clouds obscuring the sun and gathering threateningly around the mountain peaks. She is as busy as well as capricious little lady, and when not occupied in spinning, is overseeing her little band of gnomes. They have a hard life of it forging new moons to suit her ladyship; for, if displeased with their cut or coloring, she snips and slashes until she has, neatly arranged in a dark cave, another night's supply of stars. One other matter that also requires very strict attention is the disposal of the smoke from the forges. The greatest care and ingenuity is necessary to prevent its reaching the valley, except during Indian summer, when the people expect haze. Those troublesome spirits, Day and Night, are also a source of great anxiety, especially at twilight and dawn, when they often quarrel so fiercely for possession of the valley that the little lady is almost beside herself before she can master them and confine them to their respective caves.

In addition to the usual beauty and virile charm of Indian tradition, there is one story especially noticeable for imaginative power and for a beauty of spiritual suggestion which seems hardly possible at first sight, when considered as coexistent with the belief in the incantations of the medicine-men.

Opaleeta, chief of the Chatas, and his people dwell on the edge of the Bayou Lacombe, a wonderfully clear lake that reflects distinctly the gorgeous Louisiana foliage and at sunset is opalescent with crimson and gold and delicate twilight tints. But to Opaleeta and his people this is merely a faint reflection of the Underland revealed to them by the Great Spirit; for Opaleeta himself had once fallen into the bayou, and almost reached the gates of the Underland before he was rescued and brought to life by the mysterious powers of the medicine-men. He described to his people the beauties of the land he had seen, and every Chata chief dies with a joyous death song on his lips, for he is sure his lodge is waiting for him in the Underland at the bottom of Bayou Lacombe.

The negro folk-lore presents a difficult problem at the outset, owing to the difficulty of distinguishing between the native and

the adopted. The negroes seemed to be a naturally credulous race and readily assimilated all the superstitions they found existing in this country. There is one contribution to our folk-lore, however, that seems to bear uniquely the impress of their personality,—namely, the Uncle Remus stories. The quaint, half-serious, half-comic, delightful, and yet absurd characterizations of Br'er Fox and Br'er Rabbit reveal an imaginative quality representative of a distinctly original phase of the negro's mind.

The New England seaboard is especially rich in folk-lore. Every village has its legends of misers, of buried treasure, and pirates, together with its own particular little store of Revolutionary stories, while the horror and frequency of shipwreck along the lonely coast seem to have left their impress in the series of legends of phantom ships and wraiths of lost fishermen. Witch-lore also abounds, and though not entirely indigenous, it laid so strong a hold on the minds of the people and entered so vitally into our history that it seems to present a just claim to a place in our national folk-lore. Quaint and almost comic as some of its legends seem now, it is yet impossible to appreciate the humorous side in the light of its grim and fatally real results. It is especially valuable in revealing to us the psychological condition that made the delusion possible.

In pleasing contrast to the grim and tragic legends of New England, stand the romantic and picturesque tales of the early Dutch. An air of irresistible romance seems to hang over the region of Hendrick Hudson,—one that could induce even the ancient Dutchmen, as they lounged around the tavern door, to lay aside their meerschaums and steins long enough to conjure up tales of uncanny visitations and strange happenings among the mountains. The Dutchman, however, always kept his nervous system too well dominated by the substantial comforts of a pipe and a social glass to allow the supernatural to become alarmingly obvious or gruesome. The flavor of schnapps and the touch of a genial humor seem to pervade all his folk-lore. The story of Rip Van Winkle, the shiftless, good-humored, happy-go-lucky Dutchman, with all the other characteristic figures,—his dog Schneider, his shrewish wife with her quarrelsome tongue, but excellent housekeeping abilities, the loungers about the tavern, and old Hendrick with his ghostly crew silently and grimly playing at ninepins in the mountains and



drinking that fatal but delicious schnapps,—seems most typical of the picturesque valley.

We often hear the Hudson as representative of American scenery compared unfavorably with the Rhine as representative of foreign landscape, owing to the former's lack of association and human interest. The comparison in this case is justifiable in regard to the amount of tradition, and in all cases in regard to the age of the associations; but what American folk-lore loses in point of time, it more than retrieves in its characteristics of originality and vividness.

VIRGINIA ELIZABETH MOORE.

### POE

He wove into rich palls of flowing verse  
The darkest scenes of human sin and woe;  
But could not find one golden thread of hope,  
One pearl of faith, amid the gloom to glow.

MARGARET HAMILTON WAGENHALS.

### THE BEST MAN

There had been weddings in Peru from time to time, but never a best man. There had been bridesmaids occasionally, for there is a fittingness about the idea of bridesmaids that appealed even to the barbarous and unaesthetic sense of Peru. But the grooms were capable of getting themselves through the marriage ceremony without support, and the best man was an institution unknown.

Peru was one of the innumerable tiny, unexplained villages of northern New England. The nearest town was five miles distant. In the opposite direction lay a logging-camp, not so far away that Tim Barry could not stride over in his rubber boots several times a week to see Lucinda Pratt. That was before Lucinda became engaged, about Christmas time, to Si Tobey, who kept the store. They were to be married the first week in June. A month earlier, Lucinda's cousin in Burlington was married, and Lucinda was invited to spend the week

before the wedding with her. If it had not been for this sojourn of Lucinda's in the city, Tim Barry would not have been Si's best man.

Before Lucinda announced her engagement to Si Tobey, every one had thought that she was much more likely to take Tim. Tim and Lucinda had thought so, too, until one evening when they quarreled. After that evening, Lucinda never heard a door shut violently without an unhappy stirring in her subconsciousness. Sometimes when she lay awake at night, she wondered what it was that Tim had said as he slammed the door. The very next night Si Tobey proposed to her, and she accepted him and announced her engagement at once. For two weeks she saw nothing of Tim. But one evening, as she sat in the parlor with Si, she heard his heavy step on the porch, and her heart jumped. With a perturbed glance at Si, she went into the little entry and opened the door; then beat a hasty retreat back to the parlor. Tim followed her and stood towering in the doorway, his hands on his hips, grave, but eminently self-possessed.

"Hullo, Si," he said.

"Hullo," replied Si. He, too, had not seen Tim since his good fortune was published, and he sat looking very foolish and even more scared. As Tim's glance dwelt upon the red face of his successful rival, his mouth broadened in a grin under his heavy mustache.

"Won't you take a chair, Tim?" said Lucinda, timidly.

"Can't stop," replied Tim. "I just come in to wish you joy, Lindy. No need to wish *you* joy, Si," he added, with the utmost cheerfulness.

"No," faltered the unhappy Si. "Thanks."

"Well, good-night," said Tim. His glance, full of enjoyment, rested a moment longer upon Si; then, with a nod to Lucinda, he went out.

After this he came in to see Lucinda occasionally, but always in the evening, when Si was present. His air was not at all that of a discarded suitor. He never stayed more than a few minutes, but he seemed to derive great enjoyment from these brief calls. After he went, there was always some constraint in the air. Si was not in the habit of speaking of Tim, but he often showed by an indirect reference that he was much on his mind. If he was on Lucinda's mind as well, she gave no sign

of it. She did not discuss Tim with her lover until she returned from her visit in Burlington.

When she got out of the train at Belden's, the nearest town on the line to Peru, it was Si himself who met her with an old farm-wagon of her father's. Si was not fond of driving, but after a week's separation from his sweetheart his ardor impelled him to make the slight sacrifice. Lucinda appreciated the delicacy of the attention, and when her trunk had been placed in the rear of the wagon and they had started for home, she moved nearer to Si and slipped her hand through his arm. Si, always nervous with a horse, found her touch disconcerting, but he made no complaint.

When they left Belden's behind them, their road lay between fragrant fields. The twilight air was soft and fresh and still, and overhead stars were shining out one by one. Si, although he lived behind a counter, was not altogether without sensibility.

"Fine evenin'," he said.

"Yes," assented Lucinda, absently. Her thoughts were of other things than the beauty of the summer night. "Si," she said, "I know now what a real stylish weddin' is, and I'm bound we shall have one."

Si looked at her with mild interest.

"I'm willin'," he said.

"It's got to be in the church," said Lucinda. "It's a lot more stylish," she added hastily, forestalling a protest. "They have 'em in church most everywhere but here, I guess."

Si was not given to argument.

"Well," he said.

"And I meant to have just Minnie for bridesmaid," continued Lucinda. "But I've got to have more,—Kate and Barbara and Jenny, although she's terrible homely, and Lu. And Si—" she hesitated a moment—"there's got to be a best man."

"What's that?" asked Si.

"Well, he comes in with you, and gives you the ring when it's time, and—and sees us to the carriage."

"Well," said Si.

"And he ought to be a friend of yours. But I guess you haven't got any particular friend, have you?"

"Well, no," said Si. "I guess I haven't."

"Yes. So,—” Lucinda looked straight ahead and said with determination,—“I want you should ask Tim Barry.”

There was a brief silence.

“I don’t know as I like the idea of Tim Barry bein’ your best man,” said Si.

“He’s *your* best man,” corrected Lucinda.

“Well, I don’t know as I like that either,” persisted the recalcitrant lover.

Lucinda pressed his arm gently.

“Now look, Si,” she urged. “We’ve just got to have him. You want me to have a real weddin’, don’t you?”

Si had an inspiration.

“I shouldn’t think you’d want Tim Barry trampin’ round you, anyhow,” he said. “He’s such a strappin’, clumsy fellow.”

“There won’t anybody pay any heed to him,” said Lucinda, with a swift intuition. “Now if you won’t ask him, Si, I will,—and that wouldn’t hardly be proper.”

“Well,” said Si, weakly, “I’ll see.”

Having scored this point, Lucinda decided to leave over until later in the evening the question of a wedding trip. This also she carried, and with less difficulty. When the matter was presented to him, her lover readily agreed that they “might as well go somewheres.”

Late the next afternoon, Si sat in the back of his little store with an account-book open before him. But his thoughts were not on the accounts. He was regretting deeply his plasticity of the night before, and was gradually forming a determination to oppose his fiancée. He would have no best man. A shadow fell across the open door, and Tim Barry strode into the store. Until to-day he had never come before six o’clock. The finger of fate was in it. Si groaned and yielded.

“Any tobaccer, Si?” demanded Tim.

“I guess so,” said Si. He fumbled unnecessarily long in the drawer under the counter. He had once hoped that in time he would grow to feel more at his ease in the presence of Tim, but apparently it was not to be. He never could forget that until Lucinda announced her engagement she had been very generally called “Tim Barry’s girl.” If Tim had not been so big, he might have felt less insignificant before him.

“Lucindy back?” inquired Tim, genially, extracting a small portion of tobacco from the bag that Si had filled.



"Yes. Got back last night," replied Si. There was a brief silence as Tim filled and lighted his pipe.

"Tim," Si blurted out, very red in the face, "I want you should be my best man at my weddin'."

"Your what?" said Tim.

Si explained to the best of his ability, while Tim sat on the counter and kicked his heels thoughtfully against it.

"I don't know about that," he said, when Si had finished.

A pleasing idea flashed through Si's mind.

"Of course if you don't want to," he said eagerly, "it's no matter. Only Lucindy—" he stopped abruptly.

Tim turned his keen glance upon Si. His eyes twinkled and his white teeth showed under his mustache.

"I guess I'd just as lief," he said.

"All right," answered Si. "Then that's settled." There was a suggestion of disappointment in his tone.

Tim rose from the counter.

"Well, so long," he said, and went out.

"Good-by," said Si. He looked after his best man a moment as he swung down the street, and returned to his accounts with an air of dejection.

There was a vast excitement in Peru over Lucinda's church wedding. Every one was invited and every one was on tiptoe with curiosity. The announcement of Tim Barry's part in the ceremony made an unparalleled sensation. And the Hopkins boys and the Jones boys to show people to their seats and march in with Lucinda! And five bridesmaids! Lucinda had had no little trouble in convincing the bridesmaids that they must be dressed alike. Otherwise she had met with little opposition to her plans. Until she came home from Burlington with her project for a wedding trip, her father had intended to have a party after the ceremony, before his daughter left his roof and went with her husband to his mother's, where they were to live for the present. Si meant to build some time, later on. The wedding trip threw difficulties in the way of the party, as it would make it necessary for the bride and groom to drive over to Belden's almost immediately after the ceremony to catch their train. Lucinda would not hear of having the wedding earlier than eight o'clock, and Mr. Pratt would not hear of having the party without her. At last they solved the problem by deciding to have the reception the night before the wedding.

On the afternoon of the same day, they had a rehearsal in the church. Lucinda was firm on this point, although her mother disapproved. Again and again she marshaled the bridal party up the aisle of the little church, until they succeeded in making the proper connection with Si and Tim, who entered by a side door. The old parson was prevailed upon to read the service through,—Lucinda had brought an Episcopal prayer-book from Burlington,—interpolating before each passage, “Then I say,” or “Then you say,” to avert a premature consummation of the union. The service was new to them all, and they listened with attention written on their faces. Suddenly Tim gave his thigh a resounding slap.

“By gracious!” he shouted. Lucinda started, and every one looked reproachfully at him.

“Beg pardon, parson,” he said apologetically. “Won’t do it again. Go ahead.” But he continued to grin and chuckle softly. When the bridal party dispersed to their homes and he took leave of Lucinda, he was again convulsed with suppressed mirth.

“Tim,” said Lucinda with an anxious glance, “you won’t be up to any tricks? I’m dependin’ on you to pull Si through.”

“Sure, I won’t play no tricks,” replied Tim.

The reception at Mr. Pratt’s that evening was a superb affair. All the inhabitants of Peru were there in their best clothes, which they were to wear at the wedding. The bridal party also were dressed as they would be on the morrow. Lucinda wore a white muslin gown concocted by herself and a dress-maker in Belden’s. Her cheeks were flushed, and she was very pretty; but when she was not talking to any one, there was a weary and haggard look on her face. On this occasion, however, it was not the bride elect who was the cynosure of every eye, but the best man. The defeated rival was an object of interest in the eyes of Peru; the sympathy felt for him was proportionate to his popularity, and this was great.

Tim was not the man to wear his heart on his sleeve, especially if it were broken; yet no one was quite prepared for his hilarity on this very trying occasion. He was more than cheerful; he was very noisy. He was the life of the party, as many persons remarked. When he left, on the plea of getting his beauty-sleep for the wedding, there was a perceptible lull in the gaiety of the occasion; and soon the guests took their leave in straggling groups.

Si was the last to go, and when he took his hat Lucinda walked down the path with him as far as the gate. It was a late hour for Peru, but Si lingered a moment.

"Well, to-morrow's the day," he said at last.

From him this was quite a tender speech. Lucinda responded mutely by slipping her hand into his.

"I must be goin'," said Si. He kissed his sweetheart, and she unlatched the gate for him and stood leaning on it as he walked away down the road. She was very tired. It was a starlight night, warm and still. By the gate the air was heavy with the fragrance of syringa blossoms.

As the sound of Si's footsteps died away, a tall figure slipped from the fence across the road, emerged from the dense shadow of a maple, and crossed to Lucinda. She gave a little scream.

"Tim! Where on earth did you come from?"

"Fence," said Tim, with a backward jerk of his head. "I've been settin' there rehearsin' my dooties for to-morrow."

There was a little pause. Then his big hand closed over hers as it lay on the gate.

"Tim Barry!" she cried sharply, "to-morrow's my weddin' day!" She struggled in vain to pull away her hand. "Tim, don't," she entreated weakly.

Tim saw in the starlight that her eyes were filled with tears.

"Tired, ain't you?" he said very gently. "Better go to bed, Lindy."

He released her hand, and she snatched it away and fled up the path to the house. When the door had closed behind her, Tim strolled away, whistling softly.

If Lucinda passed a bad night, her nerves betrayed no trace of it the next day. She was calmness itself. Not so Si. All day he vacillated in a tremor between his mother's house and Mr. Pratt's. His bride scolded him, playfully at first and then with some severity. He could not explain to her what it was that was sapping his courage,—the thought that he was marrying Tim Barry's girl. He suddenly realized that he probably would not be able to stop thinking of her as Tim Barry's girl, and the thought turned him cold.

"You must spunk up, Si," urged Lucinda, "or when it comes to the weddin' you'll go all to pieces."

And this is exactly what he did.

The little church had no vestry, so Si and his best man stood

outside in the grass, waiting for the sound of the violin which was to be their signal to enter by the side door. A fiddler from Belden's had been engaged to play for the wedding. He knew no wedding march, but had a solemn piece that would do just as well. Si had hoped that the dusk and the fresh air would steady his nerves; but they did not. He thrust his hands through his hair and leaned limply against the church.

"Stand up," said Tim. "You'll get yourself dirty," and he pulled him away and dusted him off.

The first scrape of the violin came out to them.

"Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!" moaned Si, and he backed away from the door. Then his coat-collar was seized in a mighty grip.

"You durned little skunk," said Tim in his ear, "brace up 'n' come along. It's *me* that's goin' to marry Lucindy. Don't you give me no words, now," he continued rapidly. "I c'n break your measly little neck with one hand, 'n' I'll do it, too. Now come along. You're best man." He pushed Si up the steps and released his collar. Si gasped and choked.

"You hear me," said Tim, as he opened the door. "You move a finger, 'n' I'll break your head."

The bridal cortège was creeping at a snail's pace up the aisle, and Lucinda was watching the door with an anxious pucker on her forehead. When it opened, she saw that after all the pains she had taken to get it right, Si was on the wrong side. As the ushers and bridesmaids defiled right and left, she nodded and frowned at her groom; but he would not look at her. Her eyes met Tim's, and in a flash she understood.

The parson, standing with his prayer-book open, motioned to Tim to take his proper place. Tim took a step forward.

"You old fool," he growled, "it's *me*. Go ahead."

The parson's jaw dropped. He looked at Si, standing with his eyes glued to the floor, and back at Tim, who towered above him, six feet three and determined; then he raised his prayer-book in a shaking hand and quavered forth,—

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered together—"

With an electric thrill the bridal party grasped the situation. Old Mr. Pratt took a step forward, but his daughter clung to his arm and checked him with a whispered entreaty.

"Let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace," read the parson. He paused and looked over his spec-



tacles at Si. Si opened his quivering lips ; but a swift, sidelong glance showed him Tim's face, and he hung his head and stood shaking with impotent rage and mortification. He fancied Lucinda's eyes bent upon him ; but, as a matter of fact, one withering look was all that she gave him.

"Who giveth this Woman to be married to this Man?"

There was a momentary hitch ; but at an imperious gesture of Tim's thumb, old Mr. Pratt gave up his daughter ; and the parson joined her to Tim in the holy estate of Matrimony, and he wedded her with Si's ring.

Si's mother sat in a front pew, beating her hands upon her knees in mute frenzy. Only a regard for her soul's welfare kept her from screaming out in the church. Across the aisle Lucinda's mother sat apparently unmoved. She had been past surprise since the day when Lucinda took Si. As for the other wedding guests, three cheers for Tim would have expressed the popular feeling, had the place permitted. So when the bride and groom walked down the aisle, she half-tearfully and he defiantly radiant, they met only looks of sympathy.

"I could 'a' told 'em all along I'd manage it someway," whispered Tim.

One of the bridesmaids had to walk out alone ; for a last spark of manhood asserted itself in Si, and at the close of the ceremony he rushed out by the side door.

Seated by his bride in the hack hired from Belden's, Tim put his long arm around her and drew her tearful, smiling face up to his.

"Lindy," he said, "who's best man now?"

ETHEL WALLACE HAWKINS.

## CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

### VERSES

Whistle and whirl, fierce winter wind,  
Beat, sleet and snow, on the pane,  
While I fly away on the wings of thought,  
To the beautiful summer again.

The sea stretches blue before me,  
Till it meets the bright sky far away.  
The sun glitters gold on the ripples,  
As they dimple and dance in their play;  
And a cliff towers up from the shining sand,  
And over its brink on high,  
The golden-rod peeps as it nods in the breeze,  
And a pine reaches up to the sky.

Whistle and whirl, fierce winter wind,  
Beat, sleet and snow, on the pane,  
But I fly away on the wings of thought,  
To the beautiful summer again.

HELEN OBER.

Mrs. Wakeman and Rosy were "getting up the dinner." The little kitchen was hot with August heat and steaming from the big Monday washing. The "A Word in Due Season" two women shuffled about the kitchen in a mechanical, listless manner. The colorless, drawn face, tired eyes, and thin, rounded form of the mother were repeated in the girl. Mother and daughter with lagging steps made the simple preparations for the meal.

Outside, the hot sun beat down fiercely. Mr. Wakeman and Jim were splashing the water from the pump on their hot heads and washing the grime of the farm from their hands. Presently the men came in and took their places at the table. The women

dropped dejectedly into their seats only to jump up again, Rosy for the tea-pot, Mrs. Wakeman to cut the bread. The meal proceeded in silence, save for an early observation on the part of Mr. Wakeman concerning the holding off of rain. For the most part the Wakemans ate in silence. There was little to communicate to each other save poverty and work and disappointment.

Finally Jim spoke in a faltering, sheepish tone. "O'Hara's theatre's in town to-night." There was no response. Jim ate furiously for a moment, but a new light came into his eyes, and he said in a half-resolute tone, "I'm going to that theatre to-night."

Still no one spoke, but each one had his own thoughts now. Mr. and Mrs. Wakeman both realized that a crisis had come. The boy had reached his own, such as it was. He was theirs no longer to command. The father searched his mind for something to say to turn the boy into the way he wanted him to go. Yet in that early settler time there was little to occupy a boy's leisure hour,—and a theatre company at the Corners, small wonder he wanted to go.

The mother was anxious for her boy and dreaded a spark even from the patient, care-worn father. The girl could hardly understand it all, but she realized that something was different and felt afraid. In the boy's breast swelled up a joy of freedom from restraint,—a restraint to be sure that had never been irksome. O'Hara's theatre was coming to the Corners and he had said he was going. The joy of self decision over-balanced the pleasure of a break in his monotonous life.

Still no one spoke and the silence grew oppressive even to these who were used to it. Mrs. Wakeman felt that something must be said.

"This corn ain't the same it would 'a been if we'd had rain," she said nervously.

"No, it ain't, Ma," echoed Rosy, eagerly. The strain was gone and they finished the meal in silence.

All the afternoon Mr. Wakeman and Jim worked down in the lower meadow-lot, hoeing onions, but Mr. Wakeman did not broach the subject of the evening's expedition. When, however, they were coming back to the house at six, the father said, "Jim, hev you got some money fur your entertainment?"

Jim flushed and answered, "Yes, Pa, my own money I got pickin' raspberries at Newall's."

"Wall, Jim, then I want ter ask a favor of you. Between them performances, I suppose they'll be between, —you see this theatre's a new thing and I ain't up in its doings, —but between whiles, you stand up and sort of look about you, Jim, and you see what kind of folks are there, and you count, jest so you can tell me, Jim, how many there be there that you're proud ter know and with whom you're going to like to associate some of these days, 'cause, Jim, you're going to be a respected man along here in a few years." Mr. Wakeman saw the boy's face flush and hastened to add, "Go long, Jim, go long, but don't fergit what I tell you."

Jim whistled bravely as he plodded to town that evening. Mr. Wakeman sat smoking on the side porch and smiled serenely at Mrs. Wakeman, whose hands for once lay idle in her lap.

The moon came up full and the night was radiant, balmy, responsive. It was late, and only Mr. Wakeman sat on the side porch and waited. He saw Jim coming up the road, but he did not stir. There was a steady, manly swing in Jim's walk, despite his long day in the onion field. He came up and stood in front of his father; the moon shone full on the honest face kindled with new-born manhood. For a minute he did not speak. Then he whispered, "There weren't none there; I was awful ashamed."

The father nodded his head in assent and rose. Both looked out into the glimmering sky. Jim held out his hand and the father's closed down upon it.

"Pa, I can be a man now, your kind I mean." They pressed hands silently.

"Guess," said Mr. Wakeman putting the chair back against the wall, "guess the weather's changed. This air will gather moisture 'fore morning."

LILLIAN PRESTON HULL.

POET LORE

Love me not, dear, poet-wise,  
Through your glowing fancy,  
I who dip in poet dyes  
Scorn their necromancy.



He who woos in terms of art  
 Hath small stake upon it ;  
 You just love me with your heart,  
 Leave to me the sonnet.

EDITH DEBLOIS LASKEY.

It all began with the Baby, although the Queen could never be induced to grant as much. Certainly there was nothing ex-

traordinary, no portent of tragedy,

**The True History of** in the King's remark at the breakfast  
**the Queen's Tarts** table, which had not even the merit

or defect of being original,—for it is

the traditional remark of many a husband. The King had merely said, in a general sort of way, that he did wish he could have some cherry pie such as his mother used to make. This may have been slightly irritating to the Lady Queen, his wife, but it would scarcely have caused a serious family disturbance, had it not been for the Baby. The Baby, forsooth, must enter into the conversation.

“Me wants pie,—me wants lots o’ pie ; lots o’ little pies, all for Baby !”

This was a serious matter. If the small household tyrant wanted pie, he must have it ; and no one but herself should make pie for her own baby, so declared the Queen. The Knave smiled derisively,—why will small brothers be so supercilious ? \*—even the King looked doubtful at this decision, but the Queen only flushed and repeated it with added emphasis.

And so, all the bright June morning she stood in the cheery, little kitchen where the dancing sunbeams played in her shining curls, with a happy look in her dark eyes and a mischievous smile just arching the delicate lips. She rolled, patted, molded with slim, deft hands the yielding dough until a tempting row of tarts, fruit-filled and delicately brown stood before her ; then she said contentedly, “My Baby shall have his little pies. And I wonder if Mother Lawrence ever made a better pie for Edward than this !”

Ah, the Queen was a proud woman, as she closed the door of the cool, little pantry where she had left the tarts until Baby's lunch time !

Meanwhile the Knave, as ill luck would have it, had been excused from school shortly before eleven o'clock, and with the

instinct of the small boy he immediately began to think of getting something to eat. He reflected that it was nearly two hours to luncheon time.

"Can't wait all that time," he said. "A fellow must have a bite or two to keep himself alive. Sis always says so too. She won't mind if I sneak in the pantry and get something without disturbing her while she's bothering with Baby." So he sneaked in quietly enough. "By Jove! tarts! Well, I am in luck. Um—m—m," as a delicious morsel disappeared into his mouth.

"Oh, I say, these were for Baby, weren't they? Well, never mind, he oughtn't to eat all these and if I make way with a couple he'll be all the better off."

The couple increased to four, to five, then to six and still the Knave's appetite was unappeased. Finally, catching sight through the window of Jimmie Berrien, his last scruples disappeared, and stuffing the remaining tarts into his pocket, he ran after his comrade, reassuring himself by reflecting that the pie was still left. Nevertheless, at luncheon time he found it more convenient to step into a neighbor's.

As for Baby, he experienced bitter disappointment for a few moments, and his lusty, young lungs gave evidence of the same; but he was soon comforted by the promise of tarts to-morrow. The Queen's chagrin was less easily overcome and something very like anger at the mischievous pranks of her troublesome brother drove the smiles from her face as she regarded the bare-pantry shelf. She soon regained her equanimity, however, for at least the King's pie was safe.

That evening the Queen's eyes shone with excitement as the pie was set before the King. It was the first she had ever made for her husband, and she awaited eagerly his approval. While the King was engaged in cutting it, in toddled Baby for his good-night kiss, his white night-gown trailing behind him and his little pink feet pattering softly over the bare floor. When he saw the pie, his great eyes filled, for the memory of promised sweets came back to him.

"Baby's 'ittle pies all gone," he sobbed, "bad man 'tole 'em all away, so Baby couldn't have one,—not one 'ittle pie!"

The King looked up in surprise at Baby, at his wife, and finally at the guiltily conscious Knave, who was trying desperately to look innocent. The King's face darkened; any infringe-

ment of Baby's rights was high treason, as the poor Knave well knew.

"I'll speak with you after dinner, Charles," and the Knave's heart sank at the tone.

After dinner the dreaded interview took place. Just what occurred has never been positively known. The King was an angry man, and there is a family tradition that "he beat the Knave full sore"; but then, tradition is not always to be relied upon. At any rate there was an unwonted sternness in his eye when he emerged from his study, and the Knave was sulky and scowling, quite unlike his usual merry self. The Queen was uncomfortable; this state of affairs must not last. She pleaded with her husband on her brother's behalf, but he remained silent and gave no sign of relenting. Then she tried the Knave. With him her efforts were of more avail. At length she succeeded in winning from him an explanation of his crime, then a reluctant apology and promise of good behavior in future. These assurances she carried to the King, who consented to forgive the culprit and receive him once more into favor,—“but entirely for your sake, my dear; he doesn't deserve it, the young rascal.”

The King continued unusually quiet, however, during the remainder of the evening; the Queen wondered if he could be unwell. The Knave too was subdued,—strangely subdued his sister thought. But as he left for bed he turned and fired a parting shot.

“You folks don't half appreciate my unselfishness and devotion to your interests. I did it to save your son. If the Baby had eaten those things he'd be dead.”

And the King looked as if he thought so, too.

ALICE EDITH EGBERT.

It would be difficult to state Miss *Mehitable's* exact age. When questioned about the matter, she always replied, “Twenty-five or thereabouts,” with a

**Parson Crane's Wooing** most innocent expression in her watery, blue eyes. The inhabitants of *Pembroke* shook their heads over this statement and

were wont to remark that, "Josiah Meeks had courted her for nigh onto twenty years, and they guessed she was more'n five when he began." However, people had long since ceased thinking about it, one way or the other, or in fact about Miss Mehitable at all, until—well, until the great excitement began.

Theophilus Crane had been parson in Pembroke for over ten years. He was a mild, unassuming man of about forty or forty-five, but he appeared much older. When he first came to the village, there was a good deal of talk as to whom the parson would choose for a wife, and the country maidens from far and near practiced their charms upon him, all to no avail. It became evident to the members of his parish that he was not a marrying man and after a time they let him alone. Once in a while, when he had made an especially beautiful prayer, or preached one of his "Judgment Day sermons," or perhaps, in a moment of profound abstraction, had appeared at a church social without his neck-tie, there would be a little regretful conversation among the ladies of his flock. "Now if he only had a dear, loving wife to look after him, how happy we should all be. There's Nancy Riggs," etc. But even such confidential chats about the good man were becoming few and far between; when suddenly, and with no apparent cause, Theophilus took things into his own hands.

It was at a missionary meeting that the matter was first brought to notice. The ladies always lingered afterwards for a cup of tea and a little gossip. To-day Mrs. Bartlett was the one to open the conversation.

"I suppose you've noticed the parson lately," she remarked, with a toss of her head which always meant that she had some shocking news to impart.

"No, what is it?" came from a chorus of high-pitched voices.

"It seems he's decided to settle down at last, but of all the people in the world, she's the last one I'd have thought,—well, there's no accountin' for tastes, leastways where a man's concerned." The ladies gasped and the hands that held the tea-cups fairly shook. "Who is it?" they cried in a breath.

Mrs. Bartlett smoothed her black silk skirt and looked impressive. "You know Mehitable Brown." Of course they all knew her. "Well, since Sunday, he has been to see her every single day! I know it for a fact; we've been house-cleanin' this week and the settin'-room curtains ain't been up. Now if such



a performance means nothin',—all right, think so, but Parson Crane as a rule calls more sparin'ly." Mrs. Bartlett uttered these last words with cutting sarcasm and looked around to see what effect she had produced.

"Well," said Miss Cramer, a young woman, who was herself most eminently fitted to be a minister's wife and who had done her best to impress this fact upon Mr. Crane, "All I've got to say is, that it's a wicked shame for a man in the prime of life, as he is, to tie himself to an old woman like that. And what, pray tell, will Josiah Meeks do? He's proposed to her regular every year for nobody knows how long, and, if I do say it, I don't think she has the right to marry any one else."

A hot discussion ensued in which everyone talked at once. No one seemed to have anything against the character of Miss Brown; it was apparently her false hair, her old-fashioned clothes, her age to which they objected, or, to put it in fewer words, to her marrying their parson. Finally the meeting broke up and the indignant ladies adjourned in a body to Mrs. Bartlett's, ostensibly to taste her new currant jelly, but in reality to see with their own eyes any further proceedings of their shepherd. It was not long before they had the satisfaction, or rather the deep mortification, of seeing the worthy Theophilus come slowly up the street and turn in at Miss *Mehitable's* gate.

Miss *Mehitable* too had seen him coming, far down the street. She was up in the front bedroom, putting finishing touches to her toilet. As the parson started up the walk, she took the last curl paper from her hair, and then stepping back surveyed herself with a look of the greatest complacency. "There ain't a grey hair in that bang," she said, "not one, and what's more, it matches my back hair jest beautiful." With these words, she carefully readjusted the bit of lace on the top of her head and with trembling fingers clasped her best coral bracelet where it would just hide the gap between the bottom of her sleeve and the top of her black silk mitts. Then she stood still a moment that she might appear calm. It meant a great deal to Miss *Mehitable*, this attention from the pastor, and she felt proud when she thought of the honor he was going to do her. There was no doubt about his intentions; all his conversations had tended to but one end, and his persistency was really touching. All the hopes and ambitions which centered around a little white parsonage among the trees, flitted through

the mind of the agitated woman, as she stood balancing first on one foot and then on the other.

The bell rang for the second time. Miss Mehitable seized some lace work from the table and sailed down stairs, daintily holding up her rustling black silk and carrying her head on high with the air of a princess. She was a little woman, but she looked almost regal as she held the door open for the parson to step in. After civilities had been exchanged, there was an awkward silence. Miss Mehitable felt decidedly uncomfortable and fidgeted. "Parson Crane," she finally said, "Do try a more comfortable chair. It's such a warm afternoon that it does seem as though people ought to try and take things easy."

"Miss Brown," replied the good man, in his most impressive manner, "I have something serious to say to you; in fact you must have noticed my, I might say, rather frequent visits."

Miss Mehitable looked down; she believed she had. Strange to say, at that moment she thought of Josiah Meeks; he hadn't called for some time. In a vague way, she was wondering what he would say to her marriage, when the parson's voice recalled her.

"You must have felt that these calls were made with some purpose in view other than the mere gratification of my social nature. To tell the truth, Miss Brown, I have a very important proposal to make to you." Miss Mehitable seized her needles and began to knit furiously; she felt that it was coming. The parson coughed and continued, somewhat excitedly. "Miss Brown, I have of late been studying your character intently; I have been pleased to notice a great interest in things spiritual and an apparent ambition to better the world. I have therefore come to the conclusion that you and you alone, of all my parish, are the person whom I would choose,— " Miss Mehitable clutched the sides of her chair and leaned forward a little,— "whom I would choose to send on a mission to China. Miss Brown, would you consent to be a missionary?" Miss Mehitable gave a little gasp; she thought she could not have heard aright.

Theophilus, all unconscious, continued. "I have a dear friend over in China, who has just founded a mission for poor, little, homeless orphans, and he wanted a nice, motherly, old lady" (Theophilus really should have noted the expression of Miss Mehitable's mouth, but he went on, innocently blind to the effect he was producing) "who would enter into the work with

her whole heart and would have no home ties to divert her attention. You're fond of children, aren't you, Miss Brown?" Miss Mehitable pressed her lips tightly together and looked away from the parson.

"I know it's rather late in life for you to start out on such a journey, but you seem strong and—well, from hints I have thrown out, and from our past conversations, I felt sure you would accept. Think of the opportunity to do good." He hesitated a moment and then added, "Let me assure you an ample salary will be provided."

Then Miss Mehitable recovered herself. She stood up; until now she had been too overwhelmed to move or speak, and the parson had given her no opportunity had she been able. She felt rather shaky and weak, but she was determined not to show it. "No, Parson Crane," she said, "I will not go one step to China; iron chains couldn't drag me there."

She showed the discomfited parson to the door without permitting him to say a word. Scarcely had she sent him on his way, when whom should she see coming up the walk but Josiah Meeks. There was no way of escape. She longed to run upstairs, there to have a good cry and somewhat smooth her ruffled plumage; but that was impossible, for he had seen her in the doorway. She welcomed him with a feeble attempt at a smile. He stood in the hall, hat in hand, and she noticed an unusually determined look in his eyes.

"I won't go in, Miss Brown," he said. "Not till I've had a few words with you out here. Didn't you once say that if you ever married any one it would be me? And now what do these tales mean that are going around about you and the parson? I've been real patient, Mehitable, but I've about come to the limit, and I'm not going to wait any longer for an answer." Miss Mehitable looked up wonderingly; she thought she had never seen Josiah "so kind of masterly" before.

"Mehitable Brown, will you marry me, yes or no," he said, facing her squarely. She hesitated a moment, then she thought of China and her wrath boiled over.

"So I'm an old lady, am I? and I'm to spend my second childhood tending orphans, am I? I'll show him,—ample salary indeed!" Then turning to Josiah who was gazing at her in open-mouthed astonishment, she added with a vehemence which she tried in vain to control, "Yes, Josiah Meeks, I *will* marry you."

*Time, 8 P. M.*

*Scene, a section in a sleeper. Train just pulling out of the station at Cleveland.*

**Incidentally** *Enter Porter. Deposits suit-case and umbrella on the seat. Exit.*

*Enter well-dressed Girl, hurriedly. In her right hand, violets. In her left, a man's glove held by the ends of the fingers. Rushes into the section, pulls up the shade, and looks eagerly out into the dark.*

*Girl.* Pshaw! We're out of the depot. (Sinking down into the seat,) Oh dear! I hate so to leave him. Dear old thing! How taken aback he looked when I pulled off his glove. But the train was starting and I had to have *something*! He thinks I'm nothing but an impulsive child. No, he doesn't. (Smells the violets.) I know better than that. He likes it. Attraction of opposites, probably. Oh dear, I *am* unmanageable, I suppose. I guess he thinks he never knows where to put his finger on me. Well, we'll be married soon, and then I won't have to go away and leave him, even for a short time. I've got his glove anyway. (Looks furtively down the aisle, then presses glove softly to her face.) It's such a—

*Enter man.* (Smothers involuntary whistle. Girl drops the glove as if it were a live coal, and looks fixedly out of the window, hiding a crimson face with the violets.)

*Man.* I beg pardon, (as if to himself.) This is—er—Section No. 4, I believe. (Deposits suit-case in the aisle and looks about for a place to put a hat-box.)

*Girl,* (recovering, coldly but quickly.) There is room for them here. (Moves her own suit-case along. In leaning forward, drops glove out of her lap. Man, noticing that she has dropped something, stoops to pick it up.)

*Girl,* (making a dive for it at the same time.) Oh thank you. I didn't—(colors violently and looks out of the window again.)

*Man,* (restraining a smile, lays it on the seat beside her. Takes off his overcoat and puts it on top of the baggage, with his hat.) Don't let me discommode you. I'll go into the smoker.

*Girl,* (turning and smiling outright.) It's as much your section as it is mine.



*Man*, (manifestly flattered.) Thank you, but I—(girl takes glove off the seat with apparent unconcern. Their eyes meet. Both laugh. He sits down.)

*Girl*, (tossing the glove across the seat.) I found I had my—er—(hurriedly) my husband's glove here. (Aside.) What *shall* I do now? That was a dreadful one. But I simply had to redeem myself. (Aloud.) How black it is outdoors! (A pause, during which she thinks, "Oh dear, I ought never to have let him sit down! What *would* John say to me? And he knows that must have been a fib, because I don't *look* married. Now he'll bother me all the way and I can't look him in the face. How ever can I get rid of him? I—)"

*Man*, (lamely.) Yes, it's very dark.

*Girl*, (aside.) Oh, I know now. (Aloud.) Yes, but my husband says you can see curious effects in the sky from the Observation Car.

*Man*. Your husband is travelling with you?

*Girl*, (nervously.) Oh, yes. He must be out in the smoker.

*Man*, (glancing about the section.) I see. (Painful pause.) If you'll excuse me, I have a telegram to send. (Exit hastily.)

*Girl*. Well, I'm thankful. I thought that would drive him away. I'm engaged now and I mustn't let strange men talk to me, even nice ones. It seems to me he went a trifle hurriedly, though. If only he'll stay away the rest of the time, I shall think I have been let off easily. That was a dreadful fib I told. I hope he won't notice that my husband doesn't make his appearance. I'll go to bed early and we get there the first thing in the morning. When I—my goodness! How ludicrous! I never thought—one's husband would be in the same section with one, wouldn't he? Oh dear! Worse and worse! Well, I'll be absorbed in a book if that man comes back. (She reads.)

*After a while, enter Man*. (Sits down unabashed, starts to read a newspaper. Pause. Looking up, he finds her still absorbed in a book. Waits patiently. She reads on. Waits again. Then says quietly,) I have been talking to your husband. He is an exceedingly interesting fellow.

(Book drops with a bang.)

*Girl*. Oh—er—I—er—oh, have you?

*Man*. Yes, I found him out in the Observation Car just now,

and we've had quite a lively talk. I find we are interested in some of the same things.

*Girl*, (interjects "Did you?" to give herself time to think.)

*Man*. He tells me you are on your way to Chicago.

*Girl*, (aside.) They tell me I am equal to emergencies. Can there be someone on the train masquerading as my husband? Or is this man playing a despicable joke on me because he found out I told a fib? How utterly contemptible! I'll just show him I can be as clever as he. This is somewhat more exciting than I fancy. (Aloud.) How did you happen to meet him, did you say?

*Man*. I sat down next him in the smoker, and we got to talking. He said you were in here, and explained how the crowd going west at this time prevented your having the same section.

*Girl*, (beginning to be really alarmed; aside.) I wonder if I really have two men to deal with, or only one. (Aloud.) Yes, there is quite a crowd,—rather too large a one. It's quite stuffy. I think I will walk a while at the next station. (Turning and looking him straight in the face, with crushing haughtiness,) May I trouble you to ask my husband to come in here a moment?

*Man*, (with polite surprise.) Certainly, madam. (Exit.)

*Girl*, (in mixed scorn, resolution and amusement.) Well, if John could see me now, he'd think me more foolhardy than ever. But really there wasn't anything else to do. I've simply got to carry it through now, for I *won't* call any one else to help me—unless, of course, I have to. I can ring for the porter if I like. I should really be quite frightened if I weren't so excited; and it is such a ridiculous situation. Merciful Heavens! here he comes. And he's got another man—Oh! Why! it's—(leans back and goes off into fits of uncontrollable laughter.)

*Man*. I found your husband where I left him, engrossed in conversation.

*Girl*, (partially recovering her equanimity.) Oh, thank you.

*Man*. Not at all. (To John.) I'm going through to the Observation.

*John*. Thanks for bringing Miss—my wife's message. Perhaps you will care to join us later.

(Exit Man.)

*Girl*, (grasping John convulsively.) *John*, dear! *John*! How did you happen to drop down from heaven on to this train?

*John*. I got on when it started, after we said good-by. I intended first to surprise you to-morrow morning. But I thought there must be something up when that fellow said you told him I was on the train. So I was coming in then, only I found a man I had to see for a second on business. But Nell, how did you know I was on the train, and why on earth did you tell that man we were married?

*Nell*, (excitedly.) And you didn't tell him we weren't?

*John*. Why, no. I knew you must have some good reason, dear. I'd like to know what it is, that's all.

*Nell*, (hugging his arm.) Oh, you blessed man. Was ever anything so fortunate? Let's get out here and walk on the platform a minute and I'll tell you the whole thing. I'm so relieved,—you don't know. Oh, you'll want your glove, won't you? Here! Only I want it afterwards, to keep.

(*Exeunt.*) Curtain.

MARJORY GANE.

#### THE CACTUS

But yesterday,  
Because thou wearest thorn and shield,  
We deemed that thou wouldst never yield  
To keenest joy or sharpest pain  
An entrance to thy still domain.

At dawn to-day,  
A blossom, dyed with deeper red  
Than life blood, hung its withered head,—  
All unrevealed thy hidden smart,  
O symbol of a broken heart.

EVA AUGUSTA PORTER.

## EDITORIAL

Self-control is surely one of the most sterling and essential qualities that go to make up character ; and we should gladly avail ourselves of every opportunity for perfecting ourselves in this virtue. Now comes such an opportunity, in the spring of the year,—a time that demands from the Smith student a stern determination all at odds with the soft atmosphere of the season. The allusion is not to the undeniable attraction of a boat on Paradise as compared with a close lecture-room, or to the superiority of the back campus on a clear evening to a small study lighted and heated by a student-lamp ; for distractions from study we have always with us, and those of us who find ourselves overpowered in our struggle for diligence by the unfavorable conditions of spring term are at all seasons prone to create others equally adverse. The matter in question is more specific. It relates to the nurture of the grass on the campus.

Most of us, even of the students who do not live on the campus, have occasion to cross it during the day, some of us many times, and as a rule we are more or less in haste. In college one forms a habit of utilizing odd moments in one way or another, with the result that one commonly starts at the latest possible minute to meet one's engagements. Under these circumstances one feels keenly that the shortest distance between two points is a straight line ; and it is annoying to feel a moral obligation to direct one's steps around two sides of a triangle. The girl who stands, say between the Hatfield and the Washburn House, with an intense desire to arrive at Bedford Terrace as quickly as possible, and who chooses the circuitous way by College Hall or by the Episcopal church, rather than the prohibited "short cut" has known real abnegation. "The longest way 'round is the shortest way home" is a consoling maxim only as long as we keep it in the sphere of the figurative. To apply it as a physical principle requires strenuous moral effort. And the value of this effort lies in the fact that it is one which we



may constantly make, and which is not lessened appreciably by repetition.

So much for the ethical side of the question. There remains the more purely practical motive which leads us to cherish the grass for its own sake. And here we should do well to apply the principle familiar to every Smith student,—the principle which demands that in considering the expediency of an individual action we should multiply the effect by eleven hundred. Visitors to the college often remark that a girl tripping bare-headed over the lawns is pretty and picturesque. So she is, sometimes ; and to all appearances harmless as well. But the devastation of eleven hundred such exhibitions per day, now that the grass is young and tender, would be great. Surely a consideration of the matter from this point of view should induce us to comply with the request annually made of us.

## EDITOR'S TABLE

The fiction in the pages of the various undergraduate magazines for the month that is past, is of value chiefly through its service in further buttressing the proposition, already well established, that:—

“ In the spring the young man's fancy  
Lightly turns to thoughts of love.”

After glancing through story after story, each ending with the inevitable tableau in which “two's company, and three's none,” the Exchange Editor is in a position to sympathize with the feelings of a bashful man who has strayed inadvertently into a “Duchess” conservatory, one of the dimly lighted kind, strongly scented with triple extract of tea-rose, and who discovers too late for retreat, that his entrance was an intrusion.

The average college woman is as shy of writing love-stories pure and simple, as she would be of making love outright. This fear of the imputation of sentimentality, while it may occasionally have the evil effect of preventing the expression of genuine sentiment, does good service in keeping our magazines largely free from the cheap love-stories that so often find a place in the monthlies of even the better colleges for men.

The best story of the month is “In the Eighteenth Ward,” from the Wellesley Magazine. It is a somewhat novel treatment of conditions that claim a large share of the public attention nowadays,—the relations between labor unions in the event of a strike on the part of one of their number. “Concerning the Ingilbys,” in the Yale Literary Magazine is a strong and well-written story, with the moral atmosphere known—to the shame of our time—as “modern.” This magazine contains also a poem, “The Track of the Sunset,” which, in vigor and power of description and suggestion, as well as in lilt and grace, goes beyond the standard of undergraduate verse.

The critical essay is represented by a study of “John Henry

Newman, the Representative Oxford Man," in the Wellesley Magazine,—a thoughtful piece of work, pointing out the identity of spirit between the man and his university in loyalty to purpose, in reverence for antiquity, in grace and suavity, and in a certain mediaeval quality of imagination. An analysis of the character and motives of Marie Bashkirtseff, in the Harvard Monthly, ascribes the morbid vehemence and completeness of her confession to an utter lack of "the sense of humor that prevents many of us from exposing bruised hearts to the world."

This month brings two interesting contributions to the discussion of the question that is engrossing so much attention in the educational world, as to the proper ratio between the preparation for life-work and that work itself. Professor Hall, writing in the Harvard Monthly, gives his opinion that before long the scheme of a three years' college course leading to the degree of A. B., will be accepted in Harvard and presumably in other colleges as well. While apparently regretting the change in conditions and in public opinion that is bringing about this shortening of the college course, Professor Hall feels that the three-year plan will be an improvement upon the present system by which certain students of industry and good capacity are allowed to compress into three years the course which is supposed to occupy four. This method has not only the bad effects of leading able men to the choice of easy courses, as such, and of lowering the general standard of elective courses, but it has also the fatal defect of lowering the individual standard of every three-year man as to what thoroughly good work is. We must bear in mind that time of study, not courses of study, should measure the requirement for a degree.

Professor Münsterberg, in his article on "School Reform" in the Atlantic Monthly for May, would also desire that students could be graduated from college at an earlier age than is usual at present, thus leaving more time for the specialization that is so necessary nowadays. But the change that he prescribes is not a curtailing of the college course; it is rather a complete remodelling of our educational system from the kindergarten on, and a complete doing away with our cherished elective methods until the University is reached. "Does the elective system really elect?" asks Dr. Münsterberg. "If a man who does

not know French goes into a restaurant where the bill of fare is given in the French language, and points to one and to another line, not knowing whether his order is fish or roast or pudding, the waiter will bring him a meal, but we cannot say that he has 'elected his courses.'" To our objection that the system of rigid requirement will lessen the student's interest in his work, Dr. Münsterberg replies that in the first place, the mere fact of interest, independent of the consideration of the ultimate value of the subject in which that interest is taken, is not especially desirable; and in the second place, an enthusiastic, able, and well-educated teacher can give interest even to a required study.

While we would scarcely be willing to abandon our elective system on account of its influence in the popularization of education,—a phase of the matter that it seems to me Dr. Münsterberg is inclined to disregard, we cannot but admit that he proves his point that the German system of rigid gymnasium training leading up to university study has the double advantage over our early specialization of saving time, and of providing a broader and firmer basis for final specialization.



## **THE COLLEGE SETTLEMENTS MOVEMENT**

It is always hard to remember the first faint beginnings of a movement that has been long present as a definite, visible fact before the public ; yet my memory, driven to the past, recalls with a good deal of vividness the state of thought and feeling among certain groups of young college women which led, some twelve years ago, to the initiation of the college settlements movement. Something of the enthusiasm of the pioneer still inspired, in those days, the undergraduates and the young alumnae : we had possessed the privilege of going to college for a very short time, and it still seemed a wonderful thing to us, a privilege which brought with it a great burden of responsibility. We had an eager desire to share all the fullness of life into which we had entered ; we wished to play a worthy part, not only as individuals, but collectively, as a body, in American life. Perhaps we were a little self-conscious about it all, but every one in those days was curious to see what girls who had had a college education would do with themselves, and it was no wonder if the buzz of discussion, much of it rather absurd, forced us to be curious too. Our self-consciousness sprang from the Puritan sense of duty, and from a very warm and genuine impulse of gratitude toward the community which had granted us so much.

It is not hard to see how this desire to be, as a body, of some social service, led to the establishment of college settlements. But of course far deeper impulses blended with this, in the case of each individual founder of the movement. The cry of the disinherited was beginning to sound in men's ears. We in America were awakening to realize that the Republic for which our fathers had fought sheltered social injustice so grave that hundreds and thousands of citizens lived and died within what was practically a prison of ceaseless, stupefying, unrelieved manual labor ; that our beloved and boasted democracy was a democracy in name only, while free and natural intercourse was limited to people of the same sort of education and the same

mode of life as ourselves. I do not remember being especially stirred in those days by the material sufferings of the poor, I do not remember any precise philanthropic impulse; but I do remember vibrating with sorrowful assent to the great words of Carlyle: "That there should one man die ignorant who had capacity for knowledge, this I call a tragedy, should it happen twenty times to the minute, as by some computations it does;" and I remember thinking that this ceaseless tragedy was a far more bitter disgrace to a democracy than to a monarchy, and that it was specially incumbent on the college women, who had entered so lately into new intellectual and spiritual privileges, to share those privileges with the growing class in America of the spiritually dispossessed.

Many personal speculations, dim schemes, exciting but impossible visions occupied us in those days, as with youthful, Shelleyan ardor, we debated possibilities of action, of sacrifice, of at least protest. It was, I am almost sure, though memory is rather faint at this point, the knowledge of Toynbee Hall that first suggested a visible center which could focus our faith, our effort, our desires for social experiment and social service. Very vivid in my mind is the meeting of the intercollegiate alumnae at Smith College in the autumn of '87; for it was at this meeting, that our plans took shape, and that, it seems fair to say, the settlement movement started. May I confess, as a Smith woman, that I have always been glad that the plans were formulated, indeed on an occasion when representative college women from all over the country were present, but that we were in Northampton, and that the little group to whom the idea of a settlement house first came, were alumnae of Smith? The relation of Smith to the settlement movement has from that day seemed to me peculiarly intimate and sacred, and from the wide meadows of the Connecticut it is still easier than elsewhere for me to see, as I saw them on one golden October afternoon, the visionary battlements of that Holy City of social justice and social peace which shall yet be built on earth.

Not that the plan for a settlement was publicly or even generally discussed during those days. I can remember only half a dozen to whom the idea was broached. Four women, finally, went down from Northampton to Springfield on the same train, and separated at Springfield pledged with quiet words but with deep determination to press by every means which time should

reveal toward the establishment of a settlement house. All these women were under thirty, they were all poor, not one commanded influence, they were almost wholly untried in active life. At that time, probably not a dozen people in America knew what a settlement was. Yet I think that there was hardly a doubt in the mind of one of these girls that the thing they saw would one day be realized.

Doubts enough followed, however. For a time, we met with encouragement. Other women, notably at Wellesley, hailed our idea as rational and feasible and added their enthusiasm and their counsels; one or two women of wealth offered the funds of which we college girls were wholly destitute. But then came a pause. The majority of those interested were now in Boston; but it became evident that in Boston the time for such an enterprise was not ripe. Moreover, though the money was at that time all promised from Boston, many of us felt that in New York, the central American city of the East, was the right place to begin. So the discipline of waiting was ours for a time; and I am amused to find that this period of check, which seemed to me final and unending as it passed, can have lasted only a little more than a year. For in the autumn of 1889 the way had opened, the critical moment came, and there are several of us who will not forget the moment when the final telegram, authorizing the rental of a house in Rivington Street, was sent to New York. The house was taken, was furnished; one of the four women who had pledged themselves first to the work,—Miss Jean Fine, now Mrs. Spahr,—became the head-worker; and our dream was a visible fact.

Some one who was more constantly at the New York settlement than I, should write for the MONTHLY the story of those early years. There would be much to tell, much that is funny, pathetic, ridiculous, mingled with more or less that is not far from heroic. We are doing a great deal better work now than then in the settlement movement, and a great deal more of it; but I am not the only one who thinks with frequent wistfulness of the ardor, the eagerness, the spirit of love and joy and fellowship and happy idealism which throbbed in that house, and sent its vibrations out through all the neighborhood. I verily believe that the residents were almost as favored as the early disciples of St. Francis, and the ideal which actuated them was much the same. We can never return to the past, nor should

we wish to. The history of the settlements is the history of all movements which have passed from an enthusiasm to an organization ; and we all rejoice, as the years go on, in increased wisdom, increased efficiency. Yet unless we keep at least something of that first glow and gleam, of that readiness for sacrifice, if you will, that spirit which made discomforts vanish from consciousness if through the endurance of them brotherhood was more fully realized, we might as well cease to exist.

Meanwhile, as the little community lived its life, made its failures, scored its successes, the settlement impulse spread in the world around. We cared of course particularly to develop it in the college world. Soon we realized,—indeed the idea had been in our minds from the beginning,—that if this were indeed to be an intercollegiate movement, a collective expression on the part of the college women of America of their sense of social responsibility and desire for social service, some sort of formal organization would be required. In May, 1890, the College Settlements Association was formed, on the lines of college chapters and college representation which have since become so familiar. Smith, Vassar, Wellesley, Bryn Mawr, and Radcliffe (then the Annex) were the colleges which belonged to the association from the first. The fees were over three thousand dollars that first year ; they have a little more than doubled since that time, and twelve colleges now belong to the association. The record of growth has been steady, though slow ; but I confess that I should have hoped in ten years, with a constituency of more than twice as many colleges as those with which we started, with a yearly increasing number of *alumnæ* to draw from, for a larger increase in funds.

It must be remembered, however, that the contribution of college women to settlement work can not be wholly measured by the work of the Settlements Association. For, quite apart from our small enterprise, the settlement movement during the last ten years has been spread over all the country, and I have been surprised to learn in how many cases graduates of our eastern colleges, who had caught the faith in settlements from their connection with their college chapter, have become active workers in settlements near their own homes. Meanwhile, our own movement too has known a modest development. In April, 1892, the Philadelphia settlement was opened ; in December, of the same year, the long-deferred hopes of Boston found



fruition at last in the establishment of Denison House. We have never seen our way to further enlargement, though we are always hoping for the time to come when we may do so, and it will come soon if college women only become quickened to a more general support of the movement ; but we have strengthened the work of our three houses as rapidly as we can, we have enlarged their premises and their number of residents, and we have tried to raise constantly the standard of the more formal work, while preserving the clear recognition that it is in the purely human and unformulated aspects of settlement life that our greatest value exists.

To-day, then, in the eleventh year of our existence, the College Settlements Association is an established fact. It is recognized by the colleges all over America, that the settlement movement is an inherent part and not a temporary accident in college life. It is recognized that loyalty to the college idea at its best in this republic includes an outgoing from the colleges of vital, educational force to the outlying and unprivileged portions of the community. Our houses have been and are centers of joy, of light, of higher inspiration, to thousands of the overburdened poor ; they have been, what is perhaps even more important, centers of revelation, where a truer ideal of life, a more practical method of realizing Christianity in daily living, has been discovered by many a seeking, thoughtful woman. And it is hard to overestimate or to praise too highly the generous, loving, detailed devotion on the part of large numbers of women, by which the scattered association, with its many chapters and complex organization, has been enabled to grow, to deepen, and to furnish from year to year effective support and guidance to the settlement work.

Yet is it strange that we are not satisfied ? While our modest movement has been developing, it has become only a part of a wider movement all over the country. The instinct of a few college girls ten years ago, that America needed settlements, has been abundantly justified. More than forty settlements existed when our last settlement bibliography was published, in America alone. Our three houses seem very few when we think of this marvelous growth in the movement ; and small indeed do they appear, with their limited plant, their cramped conditions, beside the immense structures, with coffee-houses, gymnasias, theatres, workshops, attached to them, into which some

American settlements have grown. Our pride in the success of our small local movement is caught up and merged in the surprised thankfulness with which we watch the amazing growth of the settlement movement as a whole.

We rejoice in it all : we rejoice in the diffused activity in the settlement cause of college women the continent over. Yet the success of the movement at large assuredly increases our eagerness that our association may continue to hold a worthy, useful, honorable place in its development. To lead the movement is not given to us, but we should hope at least to play a strong part in it. For it remains true that college women are in a peculiar sense responsible for the policy and the development of our three houses. These houses represent to the whole community the social work of trained women. That work should be as strong as possible, and should be carried on under the most favorable conditions. As settlements multiply, varying types appear among them : some specialize on religious work, some on work among children, some on manual training, some on district nursing, and so on ; the special type at which a college settlement should aim, it remains for the next decade to define, though some of us have already clear views on the subject. Whatever the type be, it is obvious that we need many things in our settlements which we do not yet possess.

Our income from the colleges is now between six and seven thousand dollars a year. It is not a sum to despise ; but how slight it is for the support of three houses, any one knows who has looked into the financial affairs of such houses. This money is of course increased by local gifts, but the college money is the permanent factor in the support of the college houses. It is good money. We take great satisfaction in thinking of it. It is gathered in many small sums, by laborious methods, from the wages and salaries of hard-working professional women, or the pocket-money of college girls ; it represents earnest interest, and, in many cases, devoted sacrifice. We would not, if we could, glory in blocks of magnificent buildings put up by an ill-gotten wealth seeking to make histrionic return to the working-classes of a small portion ground in its last stage off the faces of the poor ;—a position in which it is to be feared that some modern philanthropic enterprises, though we may trust not many, begin to find themselves. Our little sums are better. But a considerable increase

in our funds we do very much need and desire ; and such an increase would be perfectly possible, if a larger proportion of our college graduates belonged to the association.

We wish we might see a rapid growth in membership, both within and without the colleges, both among students and *alumnæ*. The College Settlements Association is a real fellowship. The chapters in the colleges ought to be, and often are, full of intellectual and moral earnestness, awake to the social issues of the day, and capable of doing good service by helping to keep such interest quick in their college communities. A reading-circle in the Wellesley chapter, for instance, is this year helping to realize this ideal, by discussions of various phases of social literature, from the work of William Morris and Carlyle to Mr. Henry D. Lloyd's "*Wealth Against Commonwealth*." The spirit of corporate responsibility and corporate life should lead girls out from the undergraduate into the *alumnæ* chapters : at present, some students seem to have the impression that the association exists only within the college ; but our real hope is in the extension of *alumnæ* membership from year to year, as the numbers of *alumnæ* increase. The *alumnæ* chapters will find visible fellowship harder than the undergraduate, but it might well be possible for little groups here or there to meet occasionally, to organize settlement addresses in their towns, to keep in touch with the work, perhaps to send delegates on occasional visits to one of the settlements.

We trust, moreover, that more and more college women will be drawn to enter settlement life in one of our three houses. We need residents not for a few months only, but for a lifetime or for a term of years. We need women of vigor, of practical power, of intellectual force, of consecrated devotion, women with the rare gift of initiative. We need the simple and the shrinking people too, who so often make their way into loving service as those with more brilliant gifts may fail to do. We need more of those who have received their wages in advance, and who can therefore afford to give a service that has in a way more obvious value as a witness to certain principles in social life than the services of the paid worker. Settlements will never offer opportunity for a paid professional career to more than a limited number ; but opportunity for life of rich and varied and definite usefulness they do offer to every one.

College loyalty should make all college women give their

support both financial and personal to the College Settlements Association. The settlement movement has been the only one initiated, to my knowledge, by women's colleges in their first half-century of existence. In many other admirable movements the colleges have a share of which they may be justly proud: in the temperance movement, the missionary movement, the work of Christian associations. But this movement is in a peculiar sense our own: inaugurated by us in the East, and vitally related not only to our broad and general interests as human beings and as Christians, but also to those special ideals and aims for which the higher education stands. The possibilities of the settlement movement are limited only by its resources; its opportunities are greater than any one not in intimate personal relation to it can know. May we not all help to make this movement, in its second decade, a real force spiritual and social in our American life?

VIDA DUTTON SCUDDER.



## ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

The Smith Students' Aid Society completes, in June, the third year of its existence and as the demands upon its resources increase, the Executive Committee feels keenly the necessity of awakening a

**The Smith  
Students' Aid Society** deeper interest in its work. When it was organized, nearly fifteen hundred circulars were sent out, but this wide-spread appeal brought only two life members and one hundred and thirty-four regular members, to which twenty-two have since been added, making a total of one hundred and fifty-six.

Last year the society gratefully acknowledged the receipt of twenty-five dollars from the Hartford Club, but otherwise its only source of income has been the annual dues, one dollar per year from each member. In spite of these limited resources, valuable work has been done. Assistance has been given to girls already in college, to those who had good records for scholarship, who gave promise of meeting with success in their work after leaving college, but who for one reason or another found it difficult to meet their expenses. The aid has been entirely in the form of loans, without security and without interest and, of course, in comparatively small amounts. To any one at all familiar with college life, it seems superfluous to say that there are many girls making a brave struggle to meet the necessary expenses of their college course. Oftentimes a really bright girl is debarred from doing her best in the class-room because of the stern necessity laid upon her of devoting so much time to ways and means.

We feel that the work and the needs of this society must be of interest to all who have been at any time connected with Smith College. We desire a larger membership, for that means a larger income and an opportunity for good to a larger number.

Officers of the Smith Students' Aid Society: President, Mrs. James A. Webb, Jr., Madison, N. J. ; First Vice-President, Mrs. A. Capen Gill, Ithaca, N. Y. ; Second Vice-President, Mrs. Geo. L. Amerman, New Haven, Conn. ; Secretary, Miss Kitty E. Lyall, New York, N. Y. ; Treasurer, Miss Imogene Weeks, Montclair, N. J. ; Auditor, Miss Louisa S. Cheever, Worcester, Mass. ; First Director, Miss Mary F. Knox, Northampton, Mass. ; Second Director, Miss Anna A. Cutler, Northampton, Mass. ; Third Director, Mrs. Harry A. Cushing, New York, N. Y. ; Fourth Director, Miss Helen F. Pratt, Brooklyn, N. Y. ; Fifth Director, Mrs. Francis N. Paris, New York, N. Y.

NELLIE S. WEBB, President.

The fourth annual luncheon of the Smith College Alumnae of New York City, was given at the Manhattan Hotel, Saturday, April 14. The attendance of about one hundred and twenty-five

**New York Alumnae Association** was unusually large. The informality which characterized the proceedings likewise added greatly to the enthusiasm and enjoyment of the occasion. Ernest Seton Thompson was the guest of honor, and told a delightful story of bird-life, entitled, "A Message from Wild Animals." Other speakers were Professor Henry M. Tyler, Dr. A. H. Bradford, Miss Julia Caverno, and Miss Josephine Daskam. The two latter spoke upon topics of especial college interest: "Democracy at Smith College," and "The College Girl in Fact and Fiction." The meeting closed with enthusiastic singing of "Fair Smith."

A recital by Miss Leonora Jackson and Mr. Albert Janpolski was given under the auspices of the Chicago Association

**Chicago Alumnae Association** of Smith College Alumnae, in Steinway Hall, April 23, for the benefit of the Students' Building.

The annual luncheon of the Boston Association of Smith College Alumnae was given at Hotel Somerset on Saturday,

**Boston Alumnae Association** April 28. Before the luncheon an informal reception was tendered President Seelye, who was the guest of honor. About one hundred and twenty-five persons were present.

A book has been placed in the Reading Room, in which all alumnae visiting the college are asked to sign their names. The list of visitors for April is as follows:

'83.	Mrs. E. L. Clarke (E. C. Lawrence),	April 2.
	Charlotte C. Gulliver, . . . . .	" 2.
'85.	Jennie S. Spring, . . . . .	" 5.
'94.	Lucy Inez Lamb, . . . . .	" 5.
'97.	Julia Irene Goodrich, . . . . .	" 21.
'98.	Alice Jackson, . . . . .	" 3.
'99.	Elizabeth S. Beane, . . . . .	" 24.

Applications have been received for more than the number of tickets for Senior Dramatics, (seats and standing room) originally reserved for alumnae. It is impossible to tell before Commencement Week whether there will be more room than has been estimated. Notice will be posted during that week of time and place where tickets can be obtained. All those who find they will be unable to claim the tickets they have engaged will please send word as early as possible to Miss Marguerite Gray, 6 Bedford Terrace.

Contributions to this department are desired by the second of the month in order to appear in that month's issue, and are to be sent to Ruth L. Gaines, 12 Fruit Street, Northampton.

'88. Florence K. Bailey is to spend the summer abroad.

Mrs. C. E. St John (M. E. Everett) has removed from Pittsfield to Boston, Mass., where Dr. St. John is now Secretary of the Unitarian Association.

'90. Mrs. Albert Norton Wood (Edith Elmer) is living in Portland, Oregon, where her husband has been stationed for shore duty.

The engagement is announced of Mary L. Bufkin to Mr. Wilmot R. Jones of Stamford, Conn.

Ruth D. Sherrill is teaching in the Granger Place School, Canandaigua, New York.

'91. Cornelia R. Trowbridge goes abroad in August, to stay until November. On her return she will take the place of Assistant Principal of the Kirkland School, Chicago, Ill.

'94. Gertrude Gane sails for Europe June 9, to be gone a year and a half. She will travel during the summer, and then study music in Berlin.

Laetitia Moon was married last month to Mr. Henry S. Cunard. Her address is 126 South 34th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

'95. Annie K. Allen has announced her engagement to Mr. S. B. Buck of Hartley Hall School, Tarrytown, N. Y.

Mary M. Melcher has been appointed one of the assistants in the Library of Congress.

Kate S. Reynolds and Lola Maverick '97 sailed for England, April 26.

Alice L. Tucker was married April 17, to Mr. Frank H. Dixon of Hanover, N. H.

Annie S. Kitchell is the the head of the German Department in the Eastern District High School of Brooklyn, N. Y.

'96. Mabel G. Bacon is teaching Latin in Abbot Academy, Andover, Mass.

Maude Carpenter was married April 25, to Mr. William D. Murphy.

Laura V. Crane has announced her engagement to Mr. Thomas Burgess of New York.

Elizabeth King is studying singing with William Shakespeare in London. Address 4 Brunswick Sq., W. C.

Florence Stewart was married April 19, to Mr. Charles A. Anderson.

#### BIRTH

'95. Mrs. Frederick Foster (L. W. Kendall), a son, Kendall Foster, born March 31.

#### DEATH

'91. Helen Augusta Lord, M. D., died at Philadelphia, Pa., March 28.

## ABOUT COLLEGE

The occurrence of over thirty cases of measles among our students during the past winter term furnishes a convenient text for some remarks on contagious diseases and the best attitude to be taken toward them.

**Contagion** Our experience was very much the same as that of the majority of the colleges in the eastern and middle states; namely, that in spite of prompt isolation and all the other usual measures to prevent the spread of the disease, it continued to appear with great persistency.

It is the first time in the whole course of the college that anything like an epidemic has occurred, and this involved only three per cent of the students. The cause of its continued spread was doubtless due in part to the fact that in this epidemic,—and now I speak of the country at large,—the onset resembled more closely than usual the ordinary slight winter cold, and this prevented its early detection. But aside from this, the epidemic was marked by the unusually tenacious vitality of the contagion, although the individual cases were not of extreme severity. Different epidemics of the same disease differ widely one from another in these characteristics, so that a person may be exposed many times to a contagious disease without contracting it, and yet possess no real security against it, if it comes in a more vigorous form.

It is a rule which should have no exceptions in institutions, that a person suffering from a contagious disease of even the mildest form, as German measles, should be promptly isolated until all danger of contagion is past, and should come in contact only with those needed to care for him. All illness is expensive in time as well as money, and the prevention of new cases is an economical measure. The victim of a contagious disease must consider not only his own comfort and welfare, but that of his neighbors also. It needs self-denial on the part of our students who feel quite well, yet are visibly afflicted with German measles, to remain shut off from work and pleasure for a week or more in order that others may not feel quite miserable a week or two later, as would almost surely be the case if they went about as usual. This, however, is a very practical way of exercising self-denial and so valuable to the community that the college helps the students to make the right decision promptly.

The prevention of new cases is desirable not only on account of the expense and discomfort they cause, but all these diseases, if allowed to go on unchecked, tend to grow more and more severe, and subside only when all who are susceptible have succumbed. In the case of the usually severe diseases, such as scarlet fever, the fear of it keeps friends from offering the consolation of their society, but with the milder ones, such as measles,



chicken-pox, etc., there are many who, regardless of an attack themselves and of the possibility of carrying it to others, cannot understand why, if they "are not afraid," they should be kept out.

Fear never produces a contagious disease nor does the lack of fear prevent it. It is curious in this age of vaunted intellectual enlightenment to see how many persons persist in maintaining a perfectly unreasoning mind toward disease and its production. Fear may so lower the vitality as to render a person an easy victim, while the lack of fear never does. So far and no farther does one or the other have any effect. There is, moreover, the ostrich habit toward disease,—the desire to shut the eyes to possible danger and disagreeable but necessary arrangements.

Whenever a contagious disease is present in a community, all should know it in order to protect themselves, and to be on the outlook for the earliest symptoms, if taken ill. Whenever there is any doubt as to whether a patient has a contagious disease or not, the benefit should always be given to the side of protection; for instance, tonsilitis treated as diphtheria does not harm the patient, but the other way around may mean untold suffering and misery to many. Deferring isolation and the other protective measures until all doubt is removed as to their need, is often equal to locking the barn door after the horse is stolen.

MARY J. BREWSTER, M. D.

In view of the confusion which necessarily arises from the adoption of a new classification in our reference library, a few statements may be of assistance concerning the nature of the system.

**Our New Library System** The classification which has been introduced this year is that which, through the course of twenty years, has been worked out and elaborated with great care and study by Mr. Cutter of the Forbes Library. According to this system all books are classified in certain broad groups denoted by capital letters. By adding to these various other letters and figures, a great many divisions and subdivisions are made. For example, F stands for History, the number 45 is reserved to mean England wherever found; hence F 45 signifies English History. But F 45 of course includes a great many books. To narrow the meaning, the "author mark" is used: F 45 G 82 represents Green's History of the English People. The second number is one taken from a prescribed order-table prepared by Mr. Cutter, in which certain figures are always associated with certain combinations of letters, and as used by classifiers are merely arbitrary signs for purposes of arrangement.

Of the broadest divisions, A is reserved for books of reference; for example: A D dictionaries, A E encyclopedias, A P general periodicals. B stands for Philosophy in its comprehensive sense, and embraces B G Metaphysics, B H Logic, B I Psychology, B M Moral Philosophy. C denotes Christianity, and everything pertaining thereto will be found in this class, with the exception of Ecclesiastical History which is represented by a letter of its own, D. E signifies Biography. One of the most comprehensive classes is F, History. Subdivisions of this class are formed by adding numbers. Thus F o 2 stands for general Ancient History; F o 3, Mediaeval; and F o 7, Modern. Different countries are represented by certain higher numbers which are constant

through the system. As examples: F 39 denotes French History; F 45, English; F 47, German; F 83, United States. In the same way G, Geography, is made local; G 45, the Geography and Description of England. H is used for the Social Sciences, H B for Statistics, H c for Economics. I is Sociology and embraces all treatises on crime, charity, and education. Government is treated under J, and K is assigned to Legislation and Law. From K to X we have very few books. Under X are classified all books upon Philology. A very important class, and one in which we have many books because of the nature of the demands upon our library, is Y, Literature. Y D signifies Drama; Y F, Fiction; Y P, Poetry. All matter about books is included under Z, whose largest division is Z Y, Literary History; Z Y 39 is recognized at once as the Literary History of France.

Thus, in such a general way, can be outlined the framework of the system on which Mr. Cutter's classification is built up. The advantages which this system possesses over the old one are easily recognized. In the first place, it allows for growth, being capable of any amount of expansion. Whereas, when a new book was received under the old system of shelf and number, much rearrangement was often necessary to make it stand in a logical place. Then, too, the books were numbered according to their arrangement in a particular room. When moving became necessary, a complete change of labels was unavoidable. So, at the beginning of the year when the change had to be made in preparation for the new library, it was very wise that the old system was rejected for one better fitted for our purpose. The Cutter classification will hold in any library. Another obvious advantage is that all books on the same subject are kept together, and all by the same author on that subject. This marking, too, is more accurate, and has a meaning in itself.

But in order to find a book there is, of course, no necessity of committing to memory these symbols, or of knowing the meaning of each of the figures and letters used. These are for classification. With the assistance of the catalogue a book should readily be found, the only difference being the somewhat greater difficulty of carrying in the memory for a moment a longer series of marks. The arrangement of books, to which we have become somewhat accustomed in the old library, is strictly alphabetical, following exactly the analogy of a dictionary.

In our new library, the books of general reference, which begin the alphabet, occupy the alcove directly opposite the door. From here the books are arranged toward the right with perfect regularity, through the successive alcoves around the room to the starting point. There are but two exceptions to this rule; H and I are on the second floor, and the bound magazines in the first floor balcony. Though our present number of books seems small in comparison with the entire shelf room, we are glad to have accommodations for a library which promises sometime to be large enough for a fitting adjunct to a college of this size.

MARY A. WEAVER 1900.

The Hubbard House, this year, varied the usual type of house dramatics by presenting an early English comedy, "Ralph Roister Doister," by Nicholas Udall. The students of Literature 3 have always wished that it might be

given here, and were well pleased to see it. The "Alterations by the Tertium Quid Society" consisted chiefly in such changes as were necessary to make the play appeal to the audience, as it must have to those who saw it when it was first presented. The original stage would have been very curious and interesting, but would have had a far different effect upon us than upon those who saw it so long ago, and the alterations were therefore such as should bring about greater sympathy on the part of the audience. Instead of the bare stage, furnished only with suggestive signs, there was an artistic bit of garden before the pretty house of Custance.

The play was acted with a great deal of spirit. Matthew Merygreeke was as gay and careless as we have always thought him, and Marjery Mumblecrust just as grouty, but the clowns, led by the incomparable Harpax, were funnier than ever. The character of Dame Custance was remarkably well brought out in all its many sides. She was gay and friendly with her maids and with Matthew Merygreeke, haughty and then boisterously retaliatory toward her vain-glorious suitor, and finally gentler and rather coy with her true-love, Gavin Goodlucke. The applause which greeted the spirited street fight would seem to show that we are not less interested than our ancestors in such a scene,—at least on the stage. The play was acted by the following cast:—

Ralph Roister Doister, a vain-glorious gull.....	Ethel Godfrey
Matthew Merygreeke, a parasite.....	Marjory Gane
Gavin Goodlucke, affianced to Dame Custance.....	Helen Kitchell
Tristram Trusty, his friend.....	Louisa Kimball
Dobinett Doughtie, 'boy' to Roister Doister.....	Etta Garretson
Tom Trupenie, 'boy' to Dame Custance.....	Bertha Richardson
Sym Suresby, servant to Goodlucke.....	Alice Kimball
Scrivener.....	Mary Gage
Harpax, leader of musicians.....	Frances Buffington
Dame Christian Custance.....	Henrietta Prentiss
Margerie Mumblecrust, her nurse.....	Mary Curtis
Tibet Talkapace, }	Bessie Boies
Annot Alyface, } her maidens...	Alice Wright

MARTHA HOWEY 1901.

The following extracts were taken from several letters from Dr. Myers, which have lately been received by the Missionary Society.

AMOY, CHINA.

First you must let me thank you for the box I received a little while ago marked "From Smith College." When you were packing it last spring, of course you could not know when it would arrive, but if you could have planned it all, its arrival could not have been more opportune. It seemed as though there were literally no end of the varied and lovely and useful things that came out of that box, and I wanted every one of them. \* \* \*

I am tempted to begin wrong end foremost and tell you first of a feast to which I went last week. It was given by the school of small boys in honor of two of the ladies in this house, but the small boys were not really at the feast at all, though from my seat I frequently caught sight of a round face



and a pair of very black eyes peeping round the corner of the door. Five of us went down at seven o'clock to find a square table guiltless of a cloth, set for eight people. Three of the teachers ate with us and showed us how to hold our chopsticks, and our desperate efforts to use them seemed to amuse them highly. While we waited for the courses to appear we spent our time eating salted watermelon seeds (a native delicacy which I like) and admiring the table which looked very pretty covered with bowls of various desserts and entrées. Fortunately it is polite to ask questions about the food and we improved our opportunity. Plates we had none; a pair of chopsticks and a china spoon were at each place with a diminutive napkin of brown paper, and the courses all came on in large centre bowls into which we all dipped.

Bird's nest soup first, and I was a little disappointed in its appearance, for it looked exactly like fresh seaweed and tasted accordingly. After a course of pigeon's eggs, we had a preparation of minced quail which seemed attractive till we found that some of the small bones were minced with the meat. Shark's fins and bamboo sprouts were next, and as the fins hardly looked appetizing I confined my attention to the bamboo. The next course was the worst of all,—in fact buried eggs are the most unpleasant things I have ever tasted; after one timid nibble, I made a resolve never to eat one of my own free will. The "Heavenly Ladders," which arrived next, did not come up to their name. They are the cartilage of pig's trachia and larynx intact, tasteless but most indigestible. After many other peculiar dishes, such as garlic pudding and stewed mushrooms, we arrived at the fourteenth course, dessert,—almond pudding, which looked like curds and whey, with small pieces of sponge cake. For entrées we had cold pig's liver, cold sausage, red ginger, candied fruit, dried seaweed, and sugar-cane. I am afraid all this does not sound very inviting to you, but on the whole we fare well enough.

I spend about six hours a day studying Chinese, and very interesting it is. Imagine how convenient it is to have all nouns and pronouns absolutely indeclinable and verbs which change not at all for person, number or time, except as they have an extra auxiliary. But on the other hand, imagine words with no vowels at all, such as one I have come across lately, spelled "mng," which has three variations of meaning according to its pitch in the musical scale. When I begin to discourse on the language I don't know when to stop, so before I get too far I'll just tell you my Chinese name and let it go at that. It is Mai An Jin I Sing—backwards, of course, and pronounced as you would least expect it.

But it is already near the time when the mail may leave. I say "may leave" because, although we know when the mail steamers leave Hong Kong, we have to guess what coast steamers will catch them, and these seem to go apparently without rhyme or reason. To the Chinese, time is no object, and I have had to learn to wait patiently for what I want in a hurry. In the latter class I include letters from Smith, and I hope you will not disappoint me.

The spring sports have been attacked this year with unusual enthusiasm. Among them, golf claims the foremost place, and the devotees of the game who pursued the golf ball into snow drifts late last winter have gone out early this spring to hunt for it, and begin where they left off. Red golf coats



enliven the landscape far and near, on the links and about college,—for the girl who never held a golf club can at least wear a red golf coat and appear professional. Improvements have also been made on the links, so that the war-path of the golfer offers fewer briers, stones, and pit-falls than last year.

Tennis still holds a prominent place in the hearts of many who refuse to succumb to golf. The girls have not yet begun their custom of appearing on the courts at five in the morning, although it is rumored that the courts are full at six. To satisfy the great demand, three new gravel courts have been laid out back of the Morris House, running north and south. These are the best courts we have and the expense and labor spent in their preparation justify the imperative demand of the tennis committee that players shall not mar the courts by wearing heeled shoes; already suggestive heel-marks on the fresh gravel testify that this rule has been frequently violated. To many the spring tournament is the most exciting out-of-door event of the term; it is certainly one of the prettiest sights of the spring to see the girls in light gowns, with various banners and precarious tissue-paper emblems, flocking to the courts from all parts of the college to champion their respective classes. The day of the finals is always a fitting climax in excitement as well as heat, while it combines the attractions of a "strawberry festival" with its other pleasant features.

Base ball is fast becoming a rival of tennis. The field back of the Lawrence House is used for the diamond, and directly after supper, the proper time for "scrub" games, a hastily selected nine may be seen playing vigorous base ball, supplying in zeal what they lack in tactics. This impromptu practice is not always strictly scientific, as the rest of the team are often obliged to remonstrate with the girl who remains sitting on first base until her scattered side-combs are properly adjusted, or to reassure her timid sister who shrinks from stealing a base; but the games on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons are really fairly well played, and are excellent exercise.

It is hoped that beside the other out-of-door games, basket ball will be kept up this term. A space 43 by 90 feet has been marked out on the campus where there should be a few good games at least, before it becomes too hot.

ETHEL H. FREEMAN 1902.

At a recent meeting of the Association for Maintaining the American Women's Table at the Zoölogical Station in Naples, Miss Wallace, who was here last year as an assistant in Zoölogy, was chosen one of the two scholars of the association for next year.

For the annual sophomore-senior entertainment this year, the sophomores have secured Miss Annie Russell in the farce, "Miss Hobbs," which will be played here, May 26.

On Thursday evening, April 26, Miss Beatrice Herford gave an entertainment in Assembly Hall for the benefit of the Students' Building. Miss Herford's monologues were exceedingly clever and well chosen, and all her situations were so vividly and naturally presented that their humor was irresistible. After the entertainment Miss Herford was given a reception at the Dickinson House.

The following delegates from this college were sent to the Ecumenical Conference of Missions in New York: Mabel Milham 1900, Florence Whitney 1900, Adelaide Dwight 1900, and Sarah DeForest 1901.

On Friday evening, April 27, the Biological Society entertained its sister society, Philosophical. After an interesting discussion of philosophical and biological questions, a small collation was served and then the two societies exchanged compliments in song before they parted.

## CALENDAR

- |      |     |                                       |
|------|-----|---------------------------------------|
| May  | 17, | Senior Concert.                       |
|      | 18, | Mathematical Club. Open Meeting.      |
|      | 19, | Phi Kappa Psi.                        |
|      | 21, | Greek Club. Open Meeting.             |
|      | 24, | Biological.                           |
|      | 26, | Sophomore-Senior Entertainment.       |
|      | 28, | Colloquium.                           |
|      | 30, | Decoration Day.                       |
| June | 6,  | Adamowski String Quartette.           |
|      | 7,  | Biological.                           |
|      | 9,  | Phi Kappa Psi. Junior-Senior Meeting. |
|      | 9,  | Alpha. Junior-Senior Meeting.         |
|      | 14, | Dress Rehearsal of Senior Dramatics.  |
|      | 15, | Senior Dramatics.                     |
|      | 16, | Senior Dramatics.                     |
|      | 17, | Baccalaureate Sunday.                 |
|      | 18, | Ivy Day.                              |
|      | 19, | Commencement.                         |

The  
Smith College  
Monthly

June - 1900.

Conducted by the Senior Class.

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THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY is published at Northampton, Massachusetts, on the 15th of each month, during the year from October to June, inclusive. Terms, \$1.50 a year, in advance. Single numbers, 20 cents. Contributions may be left at 3 Gymnasium Hall. Subscriptions may be sent to E. M. deLong, 27 High Street, Northampton.

Entered at the Post Office at Northampton, Massachusetts, as second class matter.

GAZETTE PRINTING COMPANY, NORTHAMPTON, MASS.



THE  
SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

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*Vol. VII.*

*JUNE, 1900.*

*No. 9.*

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**MODERN INDUSTRIAL COMBINATIONS**

We hear in these days much talk and discussion about "trusts." With some they seem to be looked upon as a monster evil, threatening untold danger to our land. Others express a less violent dislike, but there are few who give them an unqualified approval. It is well worth notice that neither of the great political parties finds it safe to be known openly as a friend to the trust. If we care to look into this matter, and find what the case is for or against this creature called a trust, we must first know what a trust is. The simplest form of trust, so called, is an agreement between two or more competitors that they will not sell below a certain price. When such an agreement is put into writing, the parties to it are said to have formed a pool. Perhaps these are the only forms of combination of which we should ever have heard, were it not that agreements are not always kept. The pool has been found insufficient for its purpose, because of the failure of its members to maintain the prices agreed upon.

A long stride toward consolidation of interest of companies engaged in the same business was taken by the Standard Oil Companies when in 1881 they formed themselves into the Stand-

ard Oil Trust. This organization was a type of many others which were modeled after it. It is from this form that the word trust is derived, for it is here that the word, used in its strict, legal sense, may properly be applied. The owners of a majority of the shares in each of the corporations concerned placed their shares in the control of a body of men called trustees, and received in return "trust certificates," which entitled them to an interest in the property and the earnings of all the corporations of the trust. The control of the trustees over the separate corporations was absolute, including election of officers in each, and full management of the business. This form of organization commended itself by its solidarity, and found general favor among companies who wished by some means to combine for the maintaining of prices. But the cry of the people against the trust brought about an investigation by government authority, which resulted in a declaration against this form as illegal, the illegality consisting in the fact that the separate corporations surrendered to other persons not legally authorized the power to manage their business, and also that through the trust they engaged in kinds of business not authorized by their respective charters.

The promoters of combinations now devised a new scheme, that of the union of several corporations into one giant corporation. The process is not simple; on the contrary, it requires great skill to effect the combination. Each company which is to enter the combination must be allowed stock in the new corporation, the amount being proportioned to its own value to the new enterprise. Each company desires the best terms possible, yet the terms made with all must be such as to come within the limits of the earning capacity of the combination. The new corporation thus formed is legally in all respects like the smaller corporation, but practically serves the same purpose as did the trust proper. Combinations of this sort have been springing up rapidly all over the country. Moreover, this form of combination possesses qualities which render it likely to be permanent. Not only does it have all the advantages which attach to it as a corporation, but it is to be noticed that these corporate combinations are avoiding one of the chief weaknesses of corporations in the past, by issuing few bonds in proportion to the amount of stock. The vitality of the form is sufficiently demonstrated in cases where any of these corporations have become bankrupt.

After the dissolution there has been no return to former conditions, but reorganization has taken place, and business has gone on still under this same corporate management.

What occasion has there been, we may ask, for any of these forms of combination, whether pool, trust, or giant corporation? Their own claim is that they act merely on the defensive, driven to take the step because of the ruinous force of competition. It may be then that this force, which according to the old maxim is the life of trade, has some evil connected with it which has not usually been acknowledged. Under conditions of perfect competition one may suppose that weaker competitors, finding themselves driven below the point of profit, will withdraw from the business, and turn their energy into some other channel. It is easy to show, however, that in our modern business world this withdrawal is often impossible. With the growth of industry, machinery has grown more complicated and expensive, larger and stronger buildings have come into use as manufactories, and as a consequence the amount of capital required to establish and maintain a plant has steadily increased. Interest on the capital has become an important item of expense. Now if, under the influence of competition, prices have run so low that profit in the case of any one company has ceased, the managers will not necessarily for this reason close the business. If they can keep the plant running, and pay the interest on their capital, together with such other fixed charges as insurance and taxes, they will continue after all profit is gone. It is sometimes, then, to save themselves from ruin, that corporations are moved to unite and obtain the power to control prices.

We have found here a possible justification for the existence of combinations in industry. It is not difficult to see also several real benefits which it is possible for the public to derive from them. With their enormous aggregations of capital they are able to obtain the best facilities for production. Expense is saved by the consolidation of management under one head: expenses of advertising, of salaries to agents, of transportation. Not only is the oversight less expensive, but it is more competent; for unity of organization renders it possible for the managers to have a better knowledge of the needs of the market than any small corporation could obtain. In the production, then, of any commodity by a consolidated corporation, these economies render it possible for the given commodity to be pro-

duced more cheaply than it could have been without the consolidation. Now it is possible for the public to benefit by these economies if the price is made considerably or even a little lower than it would otherwise have been. With such a reduction of prices coming as the result of combinations of capital, one may believe that there would be little complaint against the trust.

There are two other cases which may be supposed. One is that the combination retains for itself the entire profit to be derived from its economies, above economies which would have been attained without it; the other, that by mere virtue of its power as a monopoly, it not only does not lower the price, but actually raises it. In the former case it is evident that there is an element of great uncertainty in determining what the price ought to be, since no one can tell the extent of the economies which would have attended the growing enterprise of smaller corporations in the same business. But let us suppose that it were possible to know exactly what the price would have been without the combination, and that the combination regulates its prices accordingly, thus retaining for itself merely the profit due to its additional efficiency. Even if this condition exist, however, we can not declare the trust to be an entirely beneficial agent in the community. One must remember first the losses that come to some of the people of the country through changes that the trust introduces. The new management shuts down a mill here and there, as not needed in its plan of production. In consequence, many working-men are thrown out of employment for a time. Perhaps, too, we should demand from the trust no slight compensation for the check that it puts upon business enterprise in the small company. Men who were formerly managers now find themselves either not needed at all, or retained under the direction of the great corporation. Something of a compensation for all these losses is perhaps offered in the increased amount of capital which the trust adds to the capital of the community. It is still, however, impossible to tell whether the one offsets the other.

The results of which we have just been speaking are such as are inherent in the modern combination, and seem to be the fault of nobody. We should have no right, then, to accuse of wilful injury to the public the trust we have supposed in the first case. We must concede to the trust, as to the individual,



the right to retain the profits resulting from its own honest efficiency; and if certain consequences cause us to doubt whether the trust is a benefit to the community, we will at least refrain from accusing the members of the combination of evil intentions. The actual facts connected with the trust, however, seem to make the case we have just supposed purely ideal. The evils inherent in the trust as an organization fade into insignificance when the real charge is brought forward. And here we come to our second case suggested above, that in which the trust by mere virtue of its power as a monopoly raises the price of a commodity in order to increase its profits,—an action which is no less than extortion, and may be ranked with all oppression of the weak by the strong. That this accusation is not without grounds is shown by a study of the range of prices in the industries which are controlled by trusts. In such an investigation it is obviously unfair to take as illustrations the most recent of the combinations. That prices have risen immediately after the formation of a trust proves little for our purpose. It is in combinations of long standing that the range of prices is most significant; and it is by a study of trusts which have been given a fair trial in point of time, that we decide the general tendency of the trust to be toward the raising of prices for the sake of profit which it has not earned, which it takes from the consumer merely because it can.

This statement covers some cases in which the injustice is not evident to a casual observer. Take, for example, the Standard Oil Trust, a combination which has perhaps been more efficient than any other in the economies it has introduced into its business. One hears the remark that the price of oil has declined since the formation of this trust. Nobody can deny the fact; but we must pause to consider whether the price would not be lower if the trust did not exist. The statistics of prices show that before the formation of the trust the price of refined oil was declining very rapidly, because of economies which were introduced from time to time in the refining process. It is natural, then, to expect that, with the great improvements which the Standard Oil Trust has introduced, the price would continue to decline at an even more rapid rate. On the contrary, if we should judge the economies by a comparison of prices of crude and of refined oil for the last thirty years, we should decide that in all the years of the existence of the trust, the improvements

it has introduced count for about one tenth of those which came into the industry in one half that number of years before the trust was formed. It is absurd to accept this as the real state of the case, and our conclusion is that if the Standard Oil Trust had never come into being, we should be paying less for our oil than we are to-day. An examination of price-lists of raw and of refined sugar leads to a similar conclusion with regard to the Sugar Trust.

The case against the trust is strengthened by the special favors which some combinations have been able to obtain. Not only have they received special railroad rates, to the detriment of small competitors, but even the government has felt their influence. One prominent combination makes no secret of the fact that it gives financial aid to both political parties in view of the favors it obtains. Indeed it is well known that not a few of the great industrial combinations could not maintain their high prices were it not for the "protection" they receive from measures passed by Congress. We can not deny, then, that the people have good reason to fear the trust. Even when we find a combination of capital which can not be proved guilty of injustice, the reassurance is not sufficient. There is still danger as long as the trust holds the power it now has; and we are not surprised that prominent in the discussions of to-day is the question, What shall we do with the trust?

The only solution of the problem offered by some is that all trusts should be blotted from existence, the method by which this should be done being not clearly defined. It is difficult to imagine a method which would be effectual, and yet which would not infringe upon the rights of individual liberty. But it may be we do not desire to abolish the trust. What if we decide that the possibilities for good which it possesses are well worth some sacrifice even of individual business enterprise? Is there no way in which the evil can be repressed while the good remains?

It is the belief of some that the whole difficulty is to be removed by the absorption of monopolies by the government. This suggestion involves discussion which is beyond the scope of this paper. When we consider that government ownership of business enterprise removes the element of immediate personal interest which is so strong a factor in efficient management, and when we think of the temptations such a condition would

offer to men of the government,—already proved none too strong when personal aggrandizement is offered,—we are inclined to leave this plan as a last resort. Let us turn now to see if any other solution offers itself.

The experience of Massachusetts in the control of corporations and industry furnishes a suggestion which may be valuable. Since 1851, when the first agency for the oversight of corporations—a board of bank commissioners—was established, other commissions have been appointed from time to time to have the oversight of insurance companies, gas companies, railroads, and general corporations. The success which has attended these commissions as a means of arbitration between the public and the corporations is a hopeful indication of the possibilities of government control through the commission plan. Whether the extension of this idea to government supervision of the mammoth corporations is practicable, is a question yet to be answered. The success of these powerful combinations in evading laws which have already been made from time to time in the attempt to control, warns us that even this solution may have serious imperfections.

Meanwhile the trust looks on as we discuss these puzzling questions, and offers to help us not in the least. It wants its own way, and will have it until checked by the law, and then it will evade the law if it can. And here in our despair we are reminded that we have never relied upon law as the sole means of preventing evil. We consider it only an imperfect agent in promoting right in the world. We do not expect a robber—and extortion is only another kind of robbery—to come out of prison an estimable citizen. As soon as the law is relaxed, we know he is likely to repeat his crime. The law has not changed the man. It is the old, old problem, how to make man want to do what he ought to do; and we doubt if any other solution has ever been found than one—and it is old, too, nineteen centuries old. They tell us the corporation has no soul, but members of corporations have souls, directors of corporations have souls, officers of corporations have souls; and “our heart’s desire and prayer to God for them is that they might be saved.”

CLARA LOUISE KNEELAND.

## IDEALS

If I might pierce into the great white calm  
And be at peace !  
But lo, my dream life warreth with my life  
Until it cease,  
And all my soul yearns out to its release.

For I would love, not asking love again,  
But for mere joy of loving perfectly  
Out of heart wealth. And I would ever be  
A calmness in the troubled lives of men.  
And I would hope as having eyes to see  
Into the mysteries of all the years  
Where lie the meanings of our falling tears  
Till we come thither. I would patiently  
Work out some perfect work before I sleep,  
For the work's sake and love's. And I would keep  
A white soul-pureness and humility.

If I might pierce into the eternal calm  
And be at peace !  
But lo, my dream life warreth with my life  
Until it cease,  
And all my soul yearns out to its release.

CHARLOTTE LOWRY MARSH.

## THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPE

A term which has become familiar to the world in the latter half of this nineteenth century is the "Prisoner of the Vatican." It has been reserved for our age to witness the anomaly of the head of God's Church confined within the walls of his residence, and the sovereign who is above all earthly sovereigns become the subject of a temporal prince. Rome, the Eternal City, the home of the pontiffs since the time of St. Peter, has been seized upon, and the traditions that have grown up around it as the center of Christendom, violated by the enemies of God's Church. In the name of United Italy, a crime has been com-



mitted by which the spiritual father of over two hundred millions of children has been stripped of his ancient temporal dominions. What has been the property of the Holy See during eleven centuries, and what belongs to it by a better title than any European nation can lay claim to, has fallen into robber hands. The pope must now rule deprived of the dignity and the advantages which the temporal power would give him. That alone remains to him which can not be taken from him ; namely, his imperishable spiritual authority. "For the world passeth and the things thereof ; Christ's kingdom remaineth forever."

Men are accustomed to hold sacred the rights of nations. To destroy a legitimate government by conquest, by revolution, or by arbitrary usurpation is an offense against the natural and the divine law. The dismemberment of Poland excited the sympathy of the whole civilized world. It would justly be considered an outrage if a usurper took forcible possession of the English throne, drove out the legitimate sovereign, and set up a new government. Yet this was precisely what was done during the revolution of 1870, when the papal states were seized upon and Rome entered by Victor Emmanuel. Then and there was perpetrated not only an arbitrary usurpation of lawful rights, but a sacrilegious seizure of ecclesiastical territory. Yet the world looked calmly on while this act of injustice was committed, and no arm was raised to defend the pope against the armed revolutionists who invaded his territory.

The pretence of an election was resorted to in order to make it appear that it was the will of the Roman people, as expressed by their votes, to declare in favor of Victor Emmanuel. However, we know what importance to attach to an election held at the point of the bayonet. And besides, the Roman people had no power to transfer what did not belong to them. As Cardinal Gibbons says, the papal territory "was granted to the popes in trust, for the use and benefit of the Church ; that is, for the use and benefit of the Catholics of Christendom." Therefore the Catholic world, and not merely a handful of Roman subjects, must give its consent before such a transfer can be declared legitimate. Rome is to Catholic Christendom what Washington is to the United States. As the citizens of Washington have no power, without the concurrence of the United States, to annex their city to Maryland or Virginia, neither can the citizens

of Rome hand their city over to the Kingdom of Piedmont without the acquiescence of the faithful dispersed throughout the world.

As to the validity of the claims of the Roman pontiffs to the temporal power and the necessity of their possessing it, there can be no question. No European sovereign can claim a dominion as ancient or as justly acquired. It dates back to the ninth century, and the best proof of the justice of the rule of the Church is that she possessed in the nineteenth century the same territory that she had in the ninth. Her dominion was established not by conquest or usurpation, but by the free choice of the Roman people. By the force of circumstances the popes succeeded to the Roman emperors. During the early centuries of the Christian era, they were the sole refuge of Italy against the hordes of barbarians who were pouring down from the north. They preserved civilization during those trying times; they maintained order in the midst of chaos; and out of the Rome that had become a prey to Goth and Vandal, they built up Christian Rome.

The Italian people naturally came to look up to them as their temporal sovereigns in grateful recognition of their protection and guardianship, so that long before Pepin made his formal cession of territory, the temporal states of the popes had been formed. The title that was then conferred upon them by Pepin, and confirmed by his son and successor Charlemagne, was only a just recognition of their legitimate sovereignty. And this temporal sovereignty, in the obtaining of which the hand of Providence is so clearly manifest, is a necessary accompaniment of their office as spiritual sovereigns. It supplies a dignity and a prestige which enables them to exercise in a more efficient manner the papal authority. It secures to them a freedom and independence in the government of the Church which is essential in order that they may not be hampered or interfered with by premier or parliament in their work of communicating to all the faithful throughout the world; for when the pope is made a subject, as he is now, his action is restricted. Should Italy become involved in war with another country, it would be difficult for the pope to confer with the bishops of that country. The interests of religion demand that that one spot of territory be held inviolable, so that all nations, at all times, in war as well as in peace, can freely correspond with the vicar of the Prince of Peace, who should possess it.

These considerations serve to show the importance of the question of the "temporal power," and how closely it is bound up with the welfare of the world. They make us understand why the present pope has made so many earnest appeals for the restoration of his rights; but the heart of the usurper remains hardened, and it does not seem as if the pope's appeals would be answered before his eyes are closed in death. But the living voice of the Church will endure in the person of his successor, making itself heard to the ends of the earth and sounding the truths of the Gospel. The lessons of history are not heeded by the persecutors of the Church. They fail to realize that their efforts are fruitless and but the triumph of a moment, while the everlasting Church emerges glorious from the struggle, never wavering from her course, but steering straight for the haven of eternity.

MARGARET CECELIA MORRIS.

### NIGHT, SILENCE, AND MEMORY

Night, Silence, Memory.

The whole world filled with thoughts of thee,—  
The Night to cloak my shame and pride,  
The Silence to hear each time I cried,  
So long ago, in agony.  
And Memory!—Ah, here at last  
Lives every moment of that past  
Fraught with pure pleasure or with pain.  
I would live it all through once again  
Only to hear thy voice, to know  
That ecstasy of long ago  
That shook my soul when first I knew  
That love had entered thy heart, too.  
'Twas as a flash of morning light  
To some pale watcher of the night;  
'Twas a great dream, revealed to sight.

My body and my soul I gave  
To thee, as cruel as the grave.—  
More cruel; for Peace has never pressed  
Her healing fingers to my breast.  
For I must live to the far time when  
I would not live the past again  
To hear thy voice and feel thy lip:

Then shall I live till this world slips  
Out of the scheme of mortal men,  
Out of the Now into the Then,  
Where I shall still a spirit be,  
And think my thoughts with my handmaids three,  
Night, Silence, and Memory.

CORNELIA BROWNELL GOULD.

### IN THE WILDERNESS

The Professor rocked slowly back and forth in his arm-chair, his finger-tips pressed together, his eyes fixed dreamily upon the distant line of mountains. He had ceased speaking some moments before and was waiting still for a response from the man upon the steps. On the floor lay a little heap of broken stones and minerals, and the young mountaineer held in his hands a piece of mica from which, with the precision of a preoccupied mind, he was slitting off pieces of fragile thinness which fell unregarded to the steps below, and lay glittering in the sunlight. From the slope of the mountain opposite came now and then an answering gleam, as the refuse heap of the mica mine caught the light and shone for a moment like a long, leaping waterfall. The Professor's gaze wandered from the mountain tops to the distant mine, from the mine to the tall figure of the mountaineer, and rested there. Presently he spoke again.

"It seems to me an excellent opportunity for you, Dave. The opening of this new vein will be the making of the old mine, and there is every prospect that the mine will at last be a success. I have given Mr. Burton to understand that you are the man for the place. He is very anxious for you to come, and I can tell you frankly that it is not every man of your age who would have the chance to go in on shares."

The Professor paused, and still the young mountaineer made no response. A wide-brimmed slouch hat, pulled low over his head, half concealed the expression of the spare, brown face. It was a face from which past generations of poverty and common living had not wholly eradicated the traces of a remote English ancestry. The finely modeled aquiline nose, the clear-cut mouth and chin rising above the bare, sinewy neck, stood out in bold relief against the sunlit space beyond the cabin steps. The



Professor leaned forward in his chair and spoke again, with greater decision in his voice.

"My mind is quite made up about the place here. Mrs. Weatherbee and I both think the boy is old enough to go into the mill now with his brothers, and your lathe is the only one that I can give him. If there were nothing for you to turn to, Dave, or if it were some poorer place, I could scarcely think of sending you off in this way. But the place over in the Lone Mountain mine is better — far better — than the one here in the mill."

The mountaineer rose from the steps where he was sitting, and stood leaning against a pillar of the little porch. The meadow beyond the house shimmered in the heat of the summer sun, and the air was filled with the murmuring of insects in the tall pink hollyhocks which stood close against the rough logs of the cabin wall. Along the road in front of the cabin a girl came sauntering slowly, a pail of blueberries in one hand, the other clasping the chubby fist of a diminutive child in trousers. She paused by the gate to pat the nose of the horse tied there, and then came slowly up the path toward the cabin.

"Der's Dave," said the child, breaking into a stumbling run toward the figure on the porch steps. "Div me a wide, I wants a wide," he clamored importunately, pointing to the horse tied at the gate.

The Professor interposed. "Go with Elizabeth, son. You must not bother. Dave's busy now."

The girl caught the boy's hand in her own again, and with a laugh and a nod to the mountaineer, she led the reluctant child along the path and around the corner of the cabin. When she had turned away, her gingham sunbonnet hid her face from view; but the eyes of the young mountaineer followed the slender, girlish figure until it disappeared behind the bushes at the corner, and then he turned to the Professor, a new look of determination upon his face.

"I reckon it ain't no business o' mine," he said slowly, "an' if ther ain't no place fer me in the mill any longer, I'll hev ter go. But I don't seem to hev no kind o' hankerin' fer the mine over yander. 'Tain't thet it's a pore job, but the mill's good enough fer me, an' — an' —" he glanced appealingly at the Professor — "it's a purty nice place over hyar," he ended lamely.

The Professor did not meet his visitor's eyes.

"I'm sorry to have you go, Dave. I'm very sorry," he said simply. Behind him a step sounded upon the porch, and his wife's hand was laid upon his arm, warningly.

"Is it not good news about the mine?" she said to the young mountaineer. She spoke very gently, but to the man she addressed it seemed as if an impassable, insurmountable barrier had suddenly been placed across his path. He felt instinctively that the loss of his place in the little mill where he had worked for three years, three of the happiest years of his life, was due to something more than the Professor's desire to make room for the boy who was scarcely in his teens. But to resist the decision was, after all, impossible. What was to be said? Was not the Professor master upon his own ground? Moreover, there was the position in the Lone Mountain mica mine. And yet to leave—The young mountaineer resolved desperately to stake his chances in one last appeal. He knew that in making it he risked everything, but without it he had nothing. He shifted his weight awkwardly to the other foot, and a slow flush burned its way through the tan upon his face, under the steady scrutiny of Mrs. Weatherbee's eyes.

"I 'low ez how I ain't no call ter be thinkin' o' sech things," he began slowly, "but somehow I've bin hopin',—sometimes lately I've bin thinkin' o' settlin' daown. I've saved a little money off'n my work daown at the mill, an' there's a piece o' land over to Glen Air thet's mine." He stopped a moment and looked away to the mountains; then he broke out abruptly, "It's 'Lizabeth I'm speakin' uv, —I know I ain't fit for her,—I ain't never hed no sort o' book-larin', and I ain't never lived outside the mountings —"

The cold, incisive tones of Mrs. Weatherbee's voice broke in upon his sentence.

"It is quite impossible. It is mere waste of breath to speak of it. We could not think of it for a moment. I could never give my consent to Elizabeth's —"

She did not finish the sentence. From the expression upon the face of the man before her she knew that its meaning was sufficiently clear. In the silence which followed, the hum of the insects rose unceasingly, remorselessly; and among the trumpet-flowers above the porch a humming-bird whirled for a moment and was gone. Then the Professor spoke, and in his voice was a note of half-regretful kindness.

"I think that the mine is the best place for you, after all, Dave," and to Dave Helden it was a lost cause. Nothing remained for him, not even the assurance that his own love was returned; for of the love which the Professor's sudden decision had forced into its first premature expression, he had never spoken to Elizabeth. Now he had suddenly found himself face to face with an emergency which gave form and purpose to his tentative hopes and plans. But in the face of opposition he had no resistance to offer. He came to the conflict without preparation. Neither inheritance nor environment had supplied him with that element of self-assertion which would have led him to oppose the action of forces stronger than his own. No words were needed to inform him of the nature of his handicap. He recognized it and stood helpless before it. Without a word he turned and started down the path toward the gate. Then, like the sting of a whip, Mrs. Weatherbee's last words reached his ears.

"Of course it would be worse than useless for you to say anything to Elizabeth about this."

"She needn't 'a' said that last," he muttered to himself, as he unlooped the bridle-rein and swung into the saddle. "She hadn't orter treat a man like a dog even if —" He stooped to straighten a twisted stirrup strap as the horse splashed into the waters of the ford. For the moment the fierce resentment roused by the crushing weight of his defeat was a passion stronger than his love. But as he rode slowly on past the clearings into the cool shadow of the woods, a sudden illumination seemed to come to him, before which the first heat of his anger died away. Up to this crisis of his life he had drifted blindly and unquestioningly, and now he found himself face to face with a reality whose significance was for the first time revealed to him. The image of his own early home rose to his mind: of his mother, taciturn, emotionless, a snuff stick in her mouth, and the stamp of illiteracy and hopeless poverty upon her person; his father, killed years before in a mountain brawl; his two brothers, worthless, slouching fellows, idle the year round save for an occasional week's work at one of the illicit stills, for wages paid in whiskey. The great gulf between his life and that of the girl whom he had grown to love, was suddenly, awfully apparent to him. A wave of such acute, despairing misery swept over him that he groaned aloud in the stillness of the for-

est. There was for him not even the healing weariness of the struggle,—only the bitterness of defeat.

Back on the porch of the little valley cabin, the Professor and his wife stood looking down the road long after the solitary figure on horseback had disappeared from view. In the Professor's mind the incidents of the recent interview were colored with the reluctant sympathy which continually rose above his other emotions, as he thought of the honest, hard-working man to whom he had administered the cup of humiliation and disappointment even to the dregs. But for Mrs. Weatherbee no feeling of pity tempered the emotion of mingled indignation and relief which filled her mind. For her the young mountaineer's faltering appeal had been but a part of the shameless effrontery of a race for whom she had not the slightest toleration, who were to her worthy only of contempt. The long, hard years which she had spent among them had only served to deepen the prejudice of the Northern woman against the easy-going, shiftless people who eked out a bare existence in which neither ambition nor discontent served as a goad to higher things. When the Professor turned at last to speak to her, the half-expressed sympathy upon his face met no answering look.

"You were right after all, Martha," he said. "You are always right. Yet, for some reasons, I could not believe that it was so, and in spite of myself, I can not help feeling sorry for the poor fellow. Not that—" he began, at the look of protest upon his wife's face.

"Oh Henry, how can you? Do you realize what it means? Could you live to see your own child sink to the level of a *mountaineer*?" Her voice vibrated with her scorn of the detested race. "The very thought, the suggestion of it, makes my heart sick. How dared he suggest such a thing? My daughter—my Elizabeth! It is degrading—it is an insult!"

"You misunderstand me, dear," the Professor responded hurriedly. "You know that I quite agree with you. I did not for an instant dream of allowing my pity to go farther than that—than the mere expression. It is after all quite disassociated from the cause—"

His wife shook her head. "No," she said, "I can not see. For me it is all one. What right had he—No, dear, I will not say it any more." She turned and went hurriedly within the house, leaving her husband to his own meditations.



Eighteen years before, the Professor had resigned his position in the college of a little Northern town to take part in the prospecting expedition which represented a great railway venture. In the very heart of the Southern mountains, the Doe River Valley had seemed to him a second Eden, and in his first outburst of enthusiasm over the wonderful new country, so rich in resources and possibilities, he had invested the whole of his small capital in great tracts of timber and land rich in mineral deposits. With his wife and the two children he settled in the log cabin hurriedly built near the river bank. Then had come a year of financial panic, and the great railway venture had been one of the first of many schemes to succumb to the distress. The plan for the railway must be temporarily abandoned, they wrote to the Professor; meanwhile, the shares which he possessed became so much worthless paper. Hopefully the Professor had waited for the coming of the railway which was to make his fortune. In the meantime, he devoted himself to the exploration of this new and exhaustless field for scientific research, by no means unresigned at heart to his changed surroundings. But year after year slipped by, and the rough trail over the Black Mountains remained the only connection between the Doe River Valley and the Great Southern Railway, passing through Elk Junction thirty miles away. As the hope of the railway became fainter and fainter, the Professor became more and more engrossed in his scientific pursuits. He entered into communication with the authorities at Washington, and supplied them with rare specimens of plants and insects which he collected and mounted with what crude materials he could bring to his disposal. In the intervals of farming and specimen collecting, he had superintended the remodeling of an old grist-mill a few rods from his own cabin, and in it were placed the lathes for the manufacture of telegraph pins, brought with much difficulty over the Black Mountain trail. The wood needed for the pins was to be had for the price of carting, and their manufacture became the source of a small but steady income,—an income which, under Mrs. Weatherbee's skilful management, was slowly but surely contributing to a fund carefully set aside for future use.

Mrs. Weatherbee had cheerfully and with outward resignation accepted the new rôle which fortune had assigned to her. The rough cabin was soon transformed into a home, where the evidences of culture were present in the rows of books, the few

pictures, the old and scarred piano. Of her own disappointed hopes and ambitions the mother never spoke ; but with unceasing energy she strove to supply the opportunities for education and enlightenment of which her children were deprived. They were kept carefully apart from the mountain children ; from the mother and father they received an education which atoned in scholarly character for what it lacked in completeness. Even in their games, the mother tried to keep always before their minds the image of the Northern home to which some day they should return, and by every word and action to prepare them to take their places again in a life of which the older children retained no recollection, which the younger children had never known. As Elizabeth had grown older, Mrs. Weatherbee had made redoubled efforts to arouse in her that longing for the old home, for the different mode of life, which had become the strongest emotion of her own life. But Elizabeth was strangely irresponsive. She had inherited from her father an almost passionate love of nature ; unhampered by memories or traditions, there was no place in her busy, happy life for the divine discontent which her mother sought to rouse. How much of the fullness of that life she owed to her mother's unfailing efforts to supply its deficiencies, she had no realization. Of the haunting dread in her mother's mind lest any of her children might become reconciled to this crude existence, might be content with anything short of the noblest and the highest that life could give, she had no conception.

When the news that Dave Heldan had left the Weatherbee mill and was going to the mine spread through the valley, speculation was rife concerning it. At the rude store the loafers gathered, offering suggestions and reiterating comments with unfailing interest. But of all the explanations only the insinuations of one rough joker approached the hidden truth.

"Mebbe Dave's got a gyarl over thyar on Lone Mountin'," the storekeeper had suggested.

The loafers laughed noisily, and then one of them, not to be outdone, had replied, "I 'low ez how it's old Weatherbee's gal Dave's soft on, and the old lady's sent him walkin'!" To which remark was accorded a reception which fully convinced its author that its satire had not fallen on unheeding ears.

Of the hidden cause of Dave's departure, and of that last interview upon the porch, Elizabeth knew nothing. She only

knew that he had gone without a word of farewell to her. It was so strange without his familiar figure wandering about the mill, playing with the children, coming up the path to dinner with her brothers, that for the first time Elizabeth realized how constantly she had been with him, and talked with him, and laughed with him. She could not believe that he would have gone without saying a word to her—they were such good friends. She puzzled over it, mystified, expecting every day to see the familiar little bay mare come splashing through the ford, and to hear Dave's deep voice as he came up to the spring behind the cabin for a drink. But the days passed, and he did not come. One evening at the supper table one of the boys mentioned casually that Dave had come to the mill that day for some of his tools.

"I don't believe he's over at the mine, after all, father," he went on. "He wouldn't say a thing about it when I asked him."

"Yes?" responded the Professor, vaguely. "There's another load of pins ready to be taken over to the Junction to-morrow. Which of you will drive it?"

Elizabeth heard nothing more. When the supper dishes had been washed and put away, she hurried up to the tiny room in the loft which she shared with two of the younger children. Presently they came up to bed, but after she had undressed them, they fell asleep almost immediately and she sat down again by the window. Up and down the valley a line of mist rose and undulated like a great white serpent above the windings of the river. From the alders on the river bank the whippoorwills began to call, faintly and brokenly at first, and then, in a chorus gaining strength and volume, they reiterated their plaintive cries. To the girl in the window the scene without seemed to picture back the sense of desolation which was in her heart. She sat watching the stars rise until far into the night, and then she crept into bed to sleep and wake fitfully until morning.

The days passed slowly, occupied with the routine of household work. To Elizabeth the wakefulness of the nights, the weariness of the days, were a strange contrast to her usual happy, untroubled existence. With the family she talked less, and now and then she found herself sitting listlessly upon the porch, staring with unseeing eyes at the mountains. To her mother's anxious inquiries she always responded, with a little

laugh, that it was nothing,—the heat, perhaps. But Mrs. Weatherbee was not quite satisfied ; and when the Professor received a request for specimens from a geologist up at the hotel, she suggested that Elizabeth be sent with them, for the change would do her good ; and to such a proposition the Professor willingly acquiesced. It was the busy season at the mill ; Dave Helden's place was only partially filled by the boy at work in it, and the Professor could not well spare the time for the day's trip up the mountain.

The hotel was approached from the Doe River Valley only by a rough and almost abandoned trail, used by none but the mountaineers carrying provisions to the hotel. Year after year the great boulders lifted by the frosts encroached farther upon the road, and the mountain streams cut great gullies in it. It still served as a bridle-path, however, and starting soon after sunrise, Elizabeth made her way slowly up the trail. Through clearings where great clumps of scarlet horsemint flamed in the fence corners, and the rattlesnake-weed waved its tall spires of white flowers in the wind, the road wound ; then along the bank of a mountain stream, the maples and chestnuts raising their century-old trunks far above the solitary rider ; up, by steep turns among the balsams where the moss-covered ground was starred with pink and white oxalis, until at last the bald of the mountain was reached. There the road followed the line of the ridge for half a mile or so, its turns now revealing, now concealing the bare, barn-like structure of the hotel. From its wide piazza, a group of young people noted the approach of the figure on horseback, and Elizabeth, as she walked to the steps after tying her horse at a little distance from the hotel, was obliged to run the gauntlet of their observation and half-audible comments. In her hand she carried the little canvas bag which contained the specimens, and as she came up the steps, her face hidden beneath her sunbonnet, some one in the group upon the piazza called out, "What have you to sell?"

Elizabeth caught her breath quickly, and without looking up she hurried within the hotel doors. Up and down the corridors and in the rooms opening off of them, the hotel visitors wandered back and forth, casting inquisitive glances at the girl who entered. In distress she glanced from side to side, not knowing where to turn, too proud to inquire. At last the hotel clerk emerged from one of the rooms, and soon brought the geologist



to her, a kindly old man with white hair and beard, who begged her to stay and rest and have dinner with him. Elizabeth refused his invitation almost curtly, and hurrying out of the hotel, was soon urging her tired little pony back along the trail.

It had taken in reality but a very few minutes, but not so few that the keen sensibilities of the mountain-bred girl had not been wounded in a score of different ways. The question of the thoughtless idler upon the porch had seemed to her a studied insult. In the looks of curiosity which had met her own half-bewildered gaze, she had not perceived the genuine interest, the frank admiration. Even in the kindness of the white-haired man she had found only patronage and condescension. And these were the people of whom her mother talked; this was the civilization of that great outer world of which she heard so much. There flashed up in her heart a fierce resentment of their thoughtless cruelty, a hatred of their ways and all for which they stood. Before her stretched the great, broken line of the mountains, intermittently visible through the clouds of mist which floated by her. As she pushed her sunbonnet back impatiently from her flushed face, her eyes fixed upon the scene before her, she felt a redoubled sense of devotion to the great mountains, the free, wild way of life, the honesty, the simplicity, the kindliness embodied there.

Around her, dim shapes of mist were driven rapidly by the wind, threading their way through the rhododendrons and alders, now lifting a moment to show the little valley of Glen Air lying in the sunlight below her, now driving in again thick and white about the mountain top. Never had it seemed so beautiful and so peaceful to Elizabeth. The echo of the talk and laughter at the hotel died out of her ears, and the stillness was broken only by the soft tread of the horse's hoofs on the damp earth and the occasional note of the winter wren twittering up from the balsams on the mountain side below. The reins dropped loosely upon the horse's neck as he picked his sure-footed way down the stony trail, while his rider, with parted lips, and hair blown into a misty frame about her slender face, abandoned herself to the enjoyment of the old, ever-new scenes about her. As the trail descended and the cloud folded in more closely, concealing the distant mountains, the instinct of scientific observation, trained by her father, asserted itself, and her attention was soon absorbed in the myriad forms of life with which the mountain side

abounded. With keen delight she leaned forward in her saddle, noting every movement on the ground, every tiny flower form. Suddenly and without warning, there rang out through the air a clear, long-drawn call,—

“Ki-nan, Ki-nan, Ki-nan!”

It seemed to come from the rock at her side, and to Elizabeth's startled consciousness the familiar sheep-call of the mountains rang out like the cry of a disembodied spirit. An uncontrollable cry of terror broke from her lips, and she felt herself slipping to the ground. In an instant she was on her feet again by the horse's side, face to face with Dave Helden.

For one wild moment, Elizabeth seemed to see before her, through the white, driving mist, an apparition of the man she loved. She stood motionless, staring with straining eyes at the figure; then, as the reality of the vision dawned upon her, she threw herself into his half-outstretched arms, sobbing passionately in her first relief from the fright and the pent-up misery of the past weeks. After that first long look, straight into the blue eyes of the mountaineer, she needed no words to assure her of the love she saw revealed in them. As she grew calmer, he spoke to her, his voice shaken with emotion.

“I didn't know you wuz thar, 'Lizbeth. I'd orter kill myself fer scarin' your pore little life out thet way.”

Elizabeth lifted her head and looked into the drawn, tense face of the man at her side. His arms were still around her, but she made no motion to free herself.

“It wasn't that, Dave,” she whispered. “I've — I've missed you so.” Her face dropped again upon his shoulder, and he stooped his head to catch the next words. “Don't leave me again, Dave.”

Slowly, very slowly, they went together down the trail. Before they reached the valley the clouds had lifted. The sun disappeared behind the mountains, and the cool twilight, full of sweet scents, fell upon the woodland trail. From the shadows of the forest came the evening song of the thrushes, and now and then the hoot of an owl early astir. But to the man and the girl coming down the trail together, the sights and sounds slipped by unheeded as they journeyed slowly on, out of the shadows of the wood, into the mellow haze of the valley land.

From the cabin steps Elizabeth's mother saw them coming, the young mountaineer's hand upon the horse, his face turned

up toward that of the girl beside him. In a flash she realized the significance of the scene before her. But she made no sign, no movement. The children ran shouting to open the gate. Still she stood motionless, waiting. Like figures in a dream she saw them coming up the path, and then, in a voice that sounded strange and far away, she heard the words,

“Mother, I’ve promised Dave to-day to marry him.”

CAROLINE MARMON.

### AN INVITATION

#### I.

The day smiles from dawn till dusk  
 (With roses in the hollow);  
 The day smiles,  
 And so beguiles.  
 (Come, Love, let’s follow !)

#### II.

A merry hum is in the air  
 (With sunlight warm and mellow);  
 The green is rife  
 With faery life.  
 (The buttercups burn yellow.)

#### III.

The day smiles from dawn till dusk  
 (Smiles sweetest as it closes);  
 The hollow’s gray,—  
 Come, Love, away !  
 (There’s dew upon the roses.)

### TOWARD THE BRIGHTER LIGHT

We tread the path of days, at last to gain  
 The soul made beautiful alone by pain ;—  
 So hath God willed, and in the skies we learn  
 His witness ; for to us the day but marks  
 The span of our infirmity, while night,  
 All-ending, dark, alone restores the sight  
 That sees the stars, though they eternal burn.

LAUREL LOUISA FLETCHER.

## CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

### TELL ME

How to put the question  
Teach me, humming-bird —  
You who win all sweetness  
And never say a word !

How shall I come near her ?  
Teach me, wind of May —  
You who toy with apple-blooms  
Nor brush the down away !

Shall I sing or say it ?  
Or do eyes tell best ?  
Nay, it is already  
A secret half confessed.

How to win the answer,  
For I am sure she knows,  
Tell me, dew and sunshine,  
How you ope a rose.

### RETROSPECT

A breath of balm, of orange bloom,  
By what strange fancy wafted me  
Through the lone starlight of the room ?  
And suddenly I seem to see

The long, low vale, with tawny edge  
Of hills, within the sunset glow ;  
Cool vine-rows through the cactus hedge,  
And fluttering gleams of orchard snow.

Far off, the slender line of white,  
Against the blue of ocean's crest ;  
The slow sun sinking into night,  
A quivering opal, in the west.



Somewhere a stream sings, far away ;  
Somewhere from out the hidden groves,  
And dreamy as the dying day,  
Comes the soft coo of murmuring doves.

One moment all the world is peace,  
The years like clouds are rolled away,  
And I am on those sunny leas,  
A child, amid the flowers at play.

HELEN RUTH STOUT.

To distinguish between the genuine burst of popular enthusiasm for a newly discovered pursuit and the fad is by no means an easy problem, yet one ever alluring by reason of its very difficulty to the philosophically-inclined observer. Especially rich in such problems is the college life. How often do they intrude themselves upon our notice!—suggested now by the universal perusal and discussion of a recent theological drama, again by the conspicuous cherishing of canine pets. It is the characteristic misfortune of a community distinguished by the twin frailties of youth, sociability and inflammability, that its most sincere enthusiasm must often, by reason of their widespread manifestation, be misinterpreted. No one who after returning from a Soule photographic exhibition the proud discoverer and possessor of a new Burne-Jones or Rossetti, has known what it was to be greeted by the beloved object in every room she entered for the next month—no one, I say, who has undergone this typical experience can have failed to appreciate the full bitter-sweetness of life in a spiritually homogeneous community like ours.

But all this, as you have doubtless guessed, is merely prefatory. It is of the latest grand enthusiasm, with which we as a college are to-day palpitating, that I wish to speak. Is there any house, campus or otherwise, whose ranks it has not invaded? A glance at the breakfast table will tell us. Who are these, characterized by a certain "sweet disorder in the dress," indicative of early rising, and a gladsome brightness of the eye more suggestive of rambles in the open than of studious application in the hours before breakfast? Listen to them as they call back and forth to one and another across their bored but would-be courteous friends.

♦

"Sally, I insist that he had a yellow eye-ring."

"Well, that may be, but the black mask is the distinctive mark, you know."

"*Did* you notice the color of his feet, Nell? I always forget to look."

"Girls! Did any of you ever meet any one who could really tell a red-eyed verio from a white?"

Is it any wonder that resignation, more or less patient according to temperament, is the prevailing expression among their stay-at-home friends? Yet the obtuseness of the uninitiated is truly appalling. Whether her individual bias be artistic or scientific, she seems equally incapable of appreciating the point of view of the bird-lover. Let each speak for herself. Here is the æsthetic maiden, emerging from the wood upon the bank of Paradise. She sighs ecstatically and calls to her friend, behind in the thicket, only to be answered by a warning "H—sh." Then, shaking her head, she sighs a pitying sigh, and soliloquises thus: "Think of it! that exquisite bend of the river with its pale fringe of willows,—the massing of pines against the hill,—that bit of fleecy cloud over Mt. Tom—and *she* stays behind there, poking about in a horrid, damp tangle among swarms of mosquitos, all for a glimpse of some silly little warbler!"

Or again, here is a votary of the owl and cat, returning triumphant from the chase, frog-net on shoulder, victim in box, whistling merrily. Observe the disdainful smile that creeps over her face as rounding a corner, she comes upon a group, tiptoe, gazing into a wayside bush, and gesticulating wildly for silence to her with one hand, while with the other they endeavor to adjust their opera-glasses. "Silly, impressionistic things!" she mutters scornfully as she represses the whistle. "Don't care a straw for the structure or scientific classification of the things. Only a question of a yellow throat or a white wing-bar or a silly scrap of a song. Huh!"

Well, let them go their ways in peace. We, the humble lovers of bird-lore, are too absolute in our contentment to be disturbed by a passing gibe. We know that we do not love less well the tender green of the spring meadow, the snatch of blue hills between the elms, the apple-blossom bough we hold aside, straining to catch the glint of a golden breast aloft; nay, we know that we love it all only the more for the tender bit of almost human interest that has stolen into our hearts. As for the great Scien-

tific Spirit, if we have it, surely we need not fear its destruction at the touch of so frail a race of enchanters. And if we are fore-doomed to struggle through life without its guiding ministry, why should we reject the solace freely offered by every wayside tangle?

Concerning lovers of nature much has been written, and many classifications of the species has been attempted. I do not propose to enter into a field already thoroughly and delightfully exploited by Mr. Burroughs. Still less would I attempt to judge as to the purity of their devotion between the naturalistically and the artistically inclined devotee. It is not strange, perhaps, that each should be the least bit jealous of her love; but its naturalness does not make such jealousy the less ludicrous to the observer. Here, as in many other relations of life, the least touch of complacency mars the harmony of the whole.

But I have wandered far from the problem with which I started. There is nothing like the flutter of a bird's wing to tempt one from the beaten track. What shall I say to those prosaic-minded ones who, gazing upon our innocent joys with unsympathetic eyes, are already beginning to frame with fateful lips the dread word "fad"? I would not undertake too sweeping a defence. Some opera-glassed ones there may be, who, eager for a new sensation, appear as unworthy camp-followers on a few expeditions. But nature has her own way of imposing tests. Soon golf, the latest novel, or the dissecting-knife will lure them from her; if they linger, they will find themselves unexpectedly transformed from curious observers to ardent lovers. Then neither barbed-wire fence, bog, nor blackberry vines will any longer deter them. They have drunk of a draught more subtly mingled than was the contents of Alice's famous bottle—a thrilling, incomparable essence of woodland sights and sounds and smells, a draught, one drop of which, tasted after months of abstinence, has power to make one live over again, in their full sweetness and richness, joys long past, till one feels again the very touch of the lichened tree trunk, and catches once more that glimpse of blue sky between the high fir branches.

MARY BUELL SAYLES.

Old Pa and Ma Grout lived all alone. Nobody knew why they were called Pa and Ma, for they had never had any children.

They had just lived all alone in a plain, little **Ma's Piazza** cottage on the main street in the very center of the town. The house had not always been surrounded by stores and shops and tall, brick blocks. Once this busy thoroughfare had been a quiet country street with elms on either side, and the little house had been between two big fields where the children dug dandelion greens in the spring, and built snow forts in the winter. But gradually Green's village had changed into Greenton, and the peaceful country road was a busy city street, and still Pa and Ma lived on there, in their little house. People used to laugh when they passed by, and wonder why the town did not buy the small cottage, and tear it down, so that the land might be used for stores. The town had tried to buy it, but Pa would not sell. He did not want Ma to give up her own little, old home.

The one desire of Ma's heart was a piazza. Almost all the other houses were new, and had porticoes and balconies and bay-windows. Their house was plain and square like a box. Ma thought she would be perfectly happy if she could only have a piazza. To be sure it would have to be a very narrow one, and it would have to stand right on the edge of the sidewalk, but Ma did not care for that. All she wanted was a piazza, where she "could set hot afternoons."

Once Pa had had almost money enough to have the piazza built, but there had been sickness, and the money had all been spent. Ever since then they had been saving, and the little hoard in the bank was gradually growing, and soon they could have their piazza. Pa was just a bit worried about Ma now. She could not work much without getting tired, and even their little flight of stairs took away her breath.

One day Pa said to Ma,—

"To-morrow, Ma, the piazza's goin' to be begun. I spoke to Mr. Johnson to-day, and he said if I'd help him all I could, he'd do it for what I offered. So I took all the money out of the bank, and to-morrow we'll begin. You must hurry up and get nice and strong, Ma, so's to enjoy it; it'll be done in three weeks. Won't it be fine, hey, Ma?"

The next day the piazza was begun, and the work went rapidly on. But somehow Ma did not seem to get any stronger. She



had to stay in bed nearly all day now. Pa would come in every little while and tell her all about it.

"It's agoin' to be fine, Ma; stone steps, too, and pretty, little gold balls all over the railin'. I tell yer what, it beat's all the piazzas ever I see," and Ma would smile and look happy.

At last the new piazza was all done. It stood stiffly out on the sidewalk, and people laughed when they passed by. Pa was supremely happy.

"Well, Ma, it *is* fine. You never see the beat of it; them gold balls on the railin' shine just like the dome on the Boston State House. It's fine! Now, to-morrow, Ma, I'm a-goin' to wrap you all up in a shawl and carry you out to see it, and then I guess you'll be better, hey, Ma?"

Pasat out on the new piazza all alone. The stone steps were immaculate, and the gold balls shone bright in the sunshine. Pa sat in a bright red arm-chair. By his side was a rocker painted blue. Pa patted the blue rocker.

"These chairs was a-goin' to be a surprise for Ma, and to think she never see 'em."

HELEN OBER.

SONNET.

Long falls the rain in ceaseless protest down.  
The first faint green of spring, and misty cloud  
In vaporous haze, like softly wrapping shroud,  
Lie o'er the streets and dull, black roofs of town.  
Skies of my world and heart together frown;  
Cold rains of doubt beat in on every side  
Against my soul to overwhelm the pride  
Of glowing joy that life in vain would drown.  
Over the valley where the mist low lies,  
Faintly the outline of the hills is seen,  
And though the rain-clouds sadly lie between,  
Strong and unmoved they tower to the skies.  
And in some golden afternoon I know  
Serene will lie the hills to which I go.

WINIFRED CLAXTON LEEMING.

It all depends upon the direction in which you are travelling. If you have just turned your back upon cotton fields and rice swamps, you nod approvingly at the

**In New Virginia** well-kept farms, the picturesque woods and meadows, the general air of frugality, contentment, and progress in all of which Virginia certainly surpasses most of our Southern States. If this is your first glimpse of Dixie, you will perhaps shrug your Yankee shoulders while you wonder at the extravagance, the discomfort, the lack of energy, the evidences of poverty, which are certainly brought into sharp contrast with that spirit of thrift which seems as much a part of New England as are its factories, public libraries, and east winds. If during your entire life you have lived under the shadow of the nation's capitol, from whence oft repeated trips can be made into the Old Dominion, and you are in sympathy with Virginia's traditions and aspirations but keenly alive to her faults, you will see her as she is—an old, southern state, proud, conservative, and lavish in hospitality. In general progress she is perhaps a generation behind some other sections of the country, but in good nature and contentment she makes efforts to keep abreast of the times,—that is, as long as such efforts do not require too much energy.

No one should say that the country folk in Virginia are not devout. If they go to church but once a fortnight, why that is because their minister has a circuit, and can not appear in two places at the same time. During the greater part of the year, that is in late autumn, winter, and early spring, these country churches do not present an extraordinary appearance. If you are passing along the road at church time, you will perhaps hardly notice the long frame building whose architecture is sometimes modern, sometimes not. Occasionally, in bright or somber hues it boasts a coat of paint. Again you see a rambling, tumble-down structure whose rough pine boards are innocent of even a suspicion of whitewash. I say you will pass by, just giving a casual glance at the building set in the midst of dreary, leafless trees to which perhaps a few horses are tethered. The scene is not particularly interesting, nor does it become more so, when at the close of service the few worshippers hurry forth, shake a hasty farewell to their friends and acquaintances, and

in a few moments are off to their homes. They leave in gratitude for the service they have just attended, but are more thankful to reach their own firesides from the warmth of which Virginians are loath to stir in winter time.

But have you ever been to a typical Virginia "big meeting?" Every church has one during the summer season, and by the uninitiated a more unusual and picturesque scene can hardly be imagined. At such times, the folk from miles around, a heterogeneous crowd collected from several counties, gather for—oh yes, they come for devotion, but incidentally to meet people whom they see at no other time, to show the new finery that has lately come from Richmond, to enjoy a whole day away from the farm, and then, too, they come because they have always come.

For days before, preparations have been merrily going on. Never were the children so solicitous to help with the housework. Errands to the next farm a "little piece" away are done in cheerful hurry. There is excitement hardly suppressed all over the place. Will Sallie's new dress be finished in time? Is the roan horse too lame to be driven? Will it rain? And above all will the dinner be all right? Interest centers about this last query, for the baskets that are safely stored away in the bed of the wagon not only contain an array of things whose abundance reminds one of a Sunday school picnic, but which furnish also an index to the farm-wife's skill and attest the comfort and prosperity of the family.

Bright and early Sunday morning they start on the long drive. If the road is not dusty, you have an opportunity to enjoy the mild, cool breeze which keeps in gentle motion the acres of tall, green corn and late wheat. You admire from a distance the old-fashioned houses half shaded by the ever-present clump of trees, and you wonder at the large, modern barns which look almost out of place. There are no moss-covered stone walls, but only barbed-wire, rail and brush fences. You think it all makes such a unique and pretty picture, but after passing an unusually long strip of woodland, your surprise changes into—well, if not annoyance, at least into unmoved indifference at the unkempt log-cabins with their patches of garden, yelping dogs, and dirty children. Then you resolve that at your first opportunity you will find out upon what principles of art a log-cabin, the typical log-cabin with its inevitable surroundings, *can* be called picturesque.

You are startled out of your musings by a violent jostle of the wagon ; you look up,—“ Oh, is this the church ? ” Do not look disappointed nor too surprised. Your host will not like it. Every body scrambles out of the wagon. Before filing into the church, you have time enough to notice that in and out among the trees are scores of wagons very much like the one you have just left, that outside the church door is a group of tall, bashful-looking youths, and that the dashes of color here and there give a festive air to the scene. You are absolutely certain that you would rather stay out than go in, but you do go in, for other wills beside your own are being exercised. Half of the service you miss, for from the wide, open windows you find the cool, green woods an attractive picture. Once upon a time, I heard a clever person call such a service “ a peculiar institution.” I have never found out in exactly what way “ peculiar ” was used, but the word has always clung to me in this connection. The preacher holds forth in a harsh, rasping voice, his aim being to stir into expression the emotions of his hearers. The words of the hymns are but imperfectly known to the congregation, but the air is triumphantly carried aloft by the indescribable hums and groans, while an occasional shout or shriek relieves what would otherwise be a monotone. Amid the swaying of bodies and half audible whispers a collection is taken up, or rather “ laid down,” for on a square table beneath the pulpit, each person deposits his offering. More hymns are sung, an “ exhorter ” gives a resumé of the sermon, praising it inordinately, inviting the attention of his somewhat wearied listeners to the seriousness of the subject. In a way, the exhorter is as conspicuous a person as the minister. He is usually more picturesque, if possible his remarks are more extraordinary, and in his own eyes at least he is equally important. Everything comes to an end, and finally a long benediction releases the more elderly members who alone have had patience to stay through it all.

Every one is now outside. With much ado dinner is spread out on the grass, and with great merriment they all begin. Conversation becomes general, and the children, who have been strangely subdued since the arrival, emerge from the shadow of their mothers’ gowns. One forgets that it is the first day of the week. No one means to be irreverent, but this is for most of them the one gala day of the year. The minister dines with everybody, drops a word of conversation here, there, and every-



where, and looks not too closely at the now apparent evidences of hilarity. The children play hide-and-seek while their elders discuss crops and the weather. The young people stroll off in pairs or groups to find a neighboring well or spring. Thus the afternoon passes by. It is a great occasion, and when in the fast-approaching twilight your host finds you curled up in the bed of the wagon with the novel you were thoughtful enough to bring, he wonders how "Miss Grace" can be so quiet.

OTELIA CROMWELL.

MY LITTLE LOVE.

My little love, who art more sweet and fair—  
More sweet and fair than all the flowers that blow,  
It were impossible for me to tell,  
It were impossible for thee to know,  
How with my life thy love makes harmony.

My little love, with eyes that speak of Spring,  
So full of promises of what shall be,  
Words are but meaningless and dead and cold.  
And mine but sorry pledges telling thee,  
How with my life thy love makes harmony.

My little love, the hours are golden winged,  
Each day succeeds upon each day's decline,  
And all the future takes a rosy hue,  
For it is then that I shall call thee mine,  
My little love, so sweet and fair and true.

FLORENCE CORA WHITE.

I can not understand myself at all. I formulate a theory about my nature and actions under certain circumstances,—a theory which seems to fit the facts

**An Altruistic Impulse** perfectly, when — bang! everything is upset by some new action, which contradicts all my previously formed convictions. To-day I followed up an altruistic impulse. I was out in the hall getting a drink, when Dorothy passed with a broom and dust-pan. Dorothy has been very ill.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"Sweep my room," she replied, "It hasn't been swept for two weeks," and she disappeared through the door. I finished my drink, and said deliberately,

"Let me do it for you."

She hesitated. I insisted. She looked so white and weak that for once I really insisted on doing something for somebody else. I am rather selfish, naturally, and I am not particularly fond of sweeping rooms. But I did it.

This, of course, goes to disprove one of my pet theories; namely, that I do nothing unless it be for my own pleasure. The theory has been true in so many cases, that I took it for granted that I should always abide by it. It may be argued that the pleasure gained from doing some one else a kindness is greater than that of following one's own wishes. I do not agree with this statement. I am always happier when doing something for myself — provided, of course, that others are not made positively unhappy thereby. Selfish? Most certainly! In this respect I do not differ from my kind.

But what I can not understand is how I happened to sweep Dorothy's room, when I knew that I should be happier if I did something else. I can only explain it by saying that for the moment I was seized with a desire to know the other kind of pleasure — the unselfish kind. The pleasure I felt when I swept her room was certainly less than that derived from other occupations, but it was different, also. It combined with it a certain grave approval of myself which is more lasting than the pleasure gained from reading a good novel, for instance, or eating the first strawberries of the season.

I am reaching deep water. The main points are that I swept Dorothy's room, that I felt a certain pleasure in so doing, that I still feel this pleasure, and that I do not in the slightest degree desire or intend to repeat the experiment.

HELEN GAGER.

## A TROPIC NIGHT

Behind that distant fringe of cocoa palms  
The burning sun long since did set, and left  
A flaming trail of blood upon the sea  
That now reflects the glimmering stars above.  
The phosphorus leaps in gleams of dazzling light,  
The soft warm air is fragrant with the scent  
Of honeysuckle and narcissus blooms.  
The world is quiet with a calm profound,—  
Nought stirs the silence but the drowsy wash  
Of wavelets breaking on the coral reefs,  
The wind among the palm trees rustling low,  
Or splash of some lone boatman's dripping oar.  
Far from the voices, from the cares of men  
Are we, love, here—upon the shining sands.

SARAH WATSON SANDERSON.

## EDITORIAL

The undergraduate state is too limited in its conditions to afford a perfect opportunity for a study of manners. Yet the college girl's observation of her associates is intimate if not well-rounded. Moreover it is a pastime for her, a pursuit interesting in itself and with no ulterior end ; whereas in later years her human relations are of more utilitarian import, and a careful study of her fellows becomes a necessity.

The college is not a little world, although we are accustomed to being told that it is. The masculine element is not the only one lacking ; and life in the college is not life in the world on a small scale. The student of manners must content herself with an investigation of such phases as the college existence offers ; but she has at least the satisfaction of knowing that although her field is limited, it shows her things as they are. The phenomena of college life are in many cases unique and peculiar to the college ; but its psychology is in accordance with the universal plan.

She who studies her college associates will not go far without finding the characteristic of sarcasm thrust inevitably upon her notice. Unquestionably a tendency toward sarcasm increases alarmingly during the course of these four years. Whether it would increase in the same measure were the four years spent elsewhere is a question impossible to answer and futile to contemplate. The fact remains incontestable. We have all heard that sarcasm in woman is most unlovely ; and most of us have at one time or another been convinced that it is so. But we do not eschew it. Theoretically, we deplore it ; practically, it is dear to us. On principle we admire and respect the girl who is never sarcastic ; secretly we wonder if she knows how to be. Occasionally we have a revulsion of feeling with regard to sarcasm. In the mouth of an adversary it becomes ruffianly and not legitimate. But in ourselves it is an art and a power.



Literature supplies a precedent with which the sarcastic may fortify their position. Few literary devices are more effective than irony skilfully used. Just so in real life sarcasm occasionally is enormously effective. Occasionally. Herein lies the rub.

No habit is more insidious than the habit of sarcasm. Let it once take root and it will not fail to thrive, for better for worse. It loses sight of its original function. No longer content with cutting and crushing, it extends its province further. The assertions of the proprietor of the habit — now its victim — must be interpreted in the contradictory sense. “That is pleasant” must be taken to mean, “that is most unpleasant.” An unusually heavy amount of work becomes “a mere trifle;” an extremely hot day becomes “painfully chilly.” What is the force of this? The thoughtful observer may pause long before the question without finding an answer. This decision she probably will arrive at,—that wherever the sphere of sarcasm may be, it is not among the smaller things of life.

## EDITOR'S TABLE

In an article on "The College Monthly as a Literary Magazine" in the current number of the Columbia Literary Monthly, the very optimistic author makes much of the advantage that our college publications enjoy over the ordinary magazine in our freedom from those restrictions of subject matter and of expression of thought that are imposed upon professional magazines by the necessity of catering to public opinion. "The college monthly publishes whatever it pleases," says the writer. "Its contributors may write what they think and what they feel on almost any subject. In so doing they make their paper a perfect mirror of college sentiments." A mirror of the sentiments of the college is what editors of college periodicals the country over are trying to make of their magazines; but there are few, I am persuaded, who are altogether satisfied with the results of their efforts. To be sure, in a general way the college magazine shows the effect of what we vaguely term the "atmosphere" of its college. We should not mistake the Harvard Monthly for the Yale Lit. The Mount Holyoke could not be the product of matter-of-fact Wellesley. But while it is true that in general tone the literary monthly is characteristic of its college, it is seldom indeed that the monthly represents the best thought of the whole college. The falling short of this ideal is in the serious articles rather than in the stories and verse. These latter, whatever their literary value, are in all probability the best that the college can produce, for the reason that students who can write stories and verse are likely to do so without being urged; and while their productions may not be voluntarily offered to the monthly, they can generally be hounded down by the tireless editor through the devious mazes of theme class. But from indolence or from lack of time, college students are not given to writing "what they think and feel on any subject" of serious import that is not definitely suggested by the instruct-

ors in the various courses of study that they are pursuing. As a result, among those critical and miscellaneous essays known to the initiated as "heavies" and "semi-heavies" we find many excellent papers on literary and philosophical subjects, that are instructive and mildly interesting to the reader, but all too few discussions of college problems, or expressions of college opinion on matters of interest in the world outside. That there are students who think clearly on such subjects, and have deeper feelings with regard to them than they have on the relation between the philosophy of Kant and Hegel, or the religious conceptions of Carlyle and Tolstoy, we have no doubt. Why are they not willing to let us share their thoughts, and to make the college magazine "a perfect mirror of college sentiments"?

In reassuring contrast to the decidedly inferior tone of most of the college magazines for the last month, is a piece of undergraduate work that has just been published by the Macmillan Company,—a novel, "*A Friend of Cæsar*," by Mr. William Stearns Davis, of the class of Nineteen Hundred at Harvard. Regardless of the merits of the result, a serious attempt by a college undergraduate at writing a historical novel would attract attention by its unusualness and daring. But Mr. Davis is no claimant for the honors of an infant prodigy,—for the doubtful praise of having done an unusual thing very poorly. He has done his unusual thing with a seriousness and dignity that indicate remarkable maturity of mind and of purpose. The plot of his story is stirring, as a portrayal of the times when Julius Cæsar was rising into power could hardly fail to make it; but the characters have not been allowed to degenerate into mere puppets for carrying on the vigorous action. The author's conception of well-known historical characters is extremely interesting. It is no less delightful than surprising to be given a glimpse of the good side of the many-sided Cleopatra. The greatest praise that is due to Mr. Davis, however, is for his skilful management of the historical setting of his book. He is evidently at home in the times of which he writes. Every detail is characteristic, yet his story is not forced to yield place to dissertations upon Roman history and antiquities. He has succeeded in a remarkable degree in making that ancient world live, and in bringing it into close, vital relations with our own times.

## ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

A college education has always stood for discipline of mind rather than for acquisition of fact. Dr. Hadley well represented this attitude when he said, in a recent address on University Ideals, (I quote

**The College Woman** from the Outlook) "The ideal education is an  
**and Domestic Science** agency for teaching a man particular facts that are going to be of service to him. \* \* \* The use of the fact is to get at the principle; when the principle is secured the fact may be forgotten. \* \* \* Sound education results, not in cramming, but in discipline."

The new education has gone a step farther and has made neither acquirement of knowledge nor discipline of mind its primary object, but development of character, and of character read in terms of citizenship. Another marked change in educational theories is found in the emphasis now laid on practical work. Ability to do is considered as important as power to think. Manual training, in its varied forms, has been introduced to restore to our young people that power of effective living of which modern conditions of life have to some extent deprived them. An extreme development of this tendency is found in the great industrial schools established during the last few years. If we look only at these, and then turn once more to President Hadley and read, "The higher institutions of learning should undertake to teach theory rather than practice; methods of reasoning rather than methods of doing things," we feel that between the two ideals there is a great gulf fixed; that one half the world is to be trained in ability to do, the other half in ability to think.

Education for character bridges the gulf. It recognizes that training for social life, for citizenship, implies not only clear, definite, able thinking, but the power to translate thought into action; not only comprehension of underlying principles, but ability to apply these principles to different conditions. An exponent of the new education says, "We must regard culture as chiefly valuable for the ability it gives a person to use wisely his powers and resources, whatever they may be."

Many of our colleges have been afraid of this "practical" tendency of the times. They have taken somewhat the attitude of that group of scientists who drank to the toast, "Pure science; may it never be of use to anybody"; and, in so far as they have done this, they have failed in educating their students to cope effectively with the problems of modern life. We should all deplore the introduction of industrial work or methods into the college, nor do we wish the college to become a professional school, but we do ask that it



shall train its students in the way which will best fit them for the life which they are to live.

Kenneth Grahame says, "Perhaps we have reason to be very grateful that, both as children and long afterwards, we are never allowed to guess how the absorbing pursuit of the moment will appear not only to others, but to ourselves, a very short time hence." I am happy that I can look back upon my college days, after nearly twenty years, and say that the pursuit so absorbing at the time seems to me now as worthy as it did then. I disagree wholly with those who have lamented the inefficiency of the college-bred woman in the home. I have watched college women for many years and I know of no other body of women so effective in practical life, so influential in every profession upon which they have entered, so devoted and wise as wives and mothers and home makers.

Mrs. Richards in a paper prepared as part of the Collegiate Alumnæ exhibit at the Paris Exposition has indicated, among others, the following directions in which college women have done effective work for the home: in the excellent business management of their homes, and in attention paid to the building of them; in their high ideals of the meaning of home life; in the high average of these homes in sanitary condition, especially in the health of the children; in executive ability shown in the undertaking of public duties after private affairs are disposed of—and only then; in a sense of responsibility, and spirit of helpfulness, and in work for the uplifting of the homes of the poor.

Yet my own experience, as well as my observation of others, has convinced me that our lives would have been more useful, that we should have paid fewer premiums to experience, if our training had brought us into closer touch with the problems of social life, if our science had found application in home affairs, if our economics had treated of household consumption and expenditure as well as of production outside the home.

Mr. Bryce has said that the family is the fundamental and permanent problem of society. The sociologic and economic problems of the home are no less intricate and far reaching than those of any other social institution. Science applied to the home is real science still. The study of yeast gives opportunity for as careful biological training as that of *Protococcus*: food analysis and the detection of adulterations illustrate chemical methods as well as the determination of iron in limonite. This is not utilitarianism. It is simply the choice of means by which training is to be accomplished. What has this to do with domestic science? This *is* domestic science,—the application of all sciences, of sociology, psychology, physics, chemistry, biology, as well as of all art, to the problems of home life. It deals with the study of the home itself, its evolution, its function, and its relation to other social institutions; with the problems of the family; with the house, its relation to the home, its architecture and decoration, the sanitary conditions which affect the welfare of its inmates; with the whole vast food problem and its effect upon human energy, and upon the "labor power of nations"; with clothing in its hygienic and aesthetic aspects; with the training of the child, physical, moral, intellectual; with the division of the income and the financial management of the home.

Advanced work along these lines belongs to the professional school, but the college, without stepping aside from its legitimate function, can give thorough courses in the underlying sciences, and can teach the student how to apply these sciences, not with the object of training to do one particular thing, but of giving power to do anything. Certain phases of the subject should form part of the education of every woman and every man. No one can afford to-day to be without at least an elementary knowledge of sanitary science; no one can afford to be ignorant of the importance of the home in modern society, and of the forces which are working for it and against it. This knowledge, which belongs to all educated people, the college should give.

The college woman whose interest has been awakened so that she wishes to pursue the subject farther, or who has chosen here her life work, must go to the professional school. What line of work she shall there pursue depends upon her future career. There are openings in several directions. First of all there is the administration of one's own home. There was a time when pessimists feared that a college training would deter women from marriage. Now fifty per cent of the graduates of ten year's standing are married. There is an increasing desire among educated women to come to the management of the home as completely equipped as possible. A practical knowledge of the household arts gives one an independence and poise which are not to be disturbed. An understanding of the sciences upon which these arts are based adds interest to life and lifts household labor above the sphere of drudgery. The woman who can compute the number of calories to be obtained from a dish of potatoes is no drudge, though she cook the potatoes herself. Courses are now offered especially to college women by the School of Housekeeping in Boston "of special value to the young woman who chooses as her profession in life the making of a home." A number of college women have already availed themselves of this opportunity, and a fellowship offered by the Collegiate Alumnae has been filled. Work of this kind tends to elevate home making to the plane where it belongs with other professions.

The second opening is that of teaching. Secondary schools in increasing number are adding to their curriculum courses not only in the practical household arts, but in sanitation; in the study of the evolution of the house from primitive forms, its adaptation to climatic and racial conditions; the planning of a modern house, and its furnishing in accordance with both sanitary and æsthetic requirements. Teachers are hard to find who have both the necessary scientific and technical training, and the broad culture which will enable them to make the course educational. The college woman always has the advantage over the non-collegiate in the securing of such positions. It is not only in secondary schools that women are wanted as teachers in this department. Many universities and agricultural colleges, especially in the West, are establishing departments of domestic science. Within a year there has been a call from three different state universities for college women, with the adequate technical training and with good executive ability, to organize work of this kind. One, at least, of these universities offered a salary of \$1600.

Another opportunity for professional work is that offered by extension lectures and teaching and farmer's institutes. In one state this work has been

so far developed that there is already a demand for trained speakers greater than the supply.

The last opportunity of which I shall speak is that of research work, conducted either in the home itself or at an experimental station. Pasteur spent years in discovering the kind of yeast best fitted for beer making, and in determining the effect upon the flavor of the beer of different varieties of yeast. No one has ever carefully investigated the yeasts used in bread making. We content ourselves with using the by-product of the whisky industry, which, on the face of the matter, would seem to be not the best bread yeast. This is only one of many problems to be worked out. That the study of this whole subject is more than a fad is shown by the following petition recently prepared for presentation to the legislature at Albany :

“WHEREAS, The importance of the home in relation to the welfare of the state ; the influence of food, hygiene and sanitation on the highest development of the individual ; the value of right living as a science and an art are now widely recognized by leading thinkers : therefore

RESOLVED, That the college women of Eastern New York, organized as a branch of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ, earnestly urge the legislature to give to this vitally important sociologic problem of the home, the same practical encouragement which it now gives to the mechanic arts, agriculture, dairy husbandry, veterinary science, and forestry, by establishing in connection with some university a state school of home economics to give instruction and conduct researches in science as applied to sanitation, hygiene, and food ; to the conduct of the home, and to the home life of public and private institutions ; and also to train competent teachers in this field and organizers, conductors, and lecturers, who through farmer's institutes and the methods of extension teaching now so extensively and effectively used, shall render to the farmers' wives and other home makers of the state practical assistance similar to that now wisely given to several other interests, none of which are of greater concern, or more direct service and value to the public than the improvement of the home.”

The Lake Placid Conference on Home Economics, convened for the first time last year to bring together for consultation some of the leaders in work for the home, is another indication of the trend of popular thought.

Men and women are beginning to realize that home making is a profession ; that it is not to be carried on by instinct, but by knowledge ; that it is a profession worthy of the best training, and the most profound study, as well as the deepest devotion. If the home has seemed in time past to be like the philosopher's garden, “not very long nor very broad,” it is now and always “wondrous high.”

ALICE PELOUBET NORTON '82.



[The following article does not belong to the Alumnae Department by right of authorship. But on account of Professor Tyler's recent connection with the American School at Athens, it seems fitting that he should write upon this subject.—EDITOR.]

The American School of Classical Studies in Athens was established nearly twenty years ago to enable students to pursue studies in archæology and art as well as in the Greek language and

**The American School in Athens** literature with the advantage of residence in Greece, and the opportunities for travel and research which can thus be obtained. A commodious building has been erected and an excellent library gathered. During the past year there have been fourteen students under the instruction of a resident director and a professor sent out for the year from one of the home colleges.

Two scholarships of six hundred dollars each are offered by the school, and I believe that a third is to be added the coming year. These are awarded chiefly on the basis of competitive examinations upon archæology, architecture, sculpture, vases, epigraphy, modern Greek, and the interpretation of Pausanias in his treatment of Athenian monuments, and topography. There is also the Agnes Hoppin Memorial Fellowship of a thousand dollars, given without examination to enable one who has been a member of the school to continue her studies. Two graduates of Smith College have already had scholarships at the school.

I wish particularly to call the attention of our students to the fact that it is possible to do a great deal of work which will prepare one for profitable study at Athens in this country, and even in connection with teaching. Miss M. L. Nichols of the class of '88 prepared herself in this way so that she competed successfully for one of the fellowships. She writes me, "It seems to me quite possible for a good student of some maturity to do much of the necessary reading alone. If she is near some university where she can attend at least one course in archæology for methods of work and for inspiration, it is of inestimable value. Access to a good museum of casts, and a good vase collection for a time, is indispensable to the highest success. The Boston Art Museum, I believe, offers the best opportunities for such study in this country. Epigraphy and topography are subjects which can be somewhat more easily worked up alone if one has certain books."

The reports of the School at Athens are easily accessible, and it is to be hoped that Smith College students will be interested in its work, and will in increasing numbers avail themselves of the opportunities which are offered there. Athens is not only an interesting but a delightful city in which to spend a year.

HENRY M. TYLER.

To quote from the report of the American School in Rome, as given in the *American Journal of Archæology*: "The American School of Classical Studies in Rome was founded by the Archæolog-

**The American School in Rome** ical Institute of America in 1894-95. It is in charge of a managing committee, and is supported by private contribution. Its object shall be to promote the



study of such subjects as (1) Latin literature ; (2) inscriptions in Latin and the Italic dialects ; (3) Latin paleography ; (4) the topography and antiquities of Rome ; (5) the archæology of ancient Italy, and of the early Christian, Mediæval, and Renaissance periods." This rather formidable statement, while presenting nothing but the truth of the situation, does not tell the whole of it ; for the pleasure and profit of a year spent under the wing of the American School can not be expressed in any one of the four or five-syllabled words used in the report. Such a year means the opportunity to see and study the best things in Rome under the best of guidance and to enjoy, besides, many intellectual and social privileges.

The school year begins in October, the doors being then thrown open to graduates of any American college of good standing. This means that, in most cases, the scholars are received free of charge ; for the annual fee of twenty-five dollars is remitted in the case of graduates from any one of the twenty-one colleges which now coöperate in the financial support of the school. As soon as the green and red *permessi*, giving free individual entrance to all the royal and papal museums and galleries in the city, have been obtained, the real work begins. Twice a week lectures are held in the different galleries to study, chronologically, the art and archæology of Rome. At least one morning a week is spent in exploring the various historic sites and monuments. This course, appearing in the prospectus as topography, last year, through a curiously apt printer's blunder in an American paper, came to be known to the members of the school, who had clambered over the ruins after the teacher, as the course in "hop-ography." The remaining mornings of the week are given, during the first part of the year, to the study of manuscripts in the Vatican library ; during the second part, to the Latin inscriptions in the different museums. So much for the regular curriculum. There is, in addition, certain irregular work which varies from year to year. It is, however, planned that there shall be a series of lectures by foreign scholars on different subjects during the winter months of every year, and that in the spring, weekly trips shall be made to historic places in the neighborhood of Rome. Then trips are often taken on bicycles ; often in a procession of the ever-present twenty-cent Roman cabs ; or, more often still, on donkey-back. Our bicycle cavalcade was often seen, last year, studying the tombs on the Appian Way. And, on donkey-back, we clambered up the triumphal road to the Alban Mount, visited Cicero's theatre at Tusculum, and saw, among other things, the site of Horace's Sabine farm. It has been the custom for the school to separate in April for the sake of longer trips. Those who wish go to Greece for special study, others go to Sicily. In early May, all come together again for a week's work at Pompeii under the guidance of a German specialist. On June fifteenth, the school year ends.

Aside from the many advantages of a year of systematic sight-seeing and study spent under such auspices, there are others less evident, though not less real. The friendly attitude of the royal and papal governments, though conveying no digging privileges, as in Greece, not only affords free access to the galleries, collections, and libraries ; but enables the students to make special use of books, manuscripts, coins, and other collections ; and gives them opportunities of seeing things not usually open to the public. The arch-

æological institutes of other countries are uniformly generous with the use of their libraries, their lecture courses, and other individual privileges. Through the courtesy of the other schools and through the social connections of their own director, the members of the American School have opportunities of meeting and personally enjoying many of the cultivated people who are living or sojourning in Rome. This last year the school had a special privilege in being on very friendly terms with Signor Giacomo Boni, the Venetian architect and archæologist, who has entire charge of the excavations and restorations now going on in the Forum.

The great need of the school, an endowment fund, sufficient to supply a permanent and suitable home, and to secure an efficient corps of teachers, is greatly felt and being gradually met by the friends of the school. In the absence of such a fund the school is at present supported by contributions from twenty-one colleges. Smith is one of this number and has, moreover, had more of her alumnae enrolled among its numbers than any other Woman's College :—Miss Jenkins '90, in '97; Miss Wheeler '92, and Miss Peck '94, in '99.

TERESINA PECK '94.

The Zoölogical Station at Naples was opened by Professor Anton Dohrn in April 1872, for the collection of biological material and for the study of all forms of plant and animal life. Under the

**Zoological Station at Naples** personal direction of Professor Dohrn and his assistants, the Station has developed into an international institution of great importance for scientific research, and for the professional training of professors and students of all countries. The annual support of a table for research costs \$500, and entitles the government or association supporting it to appoint to the Table qualified students, who are furnished by the Station with all materials, apparatus, and assistance free of cost, and who have access to a large scientific library.

Tables are supported by the governments, or by associations of naturalists, of Great Britain, Germany, Italy, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Austria-Hungary, Russia, Spain, and the United States. The first American Table was secured in 1884, for one year, by Williams College. Now two American Tables are supported; one by the Smithsonian Institution, and one, the University Table, by leading universities and scientific associations. The Zoölogical Station at Naples has become a scientific center in which investigators from every part of the world meet and work together and exchange with one another whatever each one brings from his own land. It is a brilliant example of what may be accomplished in the world of science when representatives of different nations work together toward the same ideal ends.

In April 1897, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the foundation of the Station, a memorial address was presented to Professor Dohrn by the men and women who had either studied at Naples, or who had felt in their own countries the inspiration of Professor Dohrn's work; it was signed by the leading biologists of Europe, North and South America, India, Japan, South Australia, and Africa. Quotations from that address would show the high appreciation of these men for the work which Professor Dohrn has done, their recognition of the value of which the Station has been to biological science, and its

influence as an example to other countries in establishing laboratories, but we will not take space for them here.

It was at this time that it occurred to an American woman, Miss Ida H. Hyde, a graduate of Cornell, who had studied in many laboratories in Europe and America, as well as at Naples, that it would be eminently fitting for those interested in the scientific training of women to endow a table at the Station at Naples, in commemoration of the unfailing kindness shown by Professor Dohrn and his assistants to women studying at Naples, and in recognition of the unique opportunities there offered. It was not long before a committee was formed and the plan outlined to secure annual subscriptions of fifty dollars each from the governing boards of colleges for women, coeducational colleges or universities, or associations for the furtherance of women's education. Professor Dohrn responded most gratefully and cordially to the suggestion, and, in April 1898, the American Women's Table was founded.

The Table is at present maintained by annual subscriptions from the following colleges, associations, and individual contributions:—The Association of Collegiate Alumnæ, Brown University, Bryn Mawr College, Committee on Science-Lessons of the Woman's Education Association of Boston, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Mount Holyoke College, University of Pennsylvania, Radcliffe College, Sage College of Cornell University, Smith, Vassar, and Wellesley Colleges, Woman's College of Baltimore, and from Mrs. Phœbe A. Hearst, Miss Lillian V. Sampson, and Mrs. John H. Westcott.

Each college, association, or individual contributing fifty dollars names a representative of that subscription, and these several representatives constitute the Committee of the Association. The appointments to the Table are made by a smaller Executive Board, chosen from this Committee, with the coöperation of a Board of Advisers, on whose judgment the Executive Committee relies for decision in questions relating to the scholarship of candidates based on the results of work presented for examination. The members of the present Board of Advisers are Professor Ethan Andrews, of Johns Hopkins University, Professor R. H. Chittenden, of Yale University, and Dr. W. T. Porter, of the Harvard Medical School.

Appointments are made for a longer or shorter period of time, as may in each case seem expedient, but no appointee is designated as a Scholar of the Association whose term of study at the Station has been less than three months. During the year 1899-1900, there have been two Scholars at the Table. These were Miss Emily R. Gregory, a graduate of Wellesley, and Miss Louise H. Snowden, a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. Miss Nichols, a graduate of Cornell, has also worked at the Table, but did not receive the appointment as Scholar. The Scholars for the year 1900-1901 are Dr. Cornelia M. Clapp, Syracuse, '89, now Professor of biology at Mount Holyoke College, and Miss Louise B. Wallace, who was assistant in biology at Smith from 1896-1899, and who has since been associate professor at Mount Holyoke.

All applications for the Table must be made before April first, for occupancy the ensuing year. Application blanks and any information relating to the Table will be furnished on application to the Secretary, Miss Florence M. Cushing, 8 Walnut Street, Boston.

ELIZABETH LAWRENCE CLARKE, Treasurer, '83.



It is hard to overestimate the importance and unique value of the work that is being carried on at the Marine Biological Laboratory at Woods Holl. This

**The Marine Biological  
Laboratory at Woods Holl**

laboratory is the property of no one educational institution, nor is it under the control of any college or university. It is truly national in its character, including among its workers representatives of many institutions and welcoming all who are interested in Biological Science. Professor Whitman, the Director of the Laboratory, has stated the aims of the organization as not merely to be a collecting station, nor a summer school, nor a scientific work shop, nor a congress of biologists, but to include all of these functions. The Laboratory is controlled by a corporation of several hundred persons, interested in its work, and by a Board of Trustees elected by the Corporation. This Board consists of twenty-seven members, representing educational institutions all over the United States and in Canada. The Director and Assistant Director are elected by the Board, and have entire oversight of the scientific work. Professor C. O. Whitman of Chicago University has been from its incorporation in 1888 the Director of the Laboratory. His untiring energy, enthusiasm, and devotion are an unfailing source of inspiration to the constantly increasing staff of instructors, who come under the influence of his personality. The phenomenal growth of the Laboratory is of course largely due to Professor Whitman's efforts. When it was first opened twelve years ago, there was but one building, one department, that of zoölogy, but nine investigators and eight students. The buildings now number five and this coming summer the Laboratory includes Departments of Zoölogy, Embryology, Physiology, Psychology, and Nature Study, with an excellent staff of instructors in each department. Last season there were gathered at Woods Holl seventy-one investigators and seventy-eight students, representing sixty-nine educational institutions.

The Laboratory is pleasantly and fortunately located at a spot on the Massachusetts coast, where, on account of the geographical conditions, opportunities for collecting material, both zoölogical and botanical, are exceptionally good, and it is also near the United States Fish Commission Station. To this government station the Laboratory is indebted for the steam power to pump sea water through its aquaria, for boating facilities in addition to its own, and for many other advantages. Woods Holl is cool enough during the summer to make work seem attractive instead of a burden. The place is conveniently situated with regard to railroad and steamboat lines, and affords the quiet necessary to the successful working of a laboratory of this nature. Abundant means of recreation are found in the vicinity. There is excellent bathing, rowing, and sailing. The coast with the charming Elizabeth Islands near by is very picturesque, and the country inland is beautiful for walks or drives, with good roads for bicycling. There are many fresh water ponds and lakes near by. The buildings belonging to the Marine Biological Laboratory are of the simplest and plainest type, with weather-stained shingles on the outside, and unfinished wood on the inside. They are, however, well aired and lighted and answer the purpose for which they are intended during the summer. They contain laboratories for the courses of instruction, smaller rooms for those engaged in original research, a dining hall, and a lecture hall.



The regular courses begin about the first of July each year and last for six weeks. Each student entering one of these courses, as well as those carrying on investigations, pays a fee of fifty dollars. Investigators often remain through the summer. Most of our universities and colleges aid in the support of the Laboratory by keeping up one or more Rooms or Tables, which means paying the annual fee for workers at the Laboratory whom the institutions send. Parallel with the work of the Laboratory there are various Seminars open to all, and evening lectures by prominent scientists from various parts of the country. These evening lectures are in addition to the daily lectures which are given in connection with the different courses. Two publications are issued under the auspices of the Laboratory, "Biological Lectures," an annual book, and the "Biological Bulletin."

There is a delightful freedom in the laboratories at Woods Holl, a stimulating environment, and an indescribable atmosphere about the place, which is a continual inspiration to thorough, scholarly work and to a love for the cause of Biological Science and zeal in its pursuit. Here the leaders in almost every branch of the science from all parts of the country meet and exchange ideas. Professor E. S. Conklin of the University of Pennsylvania has called the Marine Biological Laboratory the "biological clearing house of this country," and the "Mecca of American biologists, well and favorably known throughout the world." To quote from another authority, "It is acknowledged that only one similar institution in the world (Naples) is more productive in original research, and no other offers even approximately equal advantages for instruction."

ANNE IDE BARROWS '97.

At the recital given under the auspices of the Chicago Association, something over one hundred and fifty dollars  
**Chicago Alumnæ Association** was cleared for the Students' Building Fund. The following officers have been elected for the coming year :—President, Katherine Andrews '94 ; First Vice-President, Ruth Hill '97 ; Second Vice-President, Grace Rand '91 ; Secretary, Mae Fuller '97 ; Treasurer, Mrs. Helen Kyle Platt '86.

There have been seven meetings during the winter, a reception to Professor Henry M. Tyler, and the annual luncheon  
**Boston Alumnæ Association** on Saturday, May 19. The following officers were elected :—President, Mary C. Hardy '85 ; First Vice-President, Ethel D. Puffer '91 ; Second Vice-President, Constance B. Williston '95 ; Secretary, Emma E. Porter '97 ; Treasurer, Mrs. Grace Smith Jones '94.

Miss S. A. Brown, Treasurer of the Alumnæ Association of Smith College, reports the receipt of twenty-five dollars from the  
**Hartford Club** fund Smith College Club for the Students' Building Fund.

The College Club of Cincinnati, in the latter part of April, gave "Twelfth Night" for the benefit of the College

The College Club of Cincinnati Settlement supported by them. Miss Elizabeth McFadden, Smith '99, was the business manager. About seven hundred dollars was cleared at the first presentation in Cincinnati; and not only was the performance a success financially, but in point of acting as well. Miss Charlotte Bannon's presentation of Sir Toby Belch was especially fine. The play was given again at Columbus, May 24, and the Club is already considering what they shall choose for presentation next year.

The Class of '97 will be very glad to have all the non-graduate members attend the Class Supper, Tuesday evening, June 19. As it is '97 Reunion impossible to get the correct addresses for notices, those who can come will confer a great favor by notifying the Secretary, N. Gertrude Dyar, 116 Elm Street, Northampton.

A book has been placed in the Reading Room, in which all alumnæ visiting the college are asked to sign their names. The list of visitors for May is as follows :

- |      |   |   |   |         |
|------|---|---|---|---------|
| '83. | Mrs. E. L. Clarke (E. C. Lawrence),             | . | . | May 21. |
| '86. | Abby M. B. Slade,                               | . | . | " 13.   |
| '92. | Mrs. W. von C. W. Buffum (W. von C. Walbridge), | " |   | 23.     |
| '93. | Mrs. Grace S. Wright (G. M. Stevens),           | . | . | " 19.   |
| '94. | Martha Mason,                                   | . | . | " 26.   |
| '97. | Genevieve Knapp,                                | . | . | " 23.   |
| '99. | Marion E. Richards,                             | . | . | " 2.    |
|      | Clarace G. Eaton,                               | . | . | " 3.    |
|      | Gertrude M. Hasbrouck,                          | . | . | " 8.    |
|      | Helen R. Woodruff,                              | . | . | " 12.   |
|      | Edith R. Chittenden,                            | . | . | " 12.   |
|      | Carolyn Adler,                                  | . | . | " 16.   |
|      | Louise Barber,                                  | . | . | " 26.   |
|      | Carrolle Barber,                                | . | . | " 26.   |
|      | Agnes Mynter,                                   | . | . | " 26.   |
- '88. Mrs. O. C. Burt (F. P. Lyman), of Easthampton, is to move to Henderson, North Carolina, in the fall.
- '93. Grace Parker is now Mrs. John C. Makepeace, West Barnstable, Mass. The engagement is announced of Bertha Randall to Mr. Rollin L. Hartt, of Buffalo, New York.
- '94. Alice C. Hubbard has just been appointed Assistant Head Worker of the College Settlement at Philadelphia.
- The address of Una McMahan is, Care of American Express Company, 3 Waterloo Place, London.
- The engagement has been announced of Cora I. Warburton to Mr. Theodore Hassa, of Jersey City Heights, New Jersey.

- '95. Lucy D. Heald is to teach in the Springfield High School, Springfield, Massachusetts.
- Mrs. C. E. Bronson (Amey T. Taintor), has moved from Saginaw, Michigan, to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
- Mrs. G. M. Smith (Katherine Ware), is to be in Northampton for the summer.
- '96. Elizabeth R. Cutler is still in Paris, writing articles for the Outlook and other papers.
- Laura Crane was married June 7, to Mr. Theodore F. Burgess, the Reverend Roland Cotton Smith officiating.
- Isabel Bartlett intends to sail June 16 for Germany, where she will spend two months of the summer, returning to Chicago in the fall.
- '97. Ada Comstock is teaching in the department of Rhetoric at the University of Minnesota.
- Helen Boss is going to spend the summer in Europe.
- Alice K. Fallows is doing newspaper work in New York.
- Mary E. Barrows is studying philosophy in Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio.
- Esther Buxton, a former member of the class, is teaching in the American College, Barranquilla, Colombia, South America.
- Anna Branch has a new poem in the May number of Harper's Monthly.
- Alice W. Tallant and Emma Lootz have obtained permission to enter the summer course in Pathology, given by Dr. Mallory, at the Harvard Medical School. Although a special course was arranged by Dr. Mallory last year for three Johns Hopkins women (of whom Dorothy Reed '95 was one), this is the first time that women have been admitted to his regular course.
- The engagement is announced of Josephine B. Rice to Mr. Charles W. Tingley of Pueblo, Colorado.
- Josephine D. Sewall is at the Cristodora House, New York.
- Therina Townsend has announced her engagement to Mr. Everett Barnard of New York.
- Marion Gemmel sails June 21 for Europe.
- '98. Edith T. Ames has announced her engagement to Mr. Raymond Crosby of Grand Rapids, Michigan.
- Agnes Grumbine was married April 25, to Rev. A. J. Nock of Titusville, Pennsylvania.
- Edith M. Esterbrook sailed for Europe May 5, where she will spend several months in travel.
- Adeline F. Wing and Caroline R. Wing '96 have returned from Hot Springs, South Carolina.
- Catherine Farwell sailed early in June for a ten weeks' trip in Europe.
- Margaret Kennard and Mary Kennard '99 sail for Europe July 4. They will travel for a year or more in England and on the Continent.

- '98. Josephine D. Daskam had a poem in the May number of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

The engagement has been announced of Edith Bell to Mr. Frederick Griffin.

- '99. Blanche Ames was married May 15 to Mr. Oakes Ames of North Easton, Massachusetts. Mr. and Mrs. Ames are to be in Paris this summer.

The engagement of Caroline S. Bell to Mr. David Foster of West Roxbury, was announced on Thursday, May 3.

Caroline M. Christian, a former member of the class, was married to Mr. Edward H. Hewitt, April 18.

Katharine Seward was married April 16, to Mr. John S. De Hart, Jr. Address, The Aldine, Newark, New Jersey.

Mary Dean Adams sailed June 9 for Europe.

Marjorie King was married June 6, to Mr. William S. Gilman. Address 3008 Jackson Street, Sioux City, Iowa.

Lucy R. Tufts was married April 24, to Mr. Frank P. Bascom. They are now living in Lynn, Massachusetts.

Helen Merchant is teaching Latin and Greek in the High School at Newburyport in place of a sick teacher.

Ethel W. Carleton, a former member of the class, has announced her engagement to Mr. John W. Gable of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Sarah Whitman is to teach English in the Harvard Summer School.

Mary E. Tillinghast has announced her engagement to Mr. Frederick H. Paine of New York City.

Annie M. Marcy has announced her engagement to Mr. Charles M. Crooks.

Abby L. Allen is working for the Mayflower Society in Boston.

Caroline C. Hills has just returned from a four months' visit in Milwaukee and other cities of the West.

Margaret Putnam is to teach next year in a boys' private school in Brooklyn, New York.

#### BIRTH

- '92. Mrs. F. J. E. Woodbridge (Helena B. Adams), a son, Frederick James, born May 18.

#### DEATH

- '95. Lillian Churchill died at Waterbury, Connecticut, January 31, 1900.



## ABOUT COLLEGE

"The wish which ages have not yet subdued  
In man, to have no master save his mood,"

is partially responsible for the popular attitude evinced by all classes toward elective themes. Entering as the college girl does upon entirely new ways of living and thinking, she naturally seeks some expression

**Themes** for the new ideas with their resulting moods, and turns gladly to the wide field thrown open to her through this gateway. Moreover, since there are no strict limitations in regard to subject, length, or date, students of all types and in all classes venture their ability, when if held within bounds, they would lack the confidence or desire. Then, after having had such free scope and fair trial, a student may feel confident that if she does not acquire success or even an interest in the work, her vocation in life lies in some other direction.

Rarest of all theme writers, and consequently most interesting, is the girl of assured genius. Usually coming with a bright record from preparatory school, she is soon recognized in college. At first there is merely a rumor of, "I don't know, but they say she can write," which soon becomes substantiated by an appearance in print, or at least by favorable recognition in the class room. From that time on the young author is surrounded with all the mystery of a genius. She is pointed out in chapel, she is proposed for offices, and her room when labelled "Busy," is passed on tiptoe. Of all theme writers, however, she "talks shop" the least. One never hears her bewailing back hours, she is not found groaning over lack of ideas, and no matter how deeply her emotions and theories may reveal themselves on paper, they are discreetly veiled in daily conversation. Throughout college she is greeted with a cordial welcome and sincere respect, for at Smith success in literature is the "pearl of great price."

Another type of theme writer, sufficiently represented to be mentioned, it is sad to confess, is the time-filler. She can not write, she knows it, and what is more she does not much care; but since there are few restrictions, and attendance on theme classes is not compulsory, she finds the course very convenient to fill out her required hours. It is almost unfortunate that such girls are often endowed by Nature with a quick wit and a vivid imagination, which tide them successfully over the required work. Such people are certainly discouraging to the faithful plodder who does her work on time and expends on it untold pains.

"How much have you written this semester?" questioned a time-filler not long ago.

"Oh, I have finished all but my last paper, but I have worked two weeks on that because the hero —"

"Why don't you kill him off if you've done all your hours?" broke in the time-filler. "As for me, I haven't written a word yet and can't tell when I shall begin. Good-by," she called out cheerily, boarding a car for the golf-links.

The faithful plodder turned away sadly. "And that girl will hand in better papers than I ever dreamed of," she mused disconsolately.

There are some time-fillers, however, who at the end of the term awake to the fact that their mountain is really a mountain and no mole hill after all. It is amusing beyond description to come across such a one at work. If the door with its "Do not disturb on pain of death" is successfully passed, there arises a vision of much ink, various pens and pencils, stray locks, and two sad, sad eyes staring at a — blank sheet. The secret of the afternoon's solitude finds voice, "Oh, if I only had an idea!" Perhaps the intruder by way of compensation suggests a subject or two. There is a moment of animation, then comes a despairing pause and a second exclamation. "Oh, if I only knew how to express it!" In this way the very idea of themes becomes distasteful, for the girl, instead of going a step at a time, attempts to conquer her mountain at a leap.

There are a large number who enter the course with a serious attitude toward its possibilities and actualities. They write because they can not help it, and a few succeed beyond expectation, discovering some day that they can write a readable story or a dainty bit of poetry. The majority, however, are doomed to remain with the majority, the vast host of neutrals, neither good nor bad. This lack of success is due largely to a misapprehension of the attitude required, sometimes through carelessness or even discouragement, but chiefly on account of ignorance.

To do one's best work, a careful choice of time and surroundings is essential. It is sadly comic to see a girl return from three hard hours of Latin, history, or mathematics, with the determination to write a poem on spring. With her mind preoccupied with the recent work, how can she help thinking that if the birds sing all day long, the phrase for duration of time should be accusative, not ablative? The ordinary mind needs to be perfectly free in order to produce clear and artistic conceptions. Again there is the handicap of having the world "too much with us," that is, the college world. Nevertheless there is many a dauntless writer who starts a paper amidst the alluring fumes of fudge, surrounded by half a dozen well-meaning but certainly talkative friends. She is considered a shining example of concentration and industry; her paper, on the other hand, is never considered at all.

Even if the demands of time and place are overcome, a stumbling-block often arises in the subject. It is well to learn in the very beginning that a large and comprehensive subject requiring years of experience should be let severely alone. In addition to the probable loss of unity and interest involved in articles that hang over from week to week, the benefit of daily practice is utterly destroyed. For the long article must keep the same tone, the same treatment with which it started, and unless it is entirely recast, admits no opportunity for enlargement or alteration of ideas. Then, too, the very inde-

pendence of one subject from another enables one to realize limitations, and to select such lines of work as are best suited. A person may go on for years writing essays that are worthless, who might succeed admirably in short lyrics. A wisely chosen subject, on the other hand, may be marred by its treatment. While this is perhaps due to an honest but lamentable ignorance of our friend Genung, it is usually accounted for by carelessness. In most cases, "inspiration" is an unsafe basis upon which to build. Few people there are who are skilful enough to write off at once their final sheets without questioning the form into which they are molding their material. "I tried to write a sonnet, but somehow it went of itself into four-stressed couplet," argued an enthusiastic believer in inspiration. Alas for Shakespeare if his sonnets had done likewise! Anthony Trollopes who write so many pages in so many hours are the exception: by far the larger class are represented by such men as Macaulay, who from an entire morning's work scarce saved a third. This yielding to inspiration makes a poetic gloss for many shortcomings, for if ideas will not stand working over there is usually something fundamentally wrong.

It is true that in college there are many trials of theme writing. There is the frequent intrusion of the girl-without-end in a college house, and that most unavoidable interruption of all, the other courses. How many times has a lecture in science called you from the climax of a story, how often have you been compelled to study other lessons, when you have felt "just in the mood to write." Again, it is somewhat disheartening when one's most careful work returns with an unfavorable criticism, while some little "pot-boiler" has met with success. Yet, were we to write for the outside world, how infinitely more trying and discouraging would be the circumstances! The very thought suggests such serious difficulties and drawbacks that one turns with thankfulness to the writing at college. Indeed, the opportunity granted should be regarded as of highest value, and eagerly made the most of by those who share it. Whether in after life, literature is to be followed, or whether a broad, deep culture is the aim, daily writing is equally helpful. For even in daily life, the person who has grown accustomed to the handling of words and the development of thought finds frequent opportunities both in conversation and in letter writing to apply such experience with marked advantage. This is, then, a part of our college life which should be taken seriously with depth of purpose, not carelessly in order to fill time, not with a misconception of its character, but with a due appreciation of the liberties and privileges that are offered.

FLORENCE E. SMITH 1902.

Again the Junior Promenade came upon a rainy day. The weather may have been afraid of establishing a precedent or Nineteen Hundred may have been a particularly fortunate class, but the day was cold and cloudy. The much talked of concert on the back campus took place in College Hall but in spite of the disappointment it was well attended.

The Promenade was held in the Alumnæ Gymnasium which had been decorated as usual by the sophomores. The decorations were less elaborate than in previous years, but the whole effect was just as charming as ever. The



main entrance with its rugs, pillows, and tapestry, and the small rooms adjoining with their comfortable seats and pretty decorations of curios from all tribes and nations, more than compensated for the absence of ground pine on the rafters. The running track was draped with yellow and white bunting, and festoons of ground pine hung between the boxes. A great improvement was made in the arrangements of the supper room. The floor was covered with crash, and the swimming tank was left open and surrounded by palms. These together with bagdads and pillows made the basements a very attractive place.

The dancing began after the reception at which the President and Vice-President, Miss Bolster and Miss Stetson, together with the patronesses, received. The Patronesses were Mrs. Williston, Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Roland Cotton Smith, Miss Hanscom, Miss Moffat, Miss Peck, Miss Hubbard, and Miss Bodman. The committee in charge was as follows:—Laura Lord, chairman, Elizabeth Comstock, Anne Martin, Constance Charnley, Anne Sanborn, Persis Rowell, and Marie Stuart. As in previous years, half past eleven was the signal for the dancing to cease, and the guests were obliged to depart, only regretting that the "Prom" was over too soon.

BERTHA J. RICHARDSON 1901.

One of the questions most frequently overheard about this time of year is, "Where shall you be next fall?" Most of us expect to make some kind of change. For the girl on the campus the problem is comparatively simple, involving as it does merely a change of room. But for the off-campus girl the matter is complicated by several factors. Foremost among these is, of course, the question of cost. There has been a tendency of late in some of the off-campus houses towards a slight increase in the price of board. Now while there are doubtless many to whom such an increase means very little, and who are willing to submit to it in order to secure pleasant rooms or to be near their friends, there are a number, perhaps a majority of the college, who have to look rather closely to their expenses, and to whom an increase of fifty dollars a year would make a serious difference. Yet if the few consent to pay the higher rates, the many must suffer for it, for increased rates in a few houses mean eventually increased rates in all. The few, I think, owe it to the many to refuse to pay unreasonable terms for board. Again, nothing seems easier than to make sure of a coveted room by signing a contract for it; but a contract works in two ways, not only securing the room to you, but vice versa, tying you to the room. Life is full of vicissitudes, and a number of things might happen during the summer which might make such an obligation extremely inconvenient, and a contract is an unpleasant thing to break. It often happens, too, that through an unforeseen vacancy in a campus house a room is offered to the first girl on the waiting-list. Now if that girl has signed a lease for the next winter, she will see some farther-sighted sister walk in ahead of her—and this is unpleasant. In the choice of off-campus rooms, therefore, one should consider not only the expense, but also the advisability of binding oneself to a contract which looks harmless, but which may result in ultimate inconvenience.

MIRIAM BIRDSEYE 1901.



The Missionary Society has completed the twenty-fourth year of its existence and some statement of the past year's work seems due those whose generous support has made it possible.

We seek to aid impartially both the home and foreign work, and in order to keep alive an intelligent interest in the cause of missions we have had some phase of the work presented each month. We were fortunate this year in having among the speakers Dr. Henry van Dyke, Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, Mrs. N. M. Waterbury, and Dr. Pauline Root.

For many years our Society has supported two students at Hampton Institute, and the splendid records of those who have received our scholarships this year have made us proud to claim them as ours. We support also two Bible women, one in Madura, and one at Ceylon; and a nurse at the Margaret Williamson Hospital, Shanghai. A fifty dollar scholarship is sent yearly to Calcutta; sixty dollars goes to Bishop Hare to be used in his work in "All Saints' School" at Sioux Falls; the Carlisle Indian School receives fifty dollars; a barrel of old clothing and twenty-five dollars go to the New York City mission. This year two barrels of clothing have been sent to the poor whites in the South, and twenty dollars to the Mount Pleasant Mission School in Tennessee. Last, but by no means least, comes our own medical missionary, Dr. Angie M. Myers, who went to Amoy, China, last fall. Six hundred dollars has been contributed by monthly pledges for her outfit and traveling expenses, and six hundred dollars for her first year's salary.

The College Settlements Association and the Missionary Society wish to acknowledge gratefully the receipt of one hundred and fifty-five dollars from the Glee, Mandolin, and Guitar Clubs.

MABEL MILHAM 1900.

On the twenty-third of May, Professor Pierce of Amherst delivered an interesting and well illustrated address on the subject of "Geometrical Optical Illusions" to the students of psychology. He began by speaking of the general types of illusions, such as the apparent difference in length between continuous and broken lines which really are equally long; the apparent increase of acute, and decrease of obtuse angles; and the difference between two objects of the same size, one of which is surrounded by large figures, and the other by small. There have been several theories offered in explanation of these illusions, the principal ones being that of perspective and that of muscular exertion.

After these general types, he showed examples of four great illusions, known as those of Zöllner, Poggendorff, Müller-Lyer, and Münsterberg. These have to do with the apparent convergence and divergence of parallel lines; the apparent difference in length of equal lines having arrow-heads at their extremities pointing in opposite directions; and the seeming increase or decrease of right angles caused by the surroundings of contrasting colors. These are also explained both by the theory of muscular exertion and that of perspective. Professor Pierce, to prove that the muscular exertion theory is probably the right one, closed his address by showing some equivocal illusions. These are figures in tri-dimensional space which can be made to look as though they extended either behind the plane surface or in front of it.

The perspective theory can not explain this phenomenon, and it remains for muscular exertion alone to account for all the geometrical illusions which the eye perceives.

CLARA E. SHAUFFLER 1901.

We glory in our ability to put our effort where it can produce the greatest results as in the matter of decorations, dramatics, etc. There is a point, however, which often is neglected, where a little more thought and effort would make a more than proportionate effect. This is the matter of invitations to college affairs that are issued to the faculty. It goes without saying that abbreviations are out of place in the addresses, yet these have been seen on the envelopes. Sometimes the invitations are put on the bulletin board at so late a date that the lecture, or whatever the function is, takes place before the note is received. Moreover, since the number of college buildings has increased, there are many members of the faculty who have no occasion to enter College Hall, so that the bulletin there is not an effective way of reaching them.

In issuing the invitations these things should be kept in mind and the notes should at least be left where they will best reach those for whom they are intended. A better way is to mail them. The courtesy intended by an invitation fails of its purpose if the invitation itself is discourteous. As before said, a very little more thought and care will largely increase the value of the invitation.

The rush and hurry of our college work present many difficulties for which there is no apparent remedy until we can have more than twenty-four hours in a day for work and longer nights for rest. Yet a few of the disadvantages under which we labor because we do not have time to remove them, need not be regarded as hopeless, and one of these evils which should be remedied instead of deplored, is our ignorance of current events. Let the girl who boasts that the normal college student is thoroughly conversant with the topics of the day start a political discussion at the dinner table; she will find that one girl out of ten has read the newspapers and has an adequate knowledge of the facts, while the rest can produce only a few stray names and facts picked up by chance. Let the same skeptic of our ignorance attend a recitation in some history course, where the majority of the class refuse to volunteer what little knowledge they have on topics of the day for fear of being dragged into a discussion which will display their ignorance. It would be unfair to the college to cite the instance of the girl who went home in the summer of ninety-eight with a vague idea that Manila was somewhere between the Sandwich Islands and the East Indies; it is to be hoped that she was unique of her kind. Undoubtedly many of the students read the papers occasionally, so that they do not disgrace themselves in company; a very few read the current magazines and papers thoughtfully, so that they do themselves and the college credit, and many more never read them at all, and preserve a discreet silence.

To be sure many difficulties beset the college girl in pursuit of this line of knowledge. If a newspaper is delivered regularly at a campus house, for instance, every one always wants to read it at once, and at that moment it is sure

to be in the room of the girl who lives on the fourth floor. If on the other hand, thoughtful parents forward papers from home, one often feels that it is a waste of time to read a great deal of news that is two or three days old. There is also the ever-recurring objection that we have so little time to read, and when we do have time there is sure to be reference reading waiting for us. It is an added difficulty that beside a few discussions at table and an occasional lecture on topics of the day, our sources of information are limited chiefly to newspapers. Outside the college world, the newspaper is only one of many resorts for the man who wishes to be well informed in current events; the very contact with the world which is itself raising and answering these important questions forces one to appreciate their different aspects. Yet, granting all these difficulties, there is no reason why the college girl should not devise some way of gaining her information, without being forced to beg, borrow, or steal it; and if this knowledge is thorough enough to sustain her interest, she will not allow herself to fall behind the progress of affairs.

The college world is, in some respects, a world by itself; it is inevitably limited by the importance of its own interests and pursuits, and matters which do not directly concern it, however important, are apt to be crowded out of its compass. Yet one of the objects of our college life is to broaden our horizon on every side, to acquire the power to grasp things in their broader aspects; and the world often expects a college graduate, among other impossibilities, to have a thorough, comprehensive knowledge of the world around her. If we can not make our knowledge comprehensive, we can at least make it adequate, and the college offers enough opportunities in this respect to convince us that if they are not improved the blame must fall upon us alone.

The number of competitors for the Furness prize, awarded for the best Shakespeare essay, has always been smaller than it should be. Seldom have there been more than nine or ten names presented for the contest, and last year, when the faculty decided that the number of competitors must be at least twenty, the class of Nineteen Hundred voted to devote the prize money to a lecture on Shakespeare. We sometimes hear criticisms of the system of marking employed at Smith, which gives the students so little idea of their rank in their classes that all competition is excluded; yet when there is such an opportunity as this for healthy competition, there appear to be only nine or ten students who are willing to take advantage of it. Those who suppose that all competitors must be geniuses should remember that the merit of the essay that wins the prize is only comparative, after all, and that whatever the result, work on such a theme is always interesting and profitable.

At the annual meeting of the Smith College Association for Christian Work, held May 15, the following officers were chosen for the coming year: President, Helen Kitchel 1901; Vice-President, Bertha Richardson 1901; Corresponding Secretary, Henrietta Prentiss 1902; Recording Secretary, Jean Jouett 1902; Treasurer, Helen McAfee 1903.

The six members of the Smith College Student Volunteer Band attended the annual meeting of the Western Massachusetts Volunteer Union, held at Northfield Seminary, May 21, 1900. More than forty student volunteers from educational institutions in Western Massachusetts were present. The subject, "Preparation for Foreign Missionary Work," was one of particular interest. Miss Sophia B. Lyon, one of the traveling secretaries of the Student Volunteer Movement, was the guest and speaker of the occasion. At the business meeting, Alice Batchelder 1901 was elected secretary and treasurer of the Union.

The following officers for the Clef Club were elected for next year: Vice-President, Clara Knowlton; Secretary, Helen Durkee 1902; Chairman of Executive committee, Marjory Gane 1901.

The officers of the Mathematical Club elected for the next year are as follows: Vice-President, Edith Burbank 1901; Secretary, Marion Sharp 1901; Treasurer, Maude Miner 1901.

At the open meeting of the Greek Club on May 21, Professor Manatt gave an interesting lecture on Ithaca.

### PROGRAM FOR COMMENCEMENT WEEK

Dress Rehearsal of Senior Play,	Thursday, June 14,	7.00 P. M.
Senior Play,	Friday, June 15,	7.30 P. M.
Senior Play,	Saturday, June 16,	7.30 P. M.
Baccalaureate Sermon,	Sunday, June 17,	4.00 P. M.
Ivy Exercises,	Monday, June 18,	10.00 A. M.
Reunion of Colloquium,	" "	11.30 A. M.
Biological Society,	" "	4.00-6.00 P. M.
Alpha Society,	" "	4.00-5.00 P. M.
Phi Kappa Psi Society,	" "	4.00-5.00 P. M.
Telescopium,	" "	5.00-6.00 P. M.
Art Reception,	" "	4.00-6.00 P. M.
Glee Club Promenade,	" "	7.00 P. M.
Reception,	" "	8.00-10.00 P. M.
Commencement Exercises,	Tuesday, June 19,	10.30 A. M.
Orator, Hamilton Wright Mabie, L. H. D., LL. D.		
Meeting of the Alumnae,	Tuesday, June 19,	2.30 P. M.
Alumnae Reception,	" "	4.00 P. M.















